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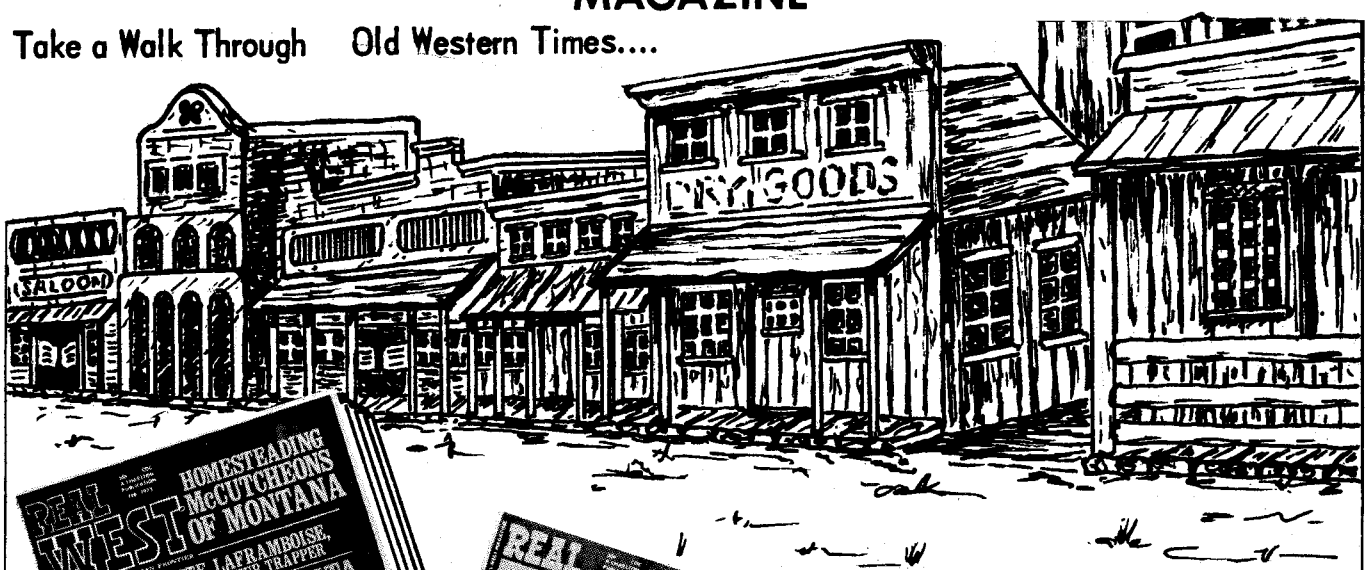

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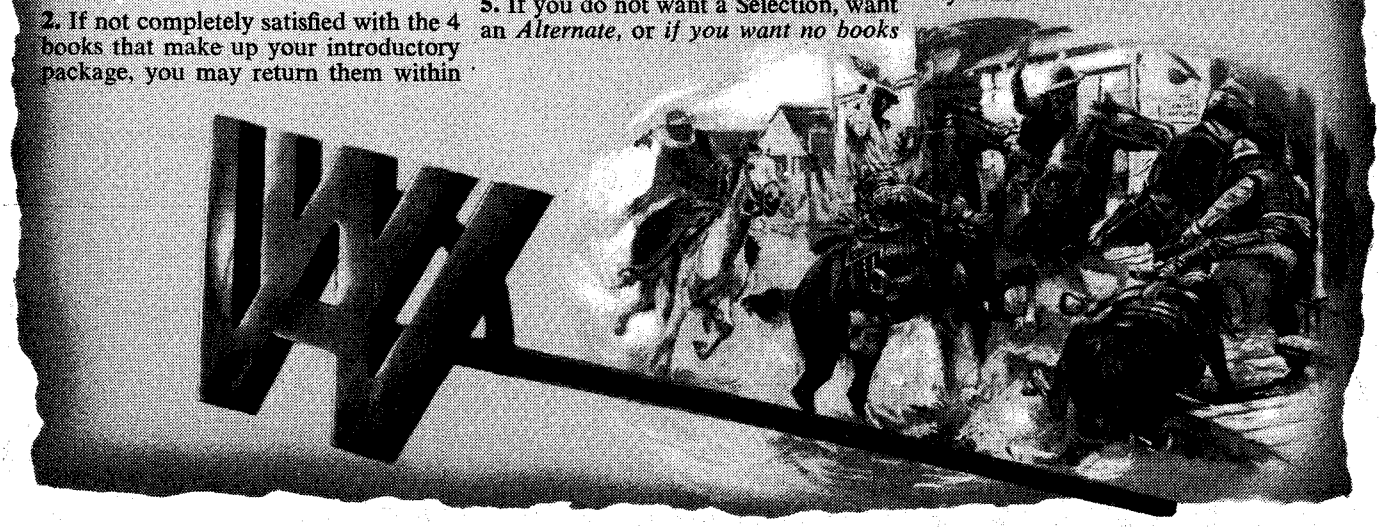

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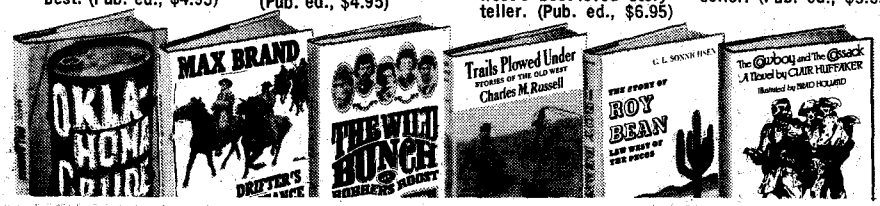

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Volume XVII
Number 124
Feb. 1974

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Bu Stephanie C. Shulsinger

●

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●

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Little Known Indians

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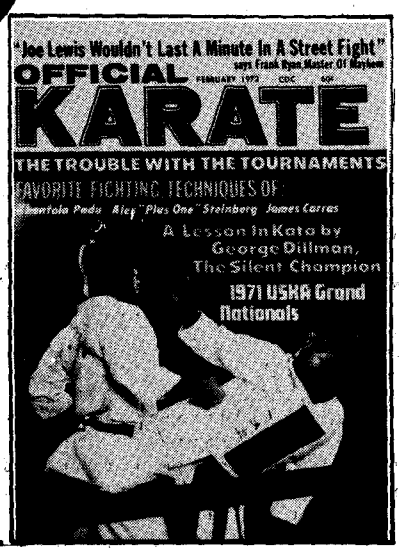

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

ORIGIN OF AMERICAN LOG CABINS

Dear Mr. Dunne:

From my research on the origination of the "American" log cabin, your answer (Sept. issue) was vaguely correct.

To be more specific, Finns, subjects of Sweden, bearing Swedish names but speaking solely the Finnish language, who were noted for their "brush-burning" techniques in clearing land, originated the horizontal laying of logs without use of nails to construct quickly a warm dwelling in the wilderness of trees when time was precious.

These Finnish peasants were almost forced to migrate to develop the settlement of New Sweden in the Delaware wilderness in the 1640's. Swedes were reluctant to leave their homeland, and when Finnish settlers there proved bothersome and needed to be removed, they were urged rather forcibly to do their "brush-burning" pioneering in America—for the Swedish government!

Sincerely,

Allan M. Pitkanen
10146 Amestor Avenue
Northbridge, California 91324

MADAME AH TOY EXONERATED

Dear Sir:

I frequently purchase and read your magazine, and generally I have found the articles in it interesting, informative and, I have assumed, factual. However, in the Summer 1973 issue of Real West Annual there is an article by John H. Harrison entitled "Lookee, Lookee, No Touchee" which I found rather disappointing and certainly not factual at all.

While There is no doubt that Madame Ah Toy was an historical person and an enterprising one at that, there is no evidence to support Mr. Harrison's statements that she was a "madame" or that she was engaged in importing prostitutes into California. Contemporary sources make no statements as to how or with whom she arrived or left the country. She simply seems to have "appeared" and "disappeared".

I should like to bring to your attention that "Hip Yee" did not in fact refer to a person but to a secret society (one of the many in California) called the Hip Yee Tong which did, as early as 1852 it is said, import prostitutes into the country for the benefit of the Chinese immigrants, the majority being without families.

Also, the photographic reproductions on pages 42 and 43 of REAL WEST ANNUAL purport to be by "courtesy of the author." In fact, these appear to have been taken from one page of a series of illustrations following page 126 of Dillion's **The Hatchet Men.** Mr. Dillon, of course, acknowledged his debt to the California Historical Society and the Sutro Library. Mr. Harrison does not even acknowledge his debt to Mr. Dillon." Incidentally, the photographs in the C.H.S. collection were those of Dr. Arnold Genthe whose efforts were published by two different publishers in separate editions.

Please accept my remarks in the light of my desire to see historical accuracy as well as credit being given to those to whom it is due. If you might want amplification of my remarks as well as a list of my sources, I should be happy to provide them.

Very truly yours,

E.D. Smith
Apt. 222
120 Collen Drive
Lombard, IL. 60148

IN PAT GARRETT'S DEFENSE

Sir:

In answer to Mr. Book in the October 1973 Mail Roundup, who calls himself a Garrett expert, I'd say he is all in the wrong.

The information about "Murdering Jim" Miller ambushing Garrett was knowledge during the time in 1908. Miller was tagged as Garrett's killer by New Mexico's best investigator at the time. Captain Fred Fronoff of the Territorial Mounted Police headed the Garrett case at the request of Governor George Curry and the attorney-general, James M. Hervey of the territory.

Mr. Book calls himself a good New Mexican and claims to know nothing about the Fronoff investigation? I suggest he read the following books:

How Pat Garrett Died, by Colin Richards
Palomino Press, Santa Fe N. M., 1970

The Strange Story of Wayne Brazel, by Robert N. Mullin
Panhandle-Plains Historical Review (reprint)
The Palo Duro Press, Canyon, Texas, 1969

The Thin Gray Line: The New Mexico Mounted Police
by Chuck Hornung, Western Heritage Press, Fort Worth Texas, 1971

The Fabulous Frontier, by William A. Keleher
Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1962

The Assassination of Pat Garrett, by James M. Hervey
True West, March-April 1961

If Mr. Book is still in doubt about Garrett's death, he may also consult the New Mexico State Archives at Santa Fe. The five sources of information I named are factual.

Good luck, next time Mr. Book.

Sincerely,

Chuck Hornung,
1502 Douglas Drive,
Iowa Park, Texas 76367

P. S. I wrote the mounted police book after five years of work on those rangers. I know it is a factual account.

BISMARK IS IN NORTH DAKOTA

Dear Sir:

I am writing to call your attention to a mistake in the August 1973 issue of REAL WEST. The story was "What Really Happened at the Little Big Horn".

There was a reference to Bismark, South Dakota which never existed. Bismark is my home town and is located in North Dakota. Also Fort Abraham Lincoln is there too. Some of it is still standing south of Mandan, North Dakota, 6 miles from Bismark.

I have been a reader of your magazine for years and enjoy it thoroughly. This attracted my attention because, as I said Bismark is my home.

Sincerely,

Gene Ver Hoeven,
c/o Jack Reeves
1915 2nd Ave.
S. Minneapolis, Minn. 55404

Thank you for the correction

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Dear Sir:

I am a dedicated "Western" student. From Tom Mix up to the Roy Rogers era, I have

(continued on page 65)

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OH BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

by Clarence M. Fink

This familiar but sad old song held real meaning for the pioneers who traveled west in the middle of the last century. There were so many deaths from accidents, Indian attacks, and many fell victim to cholera that the dead had to be buried without coffins in unmarked graves. This was especially dreaded by those hardy souls and so they created that haunting melody.

During the hurry for gold and riches in 1849 and the early 1850's, the Gold Rush wagon trains to California unwittingly carried a deadly hitch-hiker. This was the dreaded Asiatic cholera, causing an acute and unbearable disorder of the digestive tract that wiped out thousands of pioneers and was a constant threat to all people migrating westward. The disease came directly from France with the steamboat *Swanton* in October 1848. A number of infected passengers were discharged at New Orleans where the disease spread up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and on to the Pacific shores.

A full spectrum of human emotions embraced the winding emigrant wagons whose members were confronted with a high rate of accidental deaths. This coupled with disease, death from Indian attacks, hunger and thirst created an elongated cemetery of the dead for endless miles in which graves became the highway markers to the gold fields.

The genuine pathos of human misery was reflected in the sensitive passages of pioneer diaries which expressed terrible apprehensions of being buried without a coffin. They were overcome with horror after seeing the desecration and havoc wrought by hungry and wild animals scenting hastily buried corpses.

Terrified by these frightful objects which were the gruesome remains left by previously unfortunate westward travelers, the sick and the dying on these moving vehicles suffered terrible mental fears. They witnessed the disturbed dead of preceding pioneers with their scattered bones, hands, and other parts of the human anatomy in varying stages of decomposition being fought for and howled over by wolves, coyotes, and other creatures.

Edna White wrote with pained feeling about the desecrated pioneer graves: "It's a dreadful fate. I would as soon not be buried as to be dug out of my own grave by animals or Indians!" Troubled Ed Garvey in 1853 penned his dread thoughts of agony and distress: "To think that my beloved wife and our baby might have their eternal rest disturbed by human ghouls or ravenous creatures to become frightful objects on the trail!" School teacher Sue Swanson added her bit in writing: "It's a melancholy thing to have to die in raving torment, but more so to be unearthed unceremoniously from your makeshift coffin by thieving redskins in this lone desolation, and have no personal privacy even in this bitterness of death." Sara Hanes expressed the universal dismay of most of the wagoners: "The very thought of death in this wilderness haunts me day and night."

The men of the wagon trains experimented with ways and means of protecting their mortal remains by covering and lining the graves where possible with rocks, stone slabs and timbers, but to no avail. The voracious prairie prowlers dug tunnels slantwise underneath if the tops proved too difficult and unyielding. Crude coffins were constructed by removing tail gates from wagons and utilizing old packing crates as containers for the dead, but these sources were in short supply and soon became exhausted on the long treks. Sometimes, when pressed for time through accidents and other misfortune, six corpses or less were buried in a community grave. It got to a point where a departed traveler, he or she, was fortunate to be wrapped in a common blanket for respect and decency.

Some graves were not even marked to forestall looting by Indians, and wagons were driven back and forth over them to conceal their locations. Sometimes the shortage of shovels, the big rush to beat the coming winter, or the lack of sufficient food hurried them to dispose of their dead without proper conventional respectability. Often the deceased would be placed in shallow mounds of sand or laid to rest on mere beds of green bushes, with only a quick burial sermon with their speedy departure.

While isolated graves were a rule, many places were dotted with 12 to 15 new plots harboring the dead in rows. Ezra Kaker, a mid-westerner bound for California, wrote: "On one campground I counted 57 burials on the place. The epidemic of Cholera must have struck suddenly and raced through the entire wagon train like wildfire!" Some diarists between 1849 and 1852 made it their business to record the graves and give additional information such as was marked on the earlier headstones.

As the pioneers moved further westward, their attitude toward their fallen comrades underwent a gradual change. At first funeral services were often carried out in indecent haste. Sometimes the wagon trains left "watchers" or mourners behind to stay with dying members and those without hope of recovering while the main body of pioneers rushed on in "inhuman urgency".

(continued on page 69)

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BIG FOOT WALLACE:

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

"Bigfoot" Wallace. Wallace was a Virginian by birth, a Texan by choice and a hunter, Indian fighter, and Texas Ranger by profession.

COVER PAINTING

William Alexander Anderson "Bigfoot" Wallace named his rifle "Sweetlips" and his Bowie knife "Butch". The two of them made up his family.

Wallace was born in Lexington, Virginia on April 13, 1817. He was nearly eighty-two years of age when he died near Devine, Texas on January 7, 1899. He was first buried there in an unmarked grave, but later his body was removed to the State Cemetery at Austin, Texas.

Bigfoot was a Virginian by birth, a Texan by choice and a hunter, Indian fighter and Texas Ranger by profession. Many of his friends and neighbors were killed by Indians, but he insisted on living on the edge of the frontier where there was constant danger from marauding redskins.

At nineteen years of age Wallace went to Texas to avenge the deaths of three of his kinsmen, one of whom was his older brother Sam. Sam was killed on orders of the Mexican general, Santa Anna. Santa Anna had all the prisoners executed after their surrender at Goliad. There were three hundred seventy-one men under the command of Captain Fanning; they had expected to be treated as prisoners of war in their fight for Texas independence. Bigfoot told his father he was going to Texas to spend the rest of his days killing Mexicans. But before he arrived in Texas, General Sam Houston's seven or eight hundred Texans with the battle cries of "Remember Goliad!" and "Remember the Alamo!" destroyed the Mexican army of three thousand at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836. So the war was over by the time Wallace arrived in Texas. He arrived in Galveston October 5, 1837. By this time he was a good sized man, standing six feet two inches in his stocking feet. At birth he had weighed thirteen pounds, so naturally he grew up to be a big man.

Wallace went from Galveston to Austin where he fell in love with a young lady and became engaged to her. But fate intervened to postpone the wedding: an epidemic broke out and a great many people died. Wallace was at death's door until an elderly French woman took over his care. She fed him parched brown flour mixed with boiled milk, giving him only a teaspoon of the liquid at a time. He was very weak and lay on the bed day after day watching the dead being carried past the house. During his convalescence all the hair on his head came out, leaving him completely bald. Deciding he wouldn't make a very presentable bridgroom, he left Austin and went into the mountains to stay until his hair grew in again.

Week after week went by and no hair; Bigfoot was in deep despair. But finally he began to sprout a little fuzz. It was puny and considerably scattered at first. However, his hair soon came in as thick as ever. When Wallace was ready to return to his fiancee, fate again kicked him in the seat of his pants. His pal, William Fox, who had just come from town said, "Bigfoot I have bad news for you. Your sweetheart has gone and married another man." That was

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A Legend In His Own Time

By Mark Powers

Author's photo

Bigfoot Wallace's smokehouse. He hung his meat in these trees to cure.

the end of Bigfoot's romance and he never married. When asked why he had not, he replied, "I never had time."

At that time Wallace and Fox were partners hauling building stone from the mountains to Austin. It was Fox who had given Wallace the name "Bigfoot". Ironically, it was a Waco Indian called Bigfoot who killed Fox.

Indians always had been a thorn in the side of the Texans, and in 1842 it was also the Mexicans. To handle the Mexican situation Sam Houston authorized the forming of a company of Rangers to protect Texas. When Wallace heard of this, he immediately asked to join and was accepted. Early in 1842 the Mexican general Adrian Woll had captured San Antonio. Wallace was a member of Jack Hay's Rangers who drove Woll and his army from the Alamo.

Soon the Rangers were ordered to put an end to the Mexican trouble. On December 21, of that same year, Wallace and members of the company to which he belonged camped on the east bank of the Rio Grande. From there they marched seven or eight miles to the Mexican town of Mier where they engaged the Mexican army in combat.

Of the two hundred sixty-one Texans in the fight, ten were killed, twenty-three badly wounded and two unaccounted for. The Mexican losses were between seven and eight hundred killed and wounded. Through the ruse of a white flag of truce, which the Texans thought meant surrender, they were made prisoners, and two hundred twenty-six of them were marched out of Mier to Carmargo. From there they continued on to Matamoros, suffering extreme hardships all the way. When they left Matamoros, the prisoners went to Zacate and on to Monterey and from there to Saltillo. From Saltillo they were herded to San Luis Potosi and on to Hacienda Salado, arriving on February 10, 1843. The next day they jumped two guards and escaped. Wallace was one of the ringleaders in this break for freedom. They were jubilant as they headed for Texas, but as the old saying goes, "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lips". Their route of escape was through a barren country devoid of water. The men suffered terribly, even being reduced to drinking the blood of their horses to sustain themselves. Many of them died or became delirious and wandered off, becoming lost. The remnants of the group, including Wallace, were recaptured seven days later when they stumbled into a camp of Mexican cavalry. Finally, a total of one hundred sixty Texans were retaken and forced to march back to Salado. They arrived there March 25, just two weeks after their escape from that place.

(continued on page 14)

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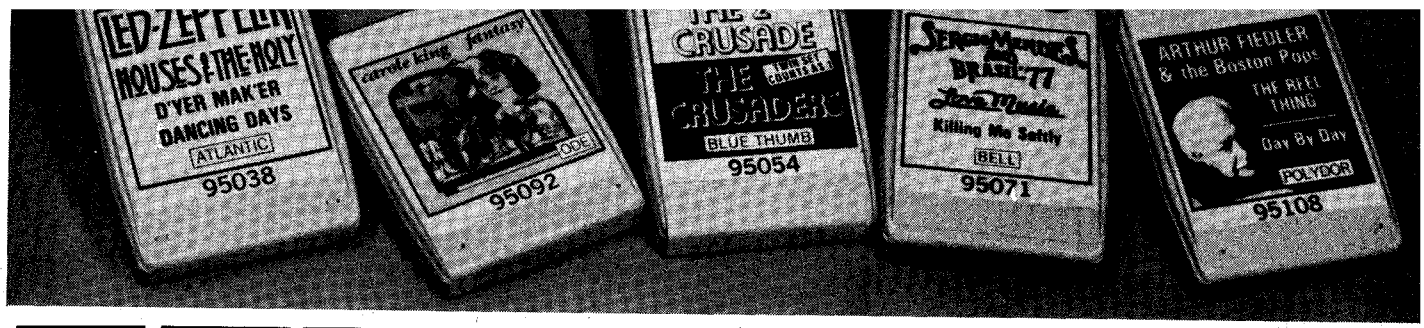

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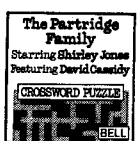

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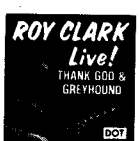

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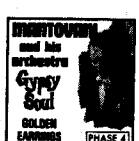

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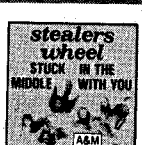

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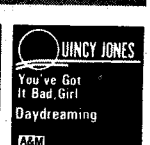

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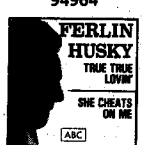

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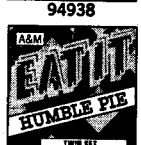

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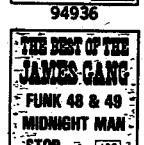

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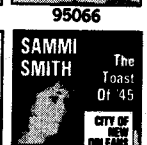

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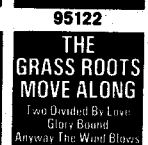

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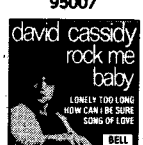

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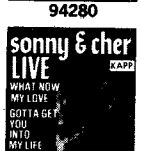

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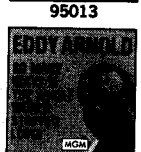

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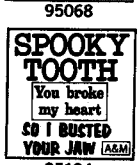

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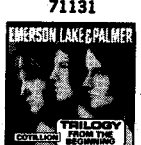

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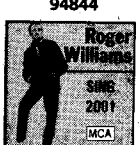

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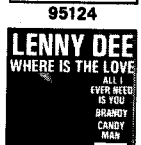

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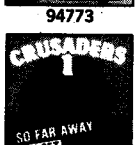

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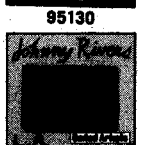

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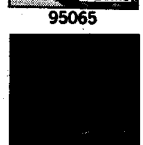

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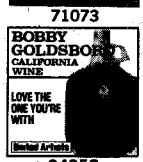

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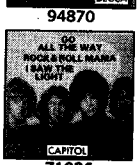

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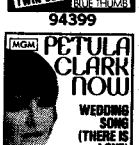

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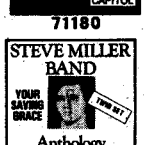

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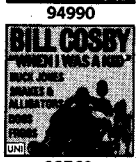

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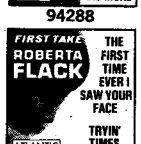

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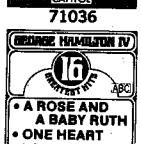

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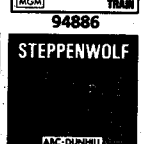

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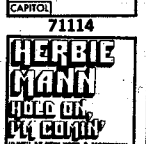

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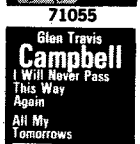

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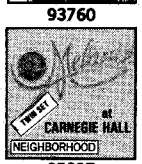

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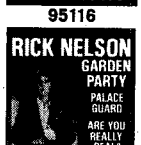

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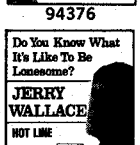

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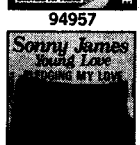

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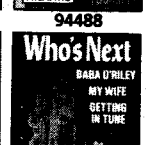

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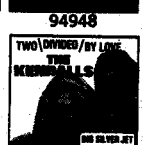

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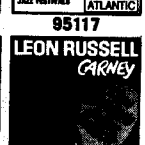

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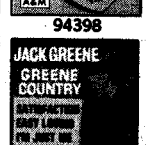

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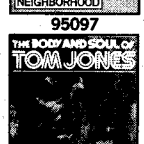

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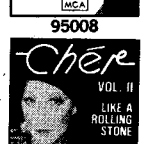

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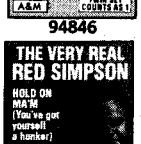

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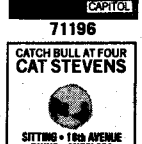

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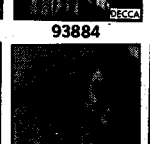

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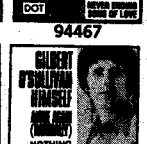

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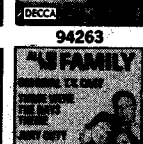

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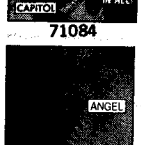

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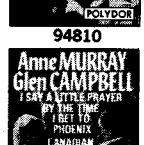

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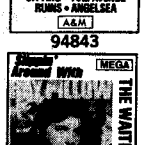

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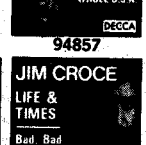

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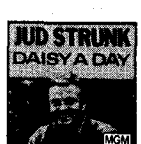

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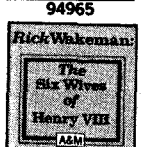

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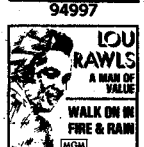

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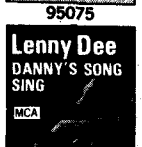

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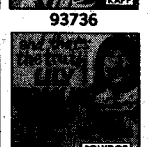

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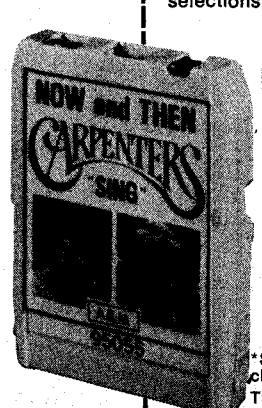

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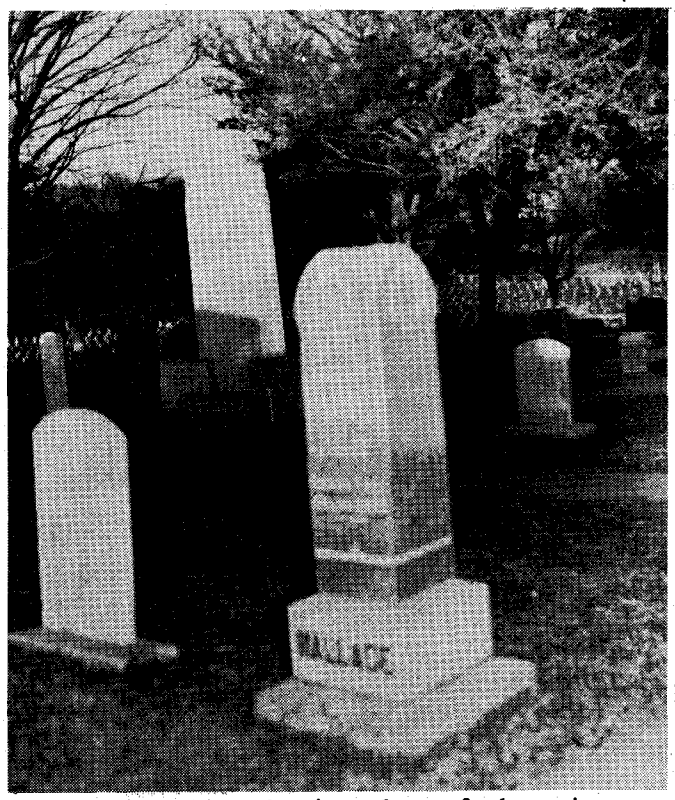

Wallace's last resting place in the State Cemetery in Austin.

The prisoners were read an official document from Santa Anna. In the name of the Supreme Government of Mexico, Santa Anna declared the Texans revolutionaries and ordered every tenth man to be executed by a firing squad.

Taken by surprise by this proclamation and without arms, the prisoners realized that resistance was out of the question. But they held their heads high. The same day they arrived back at Salado, Colonel Huerta told them how the ones to be shot would be chosen. The men were to be chosen by lottery. An officer then brought in a jar covered with a cloth.

He placed the jar on a low wall in front of the Colonel. The officer poured one hundred fifty-nine white beans into the jar. Then he dumped seventeen black ones in on top of them.

Colonel Huerta explained the rules of the lottery. First the officers were each to draw one bean. After that the other prisoners were to be called in alphabetical order. As his name was called, each man was to come forward, reach into the jar and withdraw one bean. Each man was stuck with the bean he drew; no swapping beans would be permitted. Each one would live or die according to the color of the bean he chose. No one was to draw more than one bean.

One of the soldiers held the jar high while each man reached into the jar. One of the prisoners, remembering that the black beans had been poured in on top of the white ones, whispered to the others to dig deep and so try to get a white bean.

When a black bean was drawn, the unlucky person was taken to one side where the line of doomed men was formed.

Not a single man quailed as he reached into the jar, not even if his hand came out holding a black bean. Nor did the ones who drew white beans exult.

Some of the Mexican officers were compassionate and were visibly affected by the courage and nonchalance of the Texans during the trying ordeal. However, there was one petty officer who gloated over each prisoner as he stepped forward to make his draw. He would tell him to take his time and be careful, that his life was at stake, that he knew if he drew a black bean he would be shot in ten minutes. Each time a black bean was drawn, this fellow would jeer, "Too bad. Better luck next time".

This made Bigfoot's blood boil, and he resolved that if he ever met up with him under more favorable circumstances he would make him pay for his insolence. (And get his chance, Wallace finally did during the Mexican war of 1846. It was at the siege of Monterey while Wallace, then a lieutenant, and some Texas troops were fighting from house to house that a Mexican bearing a white flag approached them. Wallace took aim at the man, but another soldier kept him from shooting. Bigfoot had recognized the man who had taunted them so mercilessly at Salado and was going to keep the promise he had made to himself. The Mexican vehemently denied having been present at the lottery.)

As each bean was handed to the soldier who was keeping the tally, he put the black ones in his pocket and the white ones he piled at the side of the jar.

Wallace, his name beginning with W, was one of the last to draw. He had examined each bean that was drawn as closely as he could. It appeared to him that the blackbeans were slightly larger than the white ones. Also, he had kept count of the black beans drawn, and when it came his turn to draw he knew there were only a couple of blackbeans left in the jar. By now the beans had been so mixed up he realized the black ones probably no longer would be on top.

He first picked up two beans, and they both felt as though they were the same size. They both could be black. He dropped them and took two others. One of these seemed to him to be larger than the other, so he dropped it and withdrew the other one. When he opened his fist, he held a white bean.

The prisoners who had drawn black beans said their farewells to their friends and were marched to an outer courtyard where they were executed by the firing squad.

The execution of his friends after an honorable surrender with the promise of humane treatment taught Wallace a lesson: never surrender to a Mexican anymore than he would to an Indian.

After the execution of the eighteen the others were marched in irons from Salado to Mexico City. The prisoners arrived in Huehuetoca after thirty miserable days and nights on the road. Huehuetoca was about seventeen miles from Mexico City.

As the prisoners were marched through the narrow streets of the small villages along their way, Wallace's height and long arms were a distinct advantage. When they passed through towns where a fair was in progress, Wallace would grab cakes, tamales and other items of food from the booths. He was so much taller than the natives that when he met one carrying food on

(continued on page 73)

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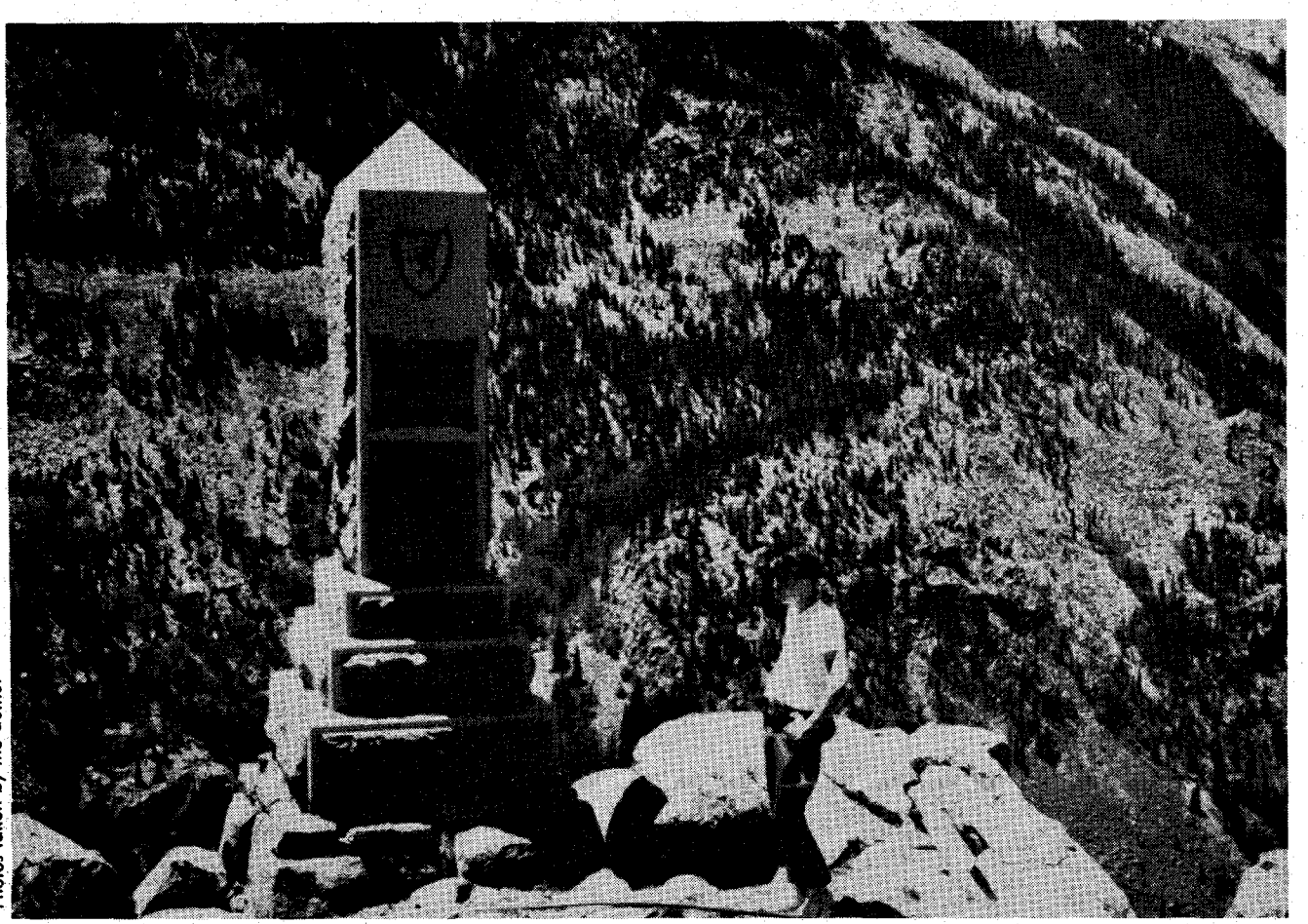
CLIFFORD GRIFFIN and the SEVEN THIRTY MINE

By
Frank W. Puncer



Photos taken by the author

Clifford Griffin monument as it appeared in 1963.

The picturesque gold and silver mining town of Silver Plume, Colorado provided the final setting for a unique tragedy which had its beginnings in England in the 1860's. Clifford Griffin, a young English nobleman from Shropshire, came to Colorado in the late 60's to become a miner and to forget his past. Little concerning Griffin's past was ever actually known since he apparently disliked to speak of it. However, it was learned that on the eve of his wedding day in England, his beautiful bride-to-be had been found dead in his own chamber. The shock left Griffin heartbroken. Thus, the community of Silver Plume assumed that Griffin had sought out the Colorado mining camps as a refuge, a distant escape from a saddened past.

Clifford Griffin proved to be a very successful miner indeed. Arriving in 1868, he was one of the original fortune-seekers to settle in the newly established camp of Silver Plume. Only forty-five miles west of Denver, Silver Plume was situated high up in Clear Creek Canyon in the Rocky Mountains. Here, in the center of the mining district, Griffin was soon to become owner of the highly profitable Seven-Thirty silver mine. Exactly how he came by his ownership is a disputed point. The most commonly accepted story is that Griffin simply discovered and staked out the mine claim himself. This seems rather unlikely, however, since he was undoubtedly a novice to the art of prospecting.

Another version, perhaps more plausible, has it that Griffin (together with a brother that supposedly accompanied him from England) hornswoggled the claim away from its original owner, an old prospector named Jack McDonnel. According to this story, the two Griffin brothers ar-

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Photos taken by the author

The mysterious Clifford Griffin's grave near Silver Plume, Colorado.

rived in Silver Plume shortly after the discovery of the Seven-Thirty by McDonnel. After hearing about the promising claim, one of the brothers offered to pay McDonnel his keep and clothing in return for a half-interest.

McDonnel accepted and the mine was worked that winter. Before long the miners hit pay dirt, and Old Jack, a drunkard, celebrated frequently. After one particularly successful day of mining, while Jack was drunk, the other Griffin brother offered him one hundred dollars and a pair of boots to sell out his remaining share. McDonnel agreed and the Griffins took over the mine. If this version is true, it yet remains unknown how Clifford Griffin became the sole owner of the Seven-Thirty mine. However, sole owner he did become and the mine made him rich. In its active life the Seven-Thirty produced no less than eight million dollars worth of silver and gold ores!

As more mines were discovered in the area, the population of Silver Plume grew. The town expanded and in 1875 it boasted nearly two thousand inhabitants. While the Plume grew larger, Griffin grew wealthier. However, he also became increasingly morose and withdrawn. Instead of residing in a stylish home within the town limits, he favored instead a crude and isolated cabin of his own construction. Here, high on the north side of the canyon near the entrance to his mine, he lived in solitude year after year.

Driven by loneliness perhaps, Griffin developed the habit of playing his violin late into the night. Each evening, just at dusk, he would step out upon his porch with his fiddle in hand. The tunes he played were invariably somber and forlorn but were nevertheless appreciated by his workmen who listened from the steps of their boarding house. Occasionally, the miners would even call for some special selection, and Griffin would always comply. Then, at the conclusion of each concert, the workmen sent their applause rolling through the night air.

Stranger than these proceedings, however, was the alarming fact that Griffin had hewn a grave out of the solid rock in front of his cabin. For this he offered no explanation, but the significance of the act was guessed by his workers. Late one summer evening in 1887, after a particularly haunting violin performance, the miners were startled by the report of a single gunshot hammering through the darkness. Rushing to the spot, their fears were realized. Griffin lay face down in the grave with a bullet through his heart. In his cabin was found a note requesting simply that he "be buried in the tomb." The miners not only complied with this wish but, in his memory, they erected a ten-foot monument hand-quarried from Silver Plume granite. This memorial, which stands near the grave high on a rocky ledge, bears the following inscription:

CLIFFORD GRIFFIN
son of
ALFRED GRIFFIN, Esquire of Brand Hall
Shropshire, England
Born July 2, 1847
Died June 19, 1887

And in compliance with his own wishes buried near this place

A different version of Griffin's death claimed that he had actually been murdered by his younger brother. Supposedly, the brother had committed the murder, sold the mine, and returned to England to claim the parental estates. Then, to ease his conscience, he ordered the monument constructed. However, Griffin's laborious carving of his own grave,

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along with the note left in his handwriting, seem to provide ample evidence that his death was, in fact, a suicide.

Much more of a mystery were the circumstances of the death of Griffin's fiancee. Had she died of natural causes on the eve of their wedding, or had she committed suicide, thereby prompting her betrothed to do the same years later? It is possible that she had been secretly in love with another man and, therefore, had felt obliged to take her own life. Or, perhaps Griffin himself, or his brother, had had something to do with her ill-timed death. Unfortunately, the answer has been buried by time. However, it remains clear that Clifford Griffin, whatever else he may or may not have been, certainly became an enigmatic and intriguing figure in Colorado mining history. ●**RW**

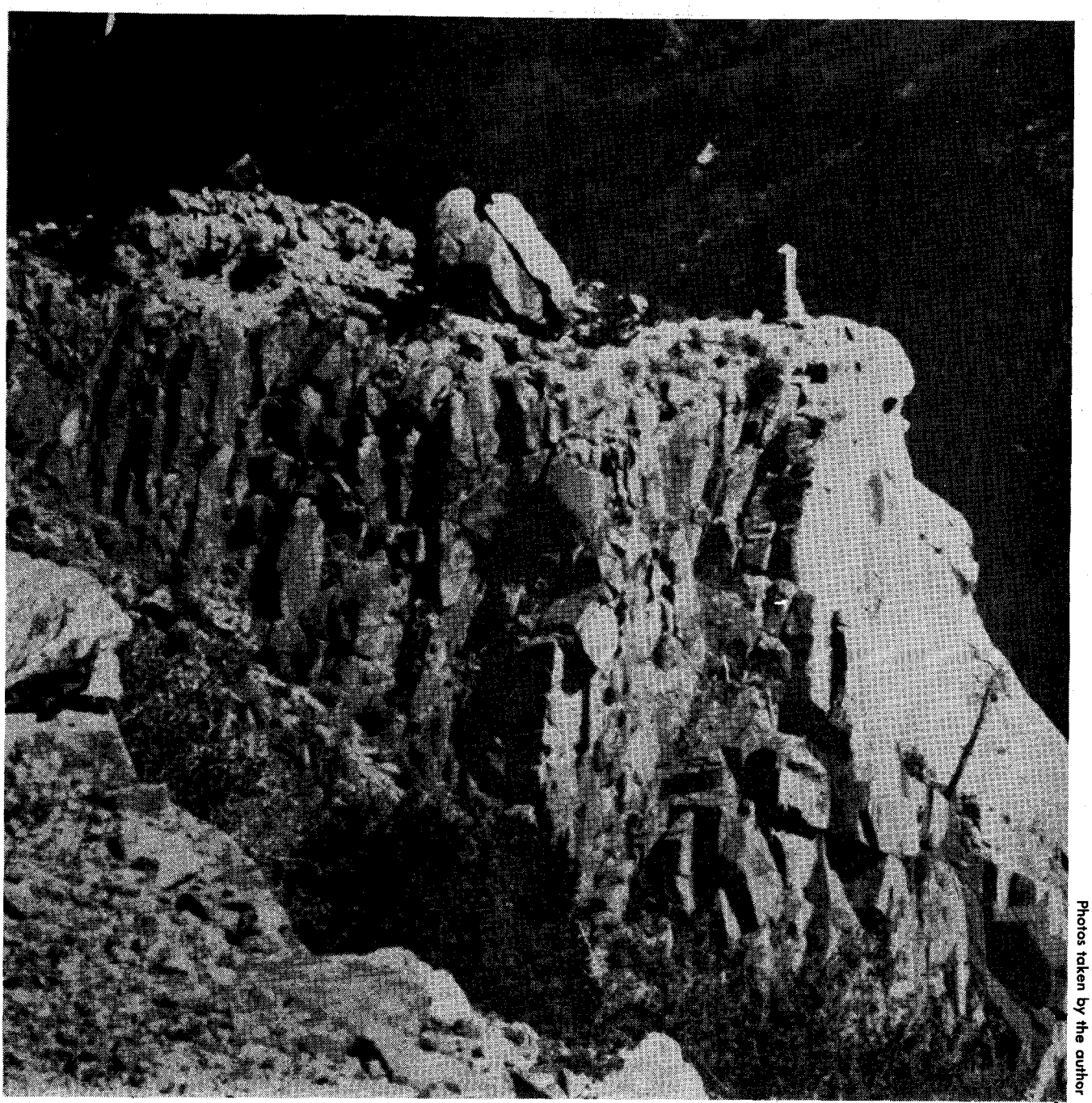
(Author's note: The Seven-Thirty mine and Clifford Griffin grave and monument can be visited by taking a two hour hike up the old pack trail leading north out of Silver Plume, which remains an active and picturesque community today. The town can be reached via Interstate 70 or U.S. Hwy. 6 leading west from Denver).

REFERENCE SOURCES:

1) *Stampede to Timberline*, Muriel Sibell Wolle, Sage Books, Denver, Colorado, 1965

2) *The Story of Silver Plume*, M. Hazel Howe, published by M. Hazel Howe, Denver, Colorado, 1960

3) My own conversations with residents of Silver Plume and my several visits to the Seven-Thirty mine and Clifford Griffin grave and monument



Photos taken by the author

The Clifford Griffin monument high on a cliff. Griffin was buried on the site at his written request found after he committed suicide in 1887.

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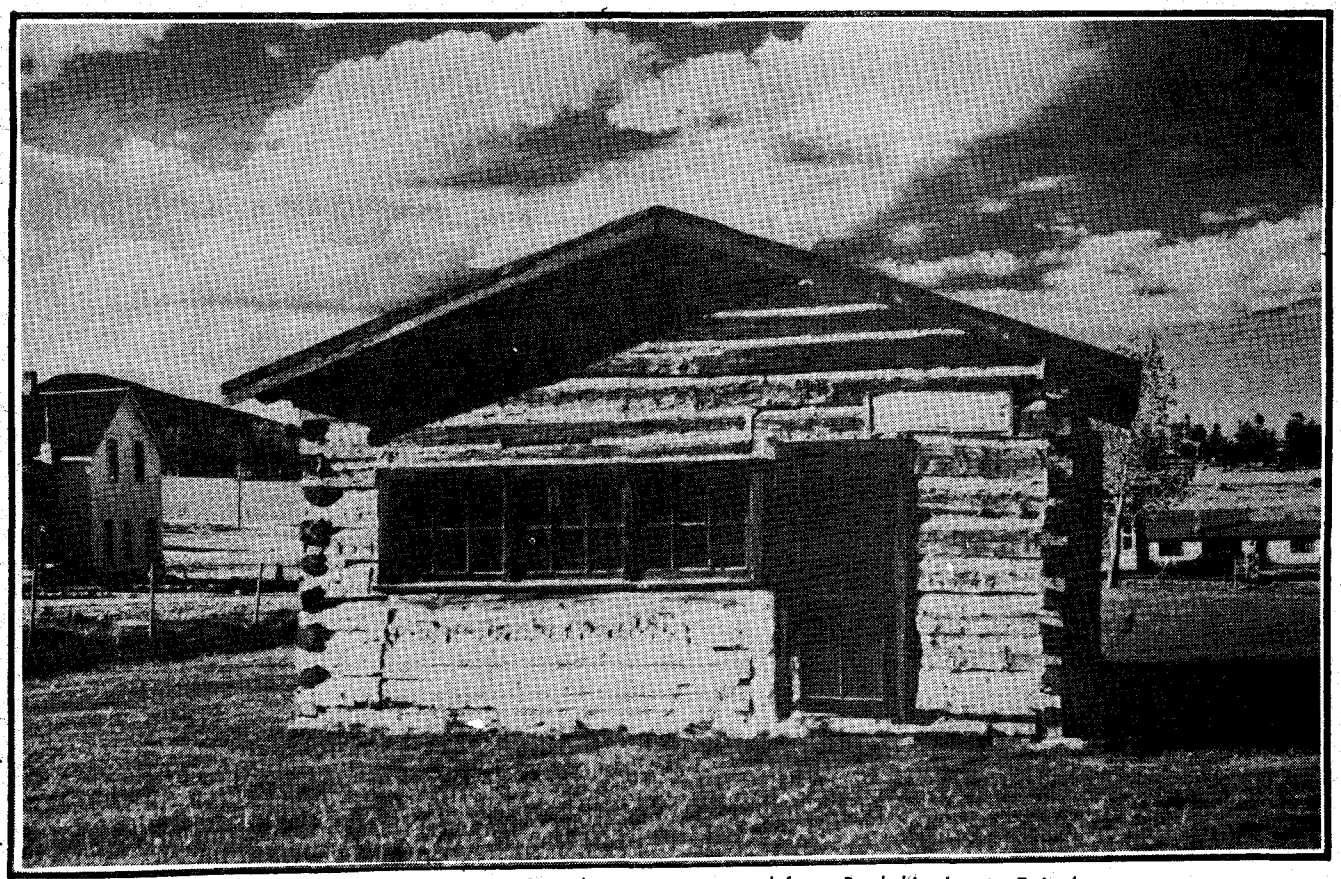
COVER STORY

The town of Fairplay was built on the bank of the South Platte River and the founders found rich gold deposits in the deep gravel bars of that river. The town still looks today much as it did in the 1880's. Long before the white settlers built their town, it had been a favorite campground for the Kiowas, Arapahoes, Apaches, and Utes.



Cy Martin photo

Old original Park County Courthouse was moved from Buckskin Joe to Fairplay.

Playing Fair In

In 1859 thousands of men tried to find gold along the eastern rim of the Rocky Mountains and along Cherry Creek. They crossed the broad expanses of South Park to the banks of an unnamed creek in which they found the colors they were hunting. Here they made a camp and called it and the creek "Tarryall". They were so jealous of their location that they ran off all the newcomers who tried to join them. In indignation these late arrivals dubbed the flourishing camp *"Grab-all"* and, pushing on, found even more gold in the deep gravel bars of the South Platte River.

A town of log cabins was hastily thrown up along the river bank, which was christened "Fairplay" by the still-annoyed prospectors. As it grew in size, it became the most important mining and trade center for the entire region. In recent years dredges have sucked great quantities of gold from the channel of the South Platte and clawed away at the banks which contained the coveted treasure. But the town sits high above the river and looks today almost as it did during its prime in the 1880's.

The area has a long history, because for centuries before the white man entered South Park it was a favorite campground for several Indian tribes: the Kiowas, Arapahoes, Apaches and Utes—all of whom fought for the right to live in the area. The Utes eventually won the battle and established one of their largest permanent villages on the delta of the South Platte River between present-day Fairplay and Alma. Later, the Spanish entered the region and built their first gold and silver mining camp near the site of what once was Buckskin Joe.

Despite the Indians, South Park became a favorite campground and meeting place for the early mountain men. The Spanish had labeled the site *Bayou Salado* for the many salt marshes, and the mountain men liked the name so well they kept it.

Many early-day explorers who passed through South Park reported the first discoveries of gold in the Rockies by white men. Pike, in particular, reported that a man named Pursley discovered gold in South Park as early as 1806, then the incredible Pathfinder, John C. Fremont, reported the discovery of gold in 1849 by an old mountain man named Bill Williams. Finally, in 1859 the rediscovery of gold brought about the permanent settlement.

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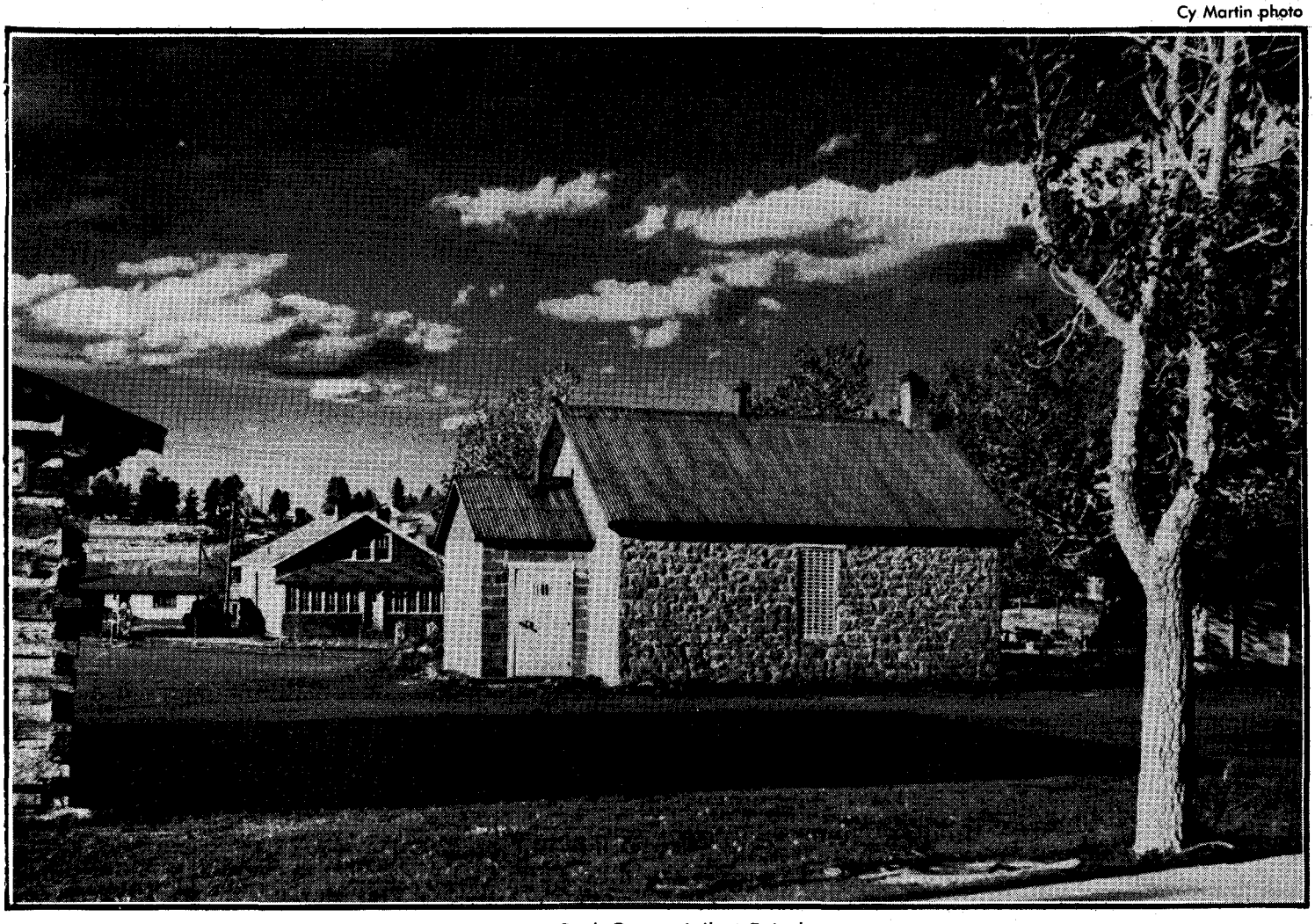


Park County jail at Fairplay.

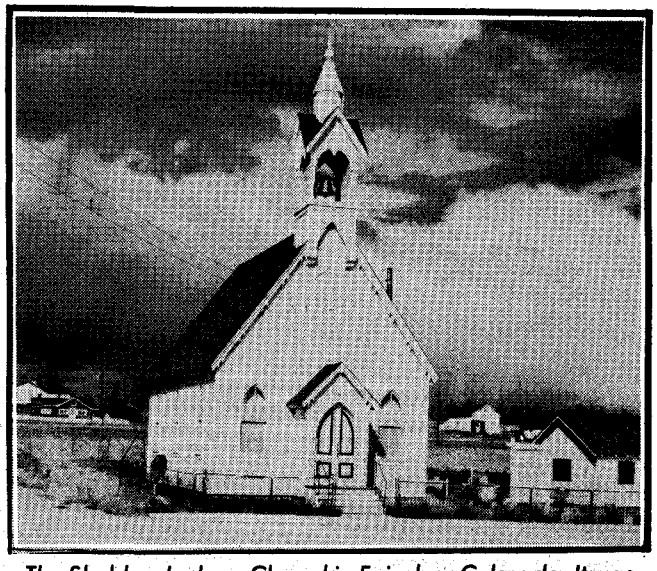
FAIRPLAY

By Cy Martin

One of the early town leaders who helped propose the name of Fairplay for the camp was Jim Reynolds, soon to become a legend in South Park. A short time after the founding of the town Reynolds turned highwayman, and his gang plundered as tellingly as any in Colorado. When the Civil War broke out, Reynolds headed South to lend his services to Confederate Cause, but his talent and knowledge of Colorado were more valuable to the South than his presence in Texas.

With eight hand-picked Rebels, Reynolds returned to Colorado intent on highjacking as much of the Territory's gold as he could manage, all to help finance the Southern Cause. His efforts, which could have been some of the most historic adventures of the Civil War, turned out to be a farce.

The miners were tipped off to Reynold's return, and, according to authentic sources, Reynolds promptly robbed a stage near the present site of the old mining town of Como. Some legends make Reynolds a dark villain with the blood of many men on his hands, but there is no record of his ever killing a single man. He even released a stage driver unharmed to spread the word that Jim Reynolds was back in South Park looking for trouble.



Cy Martin photo

The Sheldon Jackson Chapel in Fairplay, Colorado. It was built in 1874.

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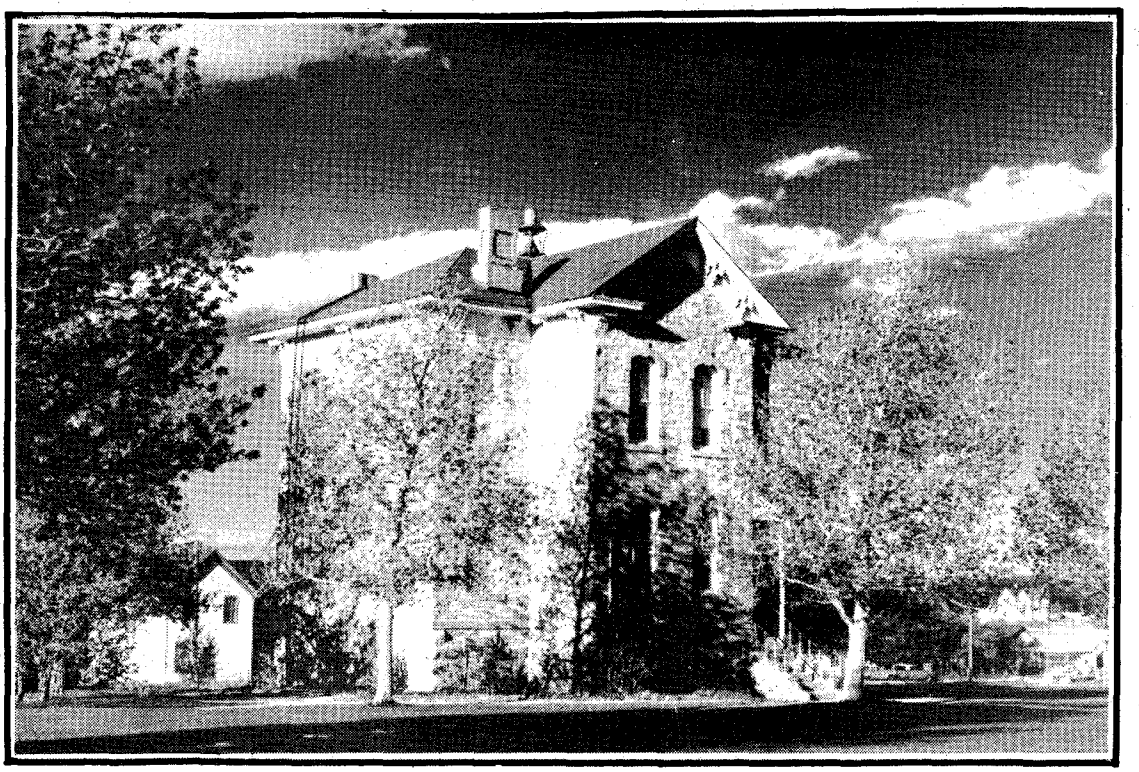

Cy Martin photo

The Park County Courthouse in Fairplay is the oldest courthouse in continuous use in Colorado.

To top this off, Reynolds and his gang stopped at all the best stage stations and took their merry old time enroute to Denver where they planned to steal all the gold in the state treasury. Jim Reynolds was never one to do things in secret, so by the time he was halfway to Denver, everyone in South Park knew he was back, where he was headed, and what his plans were.

The largest posse ever formed in Fairplay could have easily caught up with the gang, but it was even more inept than the robbers, so Reynolds easily outfoxed them. Still, he did not escape because a larger more efficient posse was bearing down on him from Denver. Reynolds knew the region better than anyone in either posse and could have easily eluded them, but his poor judgment led to his capture and the end of his adventures.

One of his gang was captured and decapitated, and his head was sent out on display in the saloons of South Park. Five more were captured and shot down by a firing squad south of Denver. The remaining three, including his brother, John, fled to New Mexico. The true story of this fiasco is now completely clouded by legend, and the legend has been compounded through the years. It is known that he buried his ill-gotten loot somewhere in the vast expanse of mountains near Fairplay, and stories of this huge buried treasure are widely told in South Park.

Fairplay, itself, is almost 10,000 feet above sea level, where the air is thin and, even in the summer, the winds blow from the Continental Divide, sweeping across the vast meadow land of South Park. In July

Cy Martin collection

The Fairplay general store as it appeared in 1878 to the staff artist for Leslie's Magazine.

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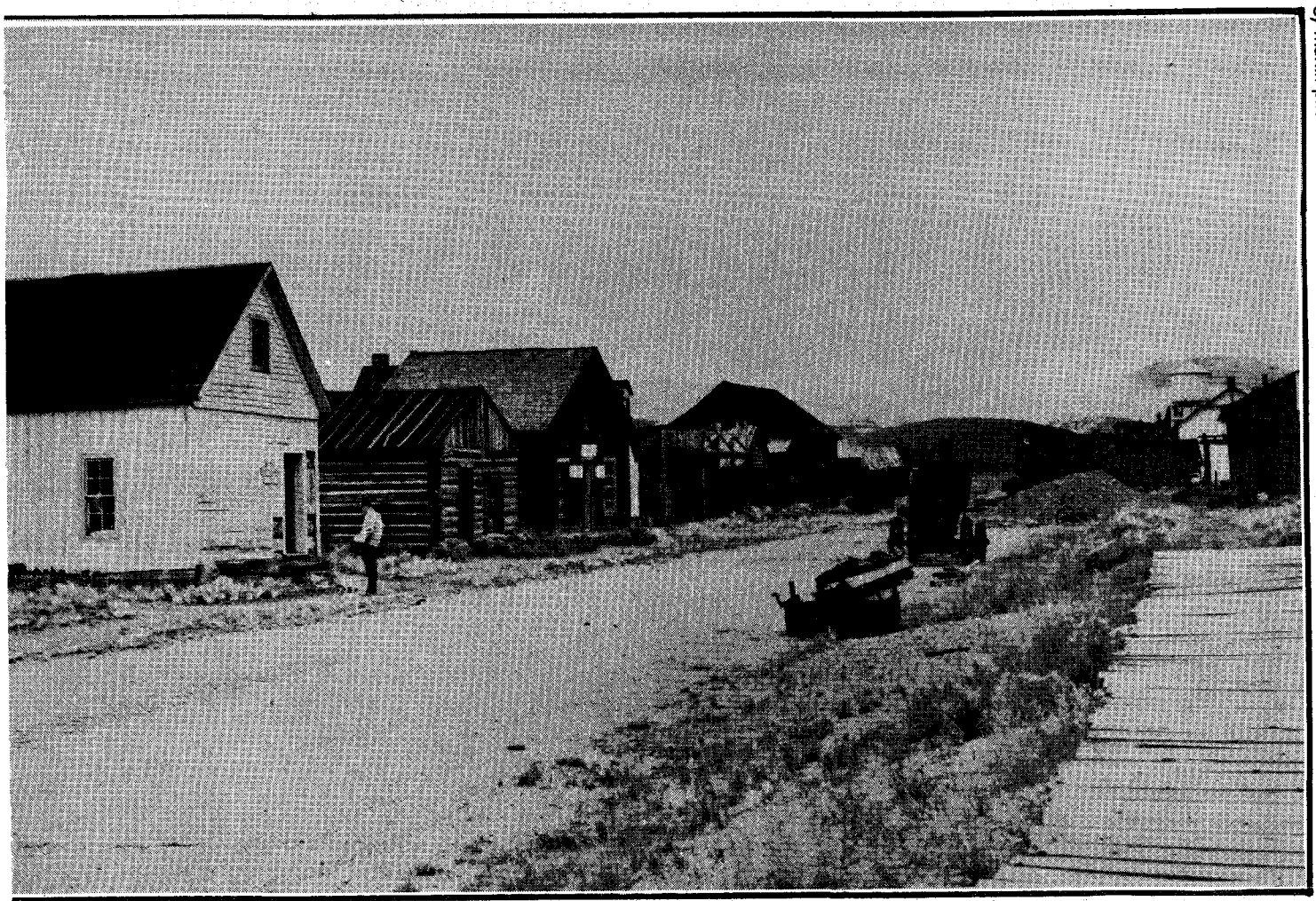

Cy Martin photo

The main street of South Park City, the "suburb" of Fairplay.

and August the nights may be so cold that water from lawn sprinklers will often freeze where it falls on the scrubby lawns of the townspeople.

The most photographed building in town is the white frame Presbyterian Church, built in 1874 by Reverend Sheldon Jackson, and which is still a vital and active part of the community. Ben Graham, who made his big strike in one of the mines, presented the church with a fine brass bell in 1875, and for years its mellow sound has served both as a school bell and a fire alarm.

Park County's two-story, redstone courthouse was also built in 1874 and is the oldest court still in use in the State of Colorado. It stands in the center of a block surrounded by a well-tended lawn, and it dwarfs the nearby diminutive stone jail. On the north side of this same square stands its predecessor, a log building erected in Buckskin Joe and moved to Fairplay after the 1868 election which made Fairplay the county seat.

During the Indian scare of 1879 all the women and children of Fairplay were placed inside the building for their safety. The Indian scare started when a drunken fool shot holes into his own hat, rode a lathered horse into town to announce breathlessly that the Indians were burning Breckenridge, scalping everyone there, and that a war party was now headed for Fairplay.

This immediately threw the town into a panic. The men began drilling and gathering all the arms and ammunition they could find, while scouts rode off toward the doomed camp to reconnoiter. Not an Indian could be found in the entire countryside. When the scouts returned, the sot whose drunken imagination started the story, hid in an attic until the people's anger cooled and he could get away to Alma and safety.

In 1888, the present courthouse was the scene of a lynching, and since then has been called the "hanging court" or "the court that never adjourned." Both of these nicknames stem from the same trial.

John J. Hooper, said by some to be distant kinsman of H.A.W. Tabor, cold-bloodedly killed a man named Bennett in 1880 in an argument over a drainage ditch.

The judge sentenced Hooper to life imprisonment, but the citizens considered the sentence much too light. So that night, a group of vigilantes went to the sheriff's house and demanded that he turn over the keys to the jail. When he refused, they marched him at gunpoint to the jail, broke down the door and locked him in one of his own cells. They then rushed the prisoner out of the building, and when Judge Brown reached the courthouse the next morning, Hooper's body was dangling from a second-story window.

Since another killer was scheduled to be tried the next day, a grim reminder was sent to the Judge and prosecuting attorney from the citizens' committee. Inside the building on the Judge's desk was a noosed rope which was labeled, "For the Judge." Along beside it was another labeled, "For the District Attorney." The two men lost no time in hiring a two-horse rig and driving the ten miles to Red Hill. There they caught the first train east to Denver and safety, but they had failed to adjourn the court—thus the nickname.

An aftermath of this hanging incident was in 1953 when workmen

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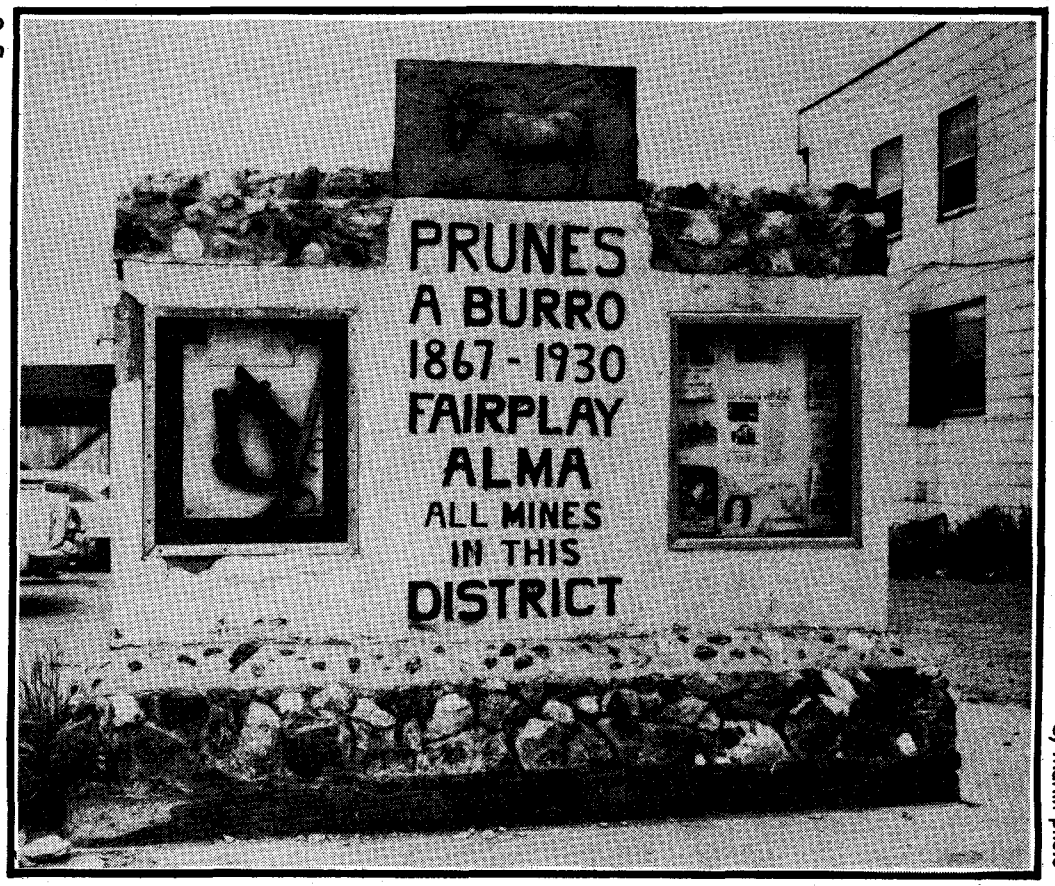
The monument to Prunes, the burro, which stands in Fairplay.



Cy Martin photo

were repairing the old courthouse. They found a noose under the floor boards of the judge's chamber along with other evidence against the vigilantes of 1888. Now, historians believe the rope was the same one used to hang Hooper, and Judge Brown had hidden it to use as evidence in some future prosecution.

The man scheduled to be tried for murder the day after Hooper's trial was Cicero Simms, a swaggering young troublemaker who shot down his best friend on the main street of Alma. It seemed to be the end of the line for the skinny nineteen-year-old boy from Tennessee, for he had bragged of the killing and also bragged of killing two other men on his trip west. He had come to join his two older brothers in South Park.

After the Hooper incident there was no doubt about the outcome of Simms' trial. He was sentenced to be hanged, and here a legend begins. Young Simms always boasted he was too thin to be hanged, and this added color to the incident, so thousands gathered to watch the public execution. It came off as expected. Although there was no evidence that the rope and fall had broken Simms' neck, he was pronounced dead, and most of the town paraded by the coffin to view his body.

After the execution his two older brothers, who were locked up during the trial and the hanging to avoid any possible trouble, were released from the Fairplay jail. A stage driver named McCarthy claimed that later that night he was hailed by two men with an injured boy just outside of town and forced at gunpoint to take the three men to Leadville. Stage driver McCarthy identified the injured youth as Cicero Simms. The remainder of the story is clouded by rumor and legend, and although nothing official was ever heard of the three men again, some old timers swear Cicero lived long enough to get into even more trouble in Cripple Creek, many years after his hanging.

Along about the same time, Sam Porter, just another drunk about town, threatened during his final binge to shoot the first man he saw on Main Street. And he did. He shot John Carmody to death. So the lynching party called another meeting, carted Old Sam off, placed the noose around his neck and asked if he had any last requests.

Sam grinned at the men, "Yes, pull."

Of course, the vigilantes promptly carried out his last living request.

A few months later a fiddler and a prisoner escaped from the tiny jail. It seems the fiddler had fiddled madly on his box to cover up the sound of his friends filing away at the bars of their cell.

On Fairplay's Main street, beside the old Hand Hotel, is the grave of Prunes, a burro who worked in the mines around Fairplay for sixty-two-years. When he grew old, he wandered around the alleys accepting any handouts of food readily given to him, for he was much too decrepit to forage for himself. When he finally died in 1930, his many friends in Fairplay decided to mark his grave with a suitable monument. A year later it was erected, just about the time an old prospector by the name of Rupert M. Sherwood died at the age of eighty-two. Near the end of his long illness, Sherwood requested that his body be cremated and buried beside Prunes, his faithful partner for so many years in the mountains around Fairplay.

Their graves are surrounded by an iron fence on which are fastened the tools of Rupe Sherwood. The gravestone is a concrete block surmounted by a bronze plaque depicting Prunes in his prime. But vandals soon came along and pried out the marbles which spelled the animal's name in the concrete. Glass cases at the sides of the slab contain newspaper clippings about Prunes and Sherwood, and the stone is set with specimens of ore from each of the mines in which the burro worked.

A little way north of Fairplay rises Mount Silver Heels, a beautiful Rocky Mountain peak, the summit of which is snow capped for most of the year. It is named after Silver

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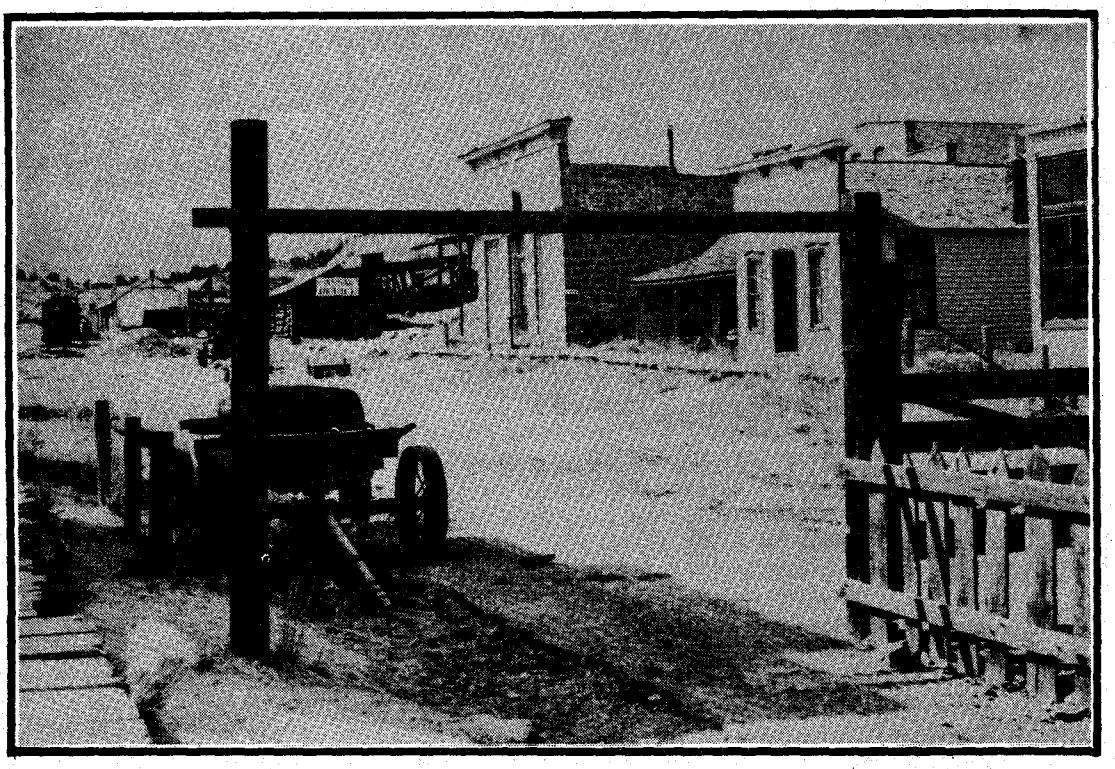

View down the street of South Park City, a town rebuilt as a typical early town might look, using buildings that were used and abandoned in towns that no longer exist, or at least, are ghosts.

Heels, a dance hall girl in Buckskin Joe, who became the idol of the miners and the envy of all the other camp women because of her beauty. In October, 1861 two Mexicans drove a flock of sheep into camp and stayed until they sold their animals for mutton.

Without warning, one of the sheep men became violently ill and died. Before the startled miners were aware of what had actually happened, a smallpox epidemic was raging in their midst. Each day the living carried the dead to the little hillside cemetery at Buckskin Joe and buried them under the quaking aspens. Business was suspended and the dance halls were deserted. Nurses were scarce and only two or three even bothered to respond to a frantic telegram imploring for medical help from Denver.

During those hideous days Silver Heels nursed the sick and dying men until she, too, was stricken with smallpox. Gradually the epidemic passed, and the survivors went back to mining. Silver Heels remained hidden in her cabin, tenderly nursed by an old woman, slowly regaining her health. In gratitude to the girl who had willingly risked both life and looks to nurse the sick, the citizens of Buckskin Joe made up a purse of $5,000. A presentation committee took it to her cabin, but there was no response to their knocking.

Silver Heels had disappeared and all search for her, down through the years, has proved futile. A bewildered committee returned the money to the donors, but not to be thwarted in their gesture of gratitude toward the

(continued on page 75)

Cy Martin photo

The main street of Fairplay, Colorado as it appeared in 1966.

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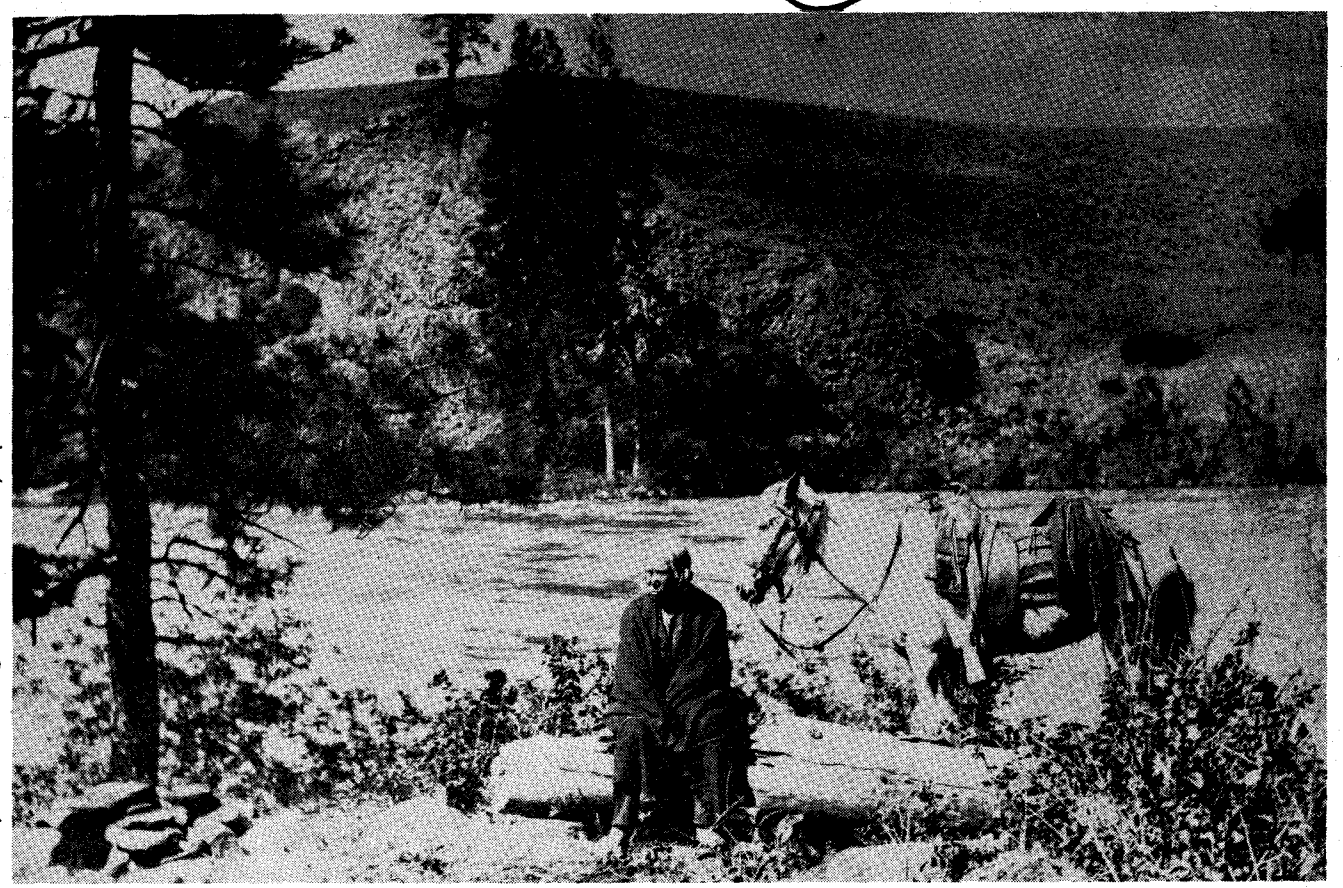
SPOKAN GARRY
Peaceful Indian Chief of the Northwest

COVER STORY

An epic account of life in the Northwest where a three - cornered struggle between the English Hudson's Bay Company, the "Bostons" or Americans, and the Indians who originally inhabited the country raged in 1844.

By Lois Ryker



Courtesy Eastern Washington Historical Society, Spokane.

Chief Spokan Garry and his white horse in later years. The Spokane River in the background provided his tribe with salmon over the centuries.

In that spring of 1844 the big trouble began from an incident that was unwarranted as it was cruel.

On an annual excursion by the northern tribes into California to barter furs for Spanish horses, the young bucks and old chiefs assumed it would be purely trading business.

This year the expedition was led by the son of the Walla Walla chief, Peupeumoxmox (Yellow Serpent), Elijah Hedding. After his conversion at the Methodist mission on the Willamette River, south of Portland, he assumed the given name of Dr. Elijah White, the missionary, and another named Hedding. A fine youth educated in the white man's ways, his influence with his tribe was strong.

Spokan Garry, chief of the Middle Spokans, went along to increase his own horseherd. He took his young second wife, Nina, with him. A Umatilla woman closely associated with the Walla Wallas, she was happy to be among her people again.

The trading at Sutter's Fort, near the present Sacramento, went well until the Indians ran out of furs. Elijah took several bucks and went into the mountains for more. It was still routine business.

But earlier some renegade whites stole horses and mules from the Americans at the fort, and Elijah's group ran into their hide-out where the animals were boxed in a canyon. Unaware of the ownership of the animals, Elijah and his friends took the animals back to the fort after a skirmish, routing the thieves. Indian fashion, Elijah assumed he was right. In victory the animals naturally belonged to the winners.

It was a pretty rough bunch that inhabited the fort. One

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obnoxious jasper accosted Elijah for the return of his mule in the lot of those brought back. Hearing that the animals were earlier stolen, Elijah yeielded the mule. He also knew the white man's ideas on the subject.

This should have closed the incident.

But the mood in camp changed. Elijah and his friends were suspected of the original theft, and other numerous crimes. So a plot was hatched to retaliate.

Chief Garry, Elijah and other Indians were invited to a party in one of the shacks. Once inside, the unsuspecting natives were accused of every violence that occurred in the region in late months.

Elijah rose to protest. Before he could speak, the man who earlier claimed his mule charged inside with a loaded pistol. He announced the Indian's death sentence and instantly carried it out. He poured lead into Elijah who dropped on the spot.

Garry jumped to his feet. A shell intended for his head plowed into the logs above as he moved. The killer ran out. He was never brought to justice. Frontier law was lax and inefficient ... for whites.

All hell broke loose; the Indians scrambled out of the place and dashed for their camp. With their women they mounted and rushed away, leaving their purchased horses.

It was Chief Garry's unhappy task to tell Peupeumoxmox, his close friend, of Elijah's murder. The shock of it reverberated throughout Indian country, into Canada and through the Puget Sound region.

At this time the Hudson's Bay people and the American "Bostons" were in controversy over the final boundary. The "King George's Men" were established chiefly to barter for furs. On the other hand, the "Bostons" coveted Indian lands. Settlers and missionaries were already in ... with the encouragement of the U. S. Government.

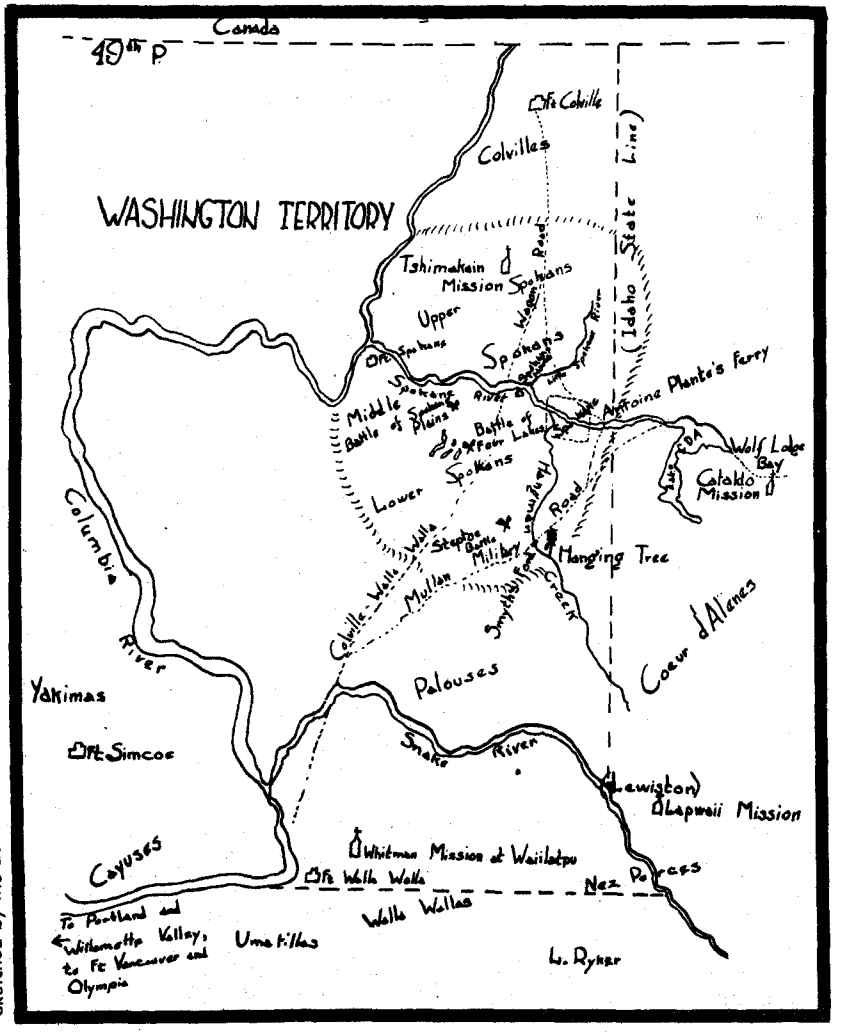
Wanton murders by both races increased. Many chiefs still tried to promote peace, assuming their people could live peaceably with the newcomers. Spokan Garry, (The Indians pronounced the name with a short "A"; whites added the "E" to the spelling, using the same pronunciation, which is used today for the city and county in Washington State), was the strongest to advocate this. As a boy he was taken to the Red River Settlement near Winnepeg, Manitoba, by Sir George Simpson. Educated and converted to the Anglican faith, he returned to so influence his people.

Elijah's death was his first great disillusionment.

Immediately the tribes held council. Ellice, a Nez Perce subchief also educated at the mission, was urged to confront Dr. Elijah White to bring Elijah's murderer to justice. Shouldn't the same law apply to both Indian and white man?

Dr. White had only a confused response to give. California law did not hold weight in Oregon. His own judgeship was self-appointed. But he did try to appease Ellice with a promise of school for the natives, a recompense for the lost stock, and a great offer to contact the California governor concerning the matter of one murdered Indian. None of these promises were kept. Actually, Dr. White had no such authority.

Fully trusting the missionary, Ellice took the word back to the tribes on the Columbia River. He was only ridiculed for his gullibility. The majority of the tribes no longer had faith in a "Boston's" word. Disgraced, Ellice rode east over the Blue Mountains to hunt buffalo. He never regained his prestige with his people.



Sketched by the a...

Washington Territory after the separation from Oregon Territory in 1853. Shown are the various tribal lands, the missions, the wagon roads and trails and the battles of Steptoe and Wright. The hanging tree is at right center.

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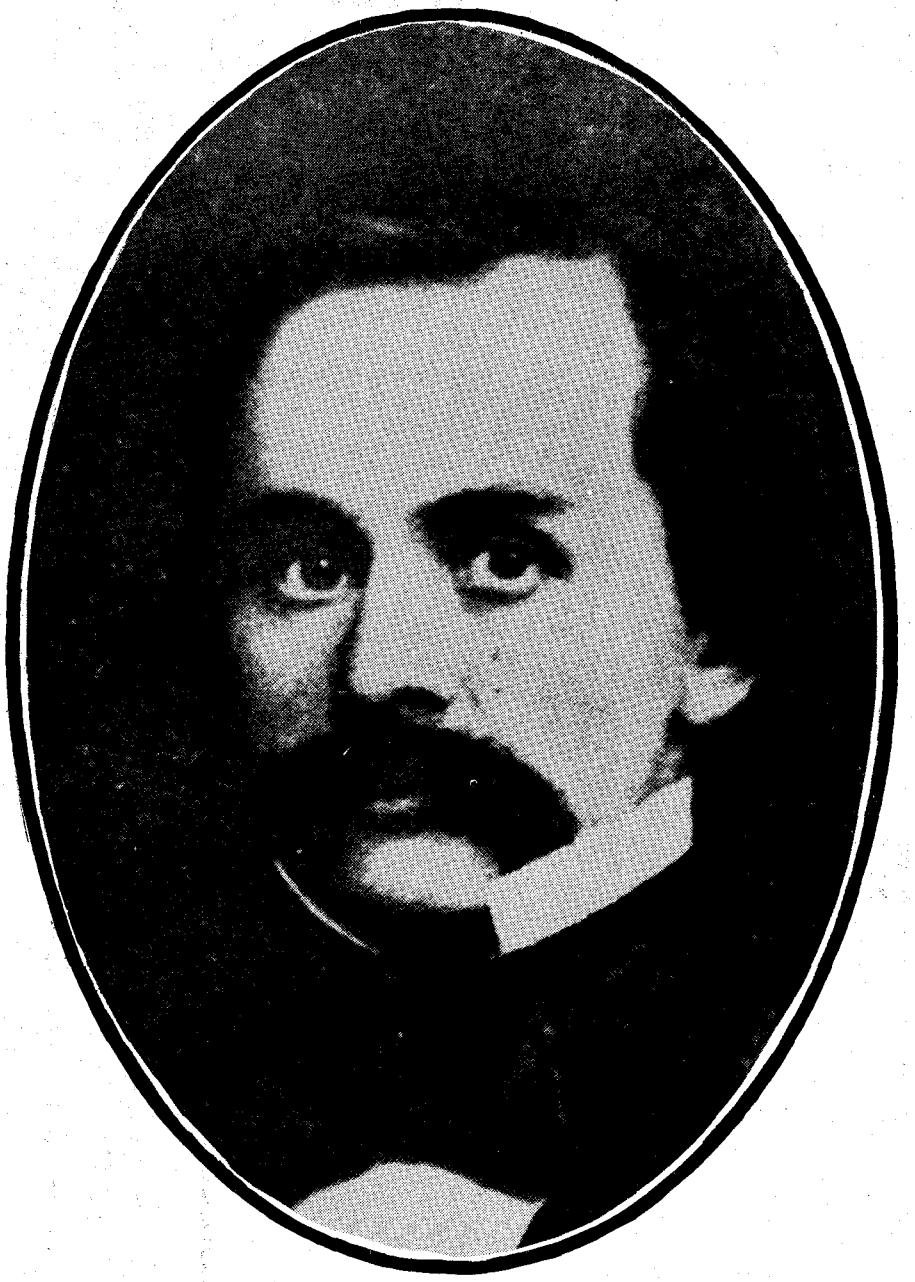

Courtesy Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Lt. Col. Edward J. Steptoe who fled the Indians and raced by night to the Snake River crossing with his wounded soldiers.

Dr. John McLoughlin, the factor at Ft. Vancouver, sensed the end of the fur trade. American missionaries were firmly entrenched: the Whitmans at Waiilatpu beyond Ft. Walla Walla, the Spaldings at Lapwai Mission, and the Eels and Walkers at Tshimakain, all north of the Columbia in what had been considered British fur country.

Finally, in 1846 the boundary dispute was settled at the 49th Parallel. The influx of settlers, and later the miners, alarmed the tribes and they held many councils. Action or peaceful coexistence? They were at odds among themselves.

In 1847 the Whitmans were massacred. The Palouses, some Lower Spokans, the Nez Perce, Cayuses, Yakimas, Walla Wallas and Umatillas begged for open war to check the white immigration. Chief Spokan Garry pleaded for peace, believing in its possibility.

He felt so strongly that the whites would come and stay that he himself took a "homestead" after the Donation Act was passed. He raised his horse herd, cut hay and farmed near the falls of the river that now passes through Spokane. He hoped to so influence his people and other tribes of the wisdom of assuming white man's ways.

But he suffered tragically for his ideas.

While he was on a trip to Ft. Colville for supplies, a handful of French-Canadians, residents of Ft. Colville's environs, burned Garry's holdings, his hay, his log cabin, and scattered his stock.

Totally disparaged at this wantonness, he returned to tipi living with Nina and moved back to the flat where the Latah Creek joins the Spokane River. Or he camped outside the Northwest Company's trading post at Spokane House, at the conflux of the big river and the Little Spokane. Again he subsisted on camas roots, berries, and salmon from the river.

In 1853 Washington Territory was separated from Oregon. The military road surveyed and built by John Mullan, from Ft. Benton to Ft. Walla Walla, passed through Garry's lands. Isaac I. Stevens, a young surveyor with Mullan's initial work, was appointed the first territorial governor. This office also included the superintendence of the Indian affairs of the region with no regard for qualifications.

Indicative of the mood of the times, Stevens assumed that only force was the proper method to control the natives. He treated with them, placating them with spurious offers seldom kept.

At this time Spokan Garry was in his prime, about forty. Despite the turn of events he still hoped for peace between the people. He was deeply concerned for the welfare of his own tribe and its future.

Now troops were garrisoned at the new Ft. Walla Walla. Other forts and blockhouses sprang up, announcing the government's intentions.

Word came to Garry that soldiers were marching north from Ft. Walla Walla. Young bucks from the Palouse, Nez Perce, some Colvilles and Ceour d'Alenes screamed for war. Annihilate the whites and keep all others out!

What few whites appreciated in the tribal customs was the inner organizations which functioned separately from the chiefs. Young warriors belonged, so a chief had great difficulty stemming their actions.

Yet Garry interposed fiercely, urging the Indians to meet the marching soldiers with open friendliness. He felt this attitude was important to the existence of future generations.

This time he won the argument. A feast was prepared. Chief Garry dressed himself in his finest: a ready-made white man's suit and his great native headdress. He rode down on his white horse to meet the soldiers on the vast, rolling bunchgrass hills.

All this while another faction was taking place of which Garry was ignorant. Antoine Plante, a French-Canadian who earlier migrated from Ft. Colville, had a ferry and trading

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post at the river crossing east of the present city. The only white in the area, for years he enjoyed friendship with the natives, including Garry.

Garry was in for an unpleasant surprise as he rode south. Riding beside Lt. Rufus Saxton, as his guide, was Plante. He'd been secretly busy, apparently hoping to benefit from military supremacy.

But Garry gave the officer a surprise in turn. Saxton was not prepared to see an intelligent, educated Indian chief who spoke fluent English, a proud poised dignified human.

Word was sent earlier to neighboring tribes to join Garry and enjoy the feast and welcoming party. The Ceour d'Alenes, Kootenais and others came with their chiefs.

Saxton explained his trip as a meeting with Gov. Stevens who was on his way from the east to establish the territorial capital at Olympia on the coast. Actually Stevens was treating with the Indians east of the Bitterroots. Saxton's prime reason for his journey was carefully obscured from the chiefs, namely to set up a military control of the vast region.

Content that he had averted trouble and firmly promoted peace, Garry moved back to his camp near Spokan House. Then it came again.

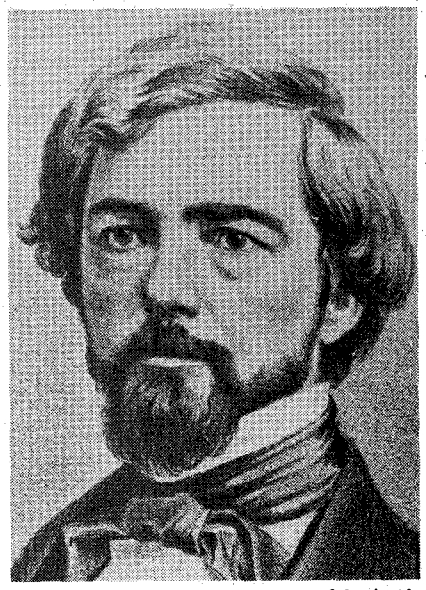
Stevens camped with a contingent at Wolf Lodge Bay on Lake Ceour d'Alene and started his trek west to the broad plains at the foothills ... Spokan Country. Guess who led the forces? The busy Judas, Antoine Plante. Envisioning great importance in the eyes of the military, he had gathered a handful or former pals, Hudson's Bay men, at his ferry to make a stand against any uprising. Then he rode out to meet Stevens and guide the governor west.

So informed by runners, Garry rode out to meet Stevens with reservations. Garry also knew that a young Yakima buck joined Stevens as a guide but was to glean information as to Stevens' intentions. Plante was also ignorant of the Yakima's business.

So it was learned that another contingent had arrived north at Ft. Colville under Capt. George B. McClellan's command. All the Indians were constantly kept informed of the military's actions. Chief Kamiakin of the Yakimas waited for further word, anxious to join in a fracas if it developed.

Garry met Stevens as he approached the flat plains east of Plante's Ferry, exchanged greetings, then left. He rode north to investigate the rumor of troops there. So it was a surprised Stevens when he led his command to Ft. Colville to find Chief Garry there. Again Garry was assured that the army was only passing through to establish the new capital.

He couldn't know that Garry was fully aware of his lies. Runners were busy. Garry was informed of other troops bearing from the Ceour d'Alenes and the Bitterroots over the Mullan Road, with Lt. Donelson in command.

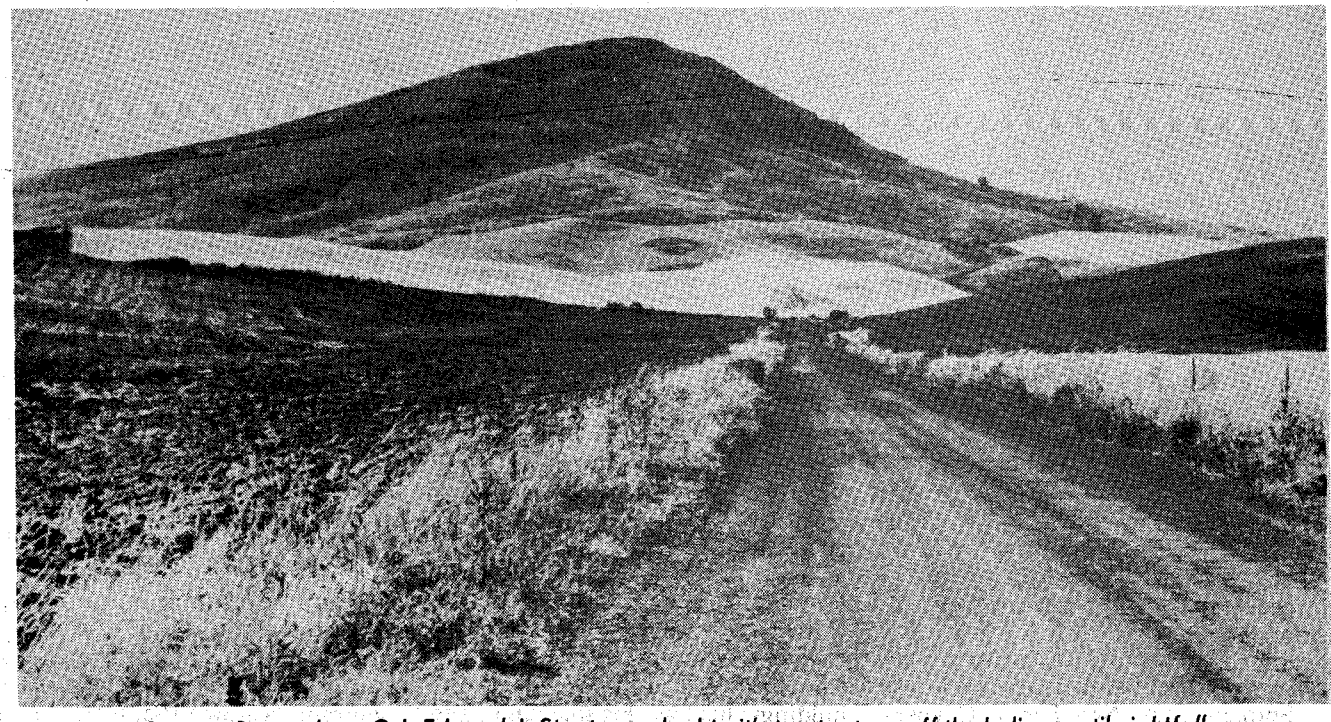


Courtesy Newspaper Reference Library, Spokane

Gov. Isaac I. Stevens, man of forked - tongue. He had difficulty convincing Chief Garry that he cared what happened to the Indians. He was a better surveyor of wilderness roads than a superintendent of Indian affairs which office went with the governorship.

Patronizing and assuming racial superiority, Stevens had the gall to request Garry to take a message to Lt. Donelson to meet Stevens' and McClellan's forces at Spokan House. Garry played it cool and appeared to submit.

But he sent word to the Lower and Upper Spokans to council with his people at the abandoned mission at Tshimakain. While Donelson still



Courtesy Washington Historical Society, Tacoma

Steptoe Butte where Col. Edward J. Steptoe rushed to it's top to stave off the Indians until nightfall when he and his men slipped away.

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Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Chief Lawyer, a strong voice for the Nez Perces who insisted that signing the treaty meant benefits for the people and that the tribe had gained with the trade the whites brought.

marched from the east, Stevens and McClellan gathered at the Indians' camp.

To further his desire to establish military control of the tribes, Stevens order the young Yakima to guide McClellan and Donelson on to Olympia. He stated he had other business to attend to before he went on to the Coast.

Along with a brother, Garry consented to guide Stevens' company south toward the conflux of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. They arrived on a cold November 1st. With winter threatening and hindering Stevens' intentions, he hastily left the main body of his troops and rushed down to Ft. Walla Walla with Garry. Garry's brother also remained behind.

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Major General John E. Wool whose sympathy for the Indians' dilemmas put him in disfavor with the government and the Governor Stevens who managed to get him replaced by General N.S. Clarke. The complexion of matters changed sharply.

Stevens stayed at the fort, but Garry rode his white horse out to the Indians camped around it. Counselling with his friends, Garry insisted upon peaceful acceptance of the whites. He wanted so to believe in Stevens because he yearned for that peace.

Gov. Stevens was invited to see the great horse herd of two thousand head belonging to Chief Peupeumoxmox. It was hoped that Stevens would see for himself the chief's great influence with the tribes.

Finally, McClellan and Donelson arrived with their commands and Garry's brother. With winter approaching, Stevens decided to go downriver by canoe with Garry. Garry had no desire to go on to the place where the new captial was to be established. He left Stevens at Ft. Vancouver and rode back. Joined by his brother, he rode directly to his people.

Alarmed now, Chief Kamiakin called a council of all tribes east of the Cascades to a council at Grande Ronde in eastern Oregon. Now he openly urged war against all encroaching whites.

So the opposing Indian voices pleaded for a cause each thought the wisest. And each was equally strong.

It was 1854. Garry and his subchiefs met at this council. Chief Lawyer, an educated Nez Perce, sided with Garry, pleading the benefits the whites brought to the natives: good trade, guns for hunting, agriculture to increase the food supply. Did he secretly fear the combined American forces and the superior artillery?

Sticca, a powerful Cayuse chief, also urged for peace. He spoke of the awful price his people paid for the Whitman Massacre, with no proof of guilt or benefit of trial. He feared wholesale punishment for all tribes. Of course he was at odds with Kamiakin.

Throughout the native camps dissident disagreements rose to separate them. It was dismaying and disrupting. There was no union.

Garry also reminded his friends of what occurred to the east of the Bitterroots and the Rockies to those who opposed the government. He insisted that if everyone subscribed to the government's orders, this good intention would help permit the Indians to inhabit their lands, side by side with the whites, undeterred in their existence.

Although the tribes were in disagreement on how to handle the alarming situation, it was the first

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Col. George Wright whose sole purpose was to subjugate the natives and advocated severe and rough treatment to quell them.

time they met as a body and forgot former hostilities toward each other.

So things were fairly quiet through the winter of '54-'55.

Now the emigrants came in droves in their Conestoga wagons. They settled along the fertile Willamette, along the Columbia River and on Puget Sound. With customary usurpation they claimed native lands under President Fillmore's Donation Act.

The next spring Garry accepted Gov. Stevens' invitation to meet with all the tribes east of the Cascades once more at Ft. Walla Walla. His purpose? To treaty. Thousands of tipis dotted the plains in the sweet May sun.

Instead of coming with a large force, Stevens brought only a few dragoons. Did he hope to ensure trust in the natives?

If he hadn't requested Joel Palmer, Supt. of Indian Affairs in Oregon, to

Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma

Chief Kamiakin of the Yakimas who wanted to organize the tribes to prevent the encroachment of the "Bostons" at the beginning of their migration.

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join him, Stevens might have swayed the Indians to accept his speech at face value. But the presence of a man like Palmer, advocate of supremacy over the native, made Stevens' intentions suspect.

After the ceremonial pipe - passing and speeches, Stevens let them have it with both barrels. The Indians were all to go onto prescribed reservations which Palmer outlined for thos residing below the Columbia, namely the Umatillas who were at the council.

The usual baits were offered: schools, annuities, gristmills, blacksmith shops, white man's clothing and benefits the whites valued. Garry knew that Indian cultures and habits were to be obliterated. It happened that way in the east.

Early in his talks with Stevens, Garry had been assured his own people would never be sent to a reservation. He trusted Stevens. So the Governor's words stunned Garry and further disillusioned him. He struggled hard now to maintain his hope for peaceful co - existence.

Most of the chiefs refused to sign the treaty or to leave their tribal lands. But some felt hopeless, fearing their native life was at an end. Lawyer and Sticca, with other sub-chiefs, capitulated.

Chief Peupeumoxmox, whose son's death was never avenged, staunchly opposed Stevens and Palmer. Chief Looking Glass, the Nez Perce, opposed Lawyer. But with all the strong opposition, many influential Indians signed their "X's" to the treaties.

Kamiakin signed only as a ruse to keep the troops quiet until he could gather a sizable force to fight. He did not regard his signature as binding. Such procedure held little weight with the native who had only to give his word to his brother to enforce a treaty.

Garry was wiser. He saw through Stevens and Palmer and their real intentions. The Indian was through as a people.

He returned to his camp, sad and heartsick. He'd wanted so much.

North of Ft. Colville gold had been discovered. A rush was on. The breed of men were a rough lot. They shared whiskey with the Indians and shared natives' wives with equal impertinence. The Hudson's Bay Company moved its business out, but some of the French - Canadians stayed on and took out Donation claims. The Colvilles were pushed off their lands. There was no appeal.

Throughout the entire territory the Indians held council secretly for the cause of an all-out war. The time was ripe.

So an incident again occurred to spark the conflict.

Miners passing through Yakima Country to the northern mines were ambushed and killed by Yakima bucks. Gov. Stevens read this as a sign of war by the chiefs, checking no facts.

At the earlier council Stevens had promised Garry many gifts for his people and was sending an emissary, A.J. Bolon, to carry the trinkets and the governor's good will. But Bolon was killed before Garry could ride down to meet and warn him as he rode north out of Ft. Simcoe.

Murder! Whites quickly built blockhouses or hurried to the established forts for safety against the impending war.

The French - Canadians from Ft. Colville hurried down to join Plante and his pals to build a blockade at the ferry site. Garry watched all this despairingly. Now he was really understanding the man who often treated with him for "peace".

So he went with stoic outward calm, obscuring his true feelings, when Stevens urged a meeting at Plante's for further discussion of this sham of peace. Angus MacDonald, factor at Ft. Colville, the Jesuit missionaries of the Ceour d'Alenes, and sub - chiefs came. Garry prepared his own speech carefully.

Courtesy Newspaper Reference Library, Spokane

Marker indicating the site of the Battle of Spokane Plains.

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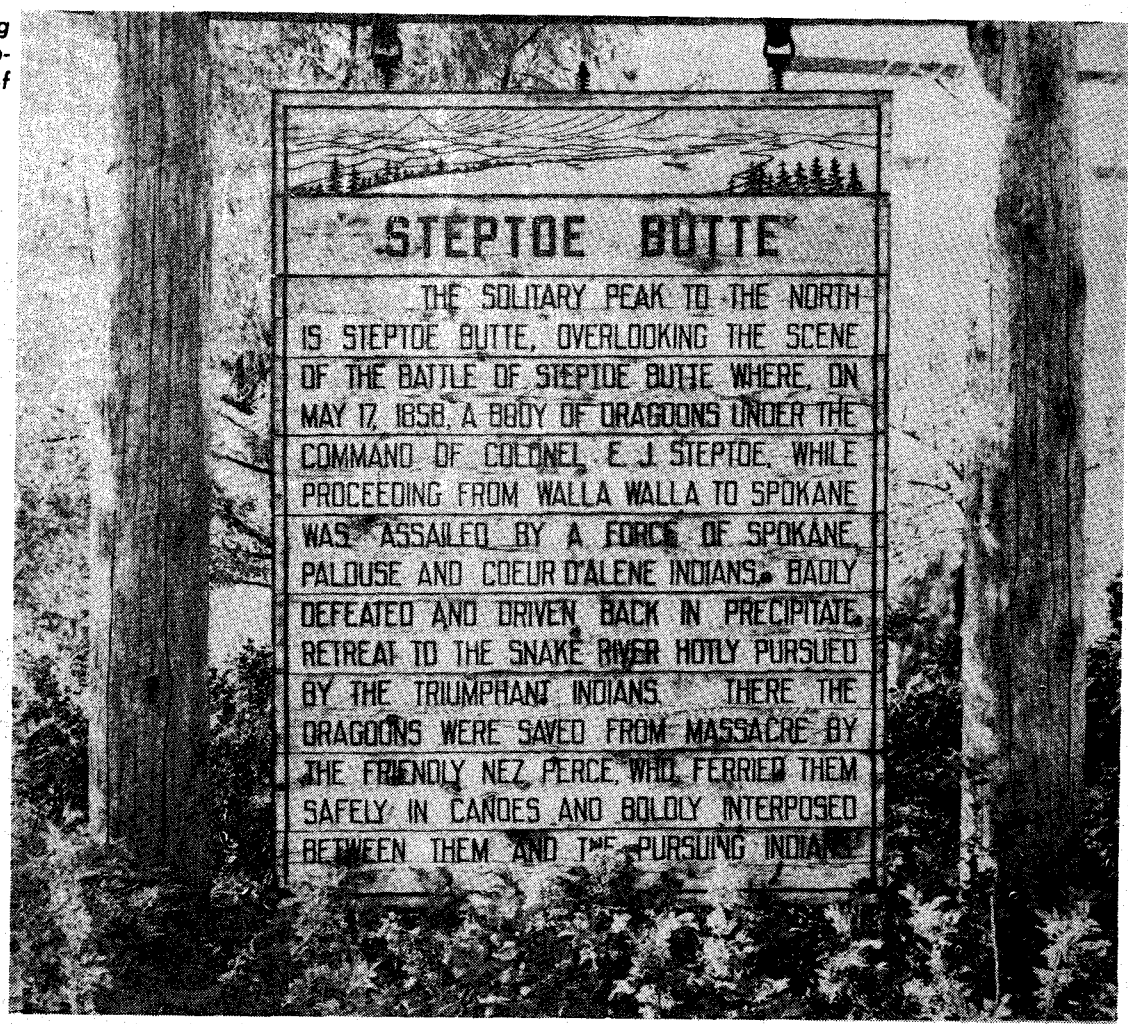
STEPTOE BUTTE
THE SOLITARY PEAK TO THE NORTH IS STEPTOE BUTTE, OVERLOOKING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF STEPTOE BUTTE WHERE, ON MAY 17, 1858, A BODY OF DRAGOONS UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL E. J. STEPTOE, WHILE PROCEEDING FROM WALLA WALLA TO SPOKANE WAS ASSAILED BY A FORCE OF SPOKANE, PALOUSE AND COEUR D'ALENE INDIANS, BADLY DEFEATED AND DRIVEN BACK IN PRECIPITATE RETREAT TO THE SNAKE RIVER HOTLY PURSUED BY THE TRIUMPHANT INDIANS. THERE THE DRAGOONS WERE SAVED FROM MASSACRE BY THE FRIENDLY NEZ PERCE, WHO FERRIED THEM SAFELY IN CANOES AND BOLDLY INTERPOSED BETWEEN THEM AND THE PURSUING INDIANS

Marker describing the event of Steptoe Butte east of Rosalia, Washington.

Courtesy Newspaper Reference Library, Spokane

In good English he asked, "Where are the murderers of my friend's son Elijah, a Christian Indian? Why have they not been found and brought to a hanging the way an Indian murderer would be? Why does this justice apply only to one race and not the other? *You* want peace! Why do you not contain your people?"

Thus pushed into a corner, Stevens faced the stocky, stolid Indian and bleakly admitted to the inequities. Then he shunted directly to his reason for meeting them: that he had the interest of Garry's people at heart, respected the chief's refusal to take his tribe onto a reservation, and gave the usual glib promises of annuities and benefits. Through all this Garry wisely saw.

Despite Gov. Stevens' treaty - making councils, Chief Peupeumox-mox of the Walla Wallas was murdered by whites. This was the final outrage that united the Indian forces which now insisted that all whites be annihilated. The immigration must be checked.

With the accelerated threats of open war, Stevens still tried to treat with the chiefs. He called another council at Ft. Walla Walla and invited Garry to attend. Garry coolly declined.

Stevens met only hostility at the council. Apprehensive, he slipped away and barely made it safely back to the capital.

Then along came a man who drastically changed things. Maj. Gen. John E. Wool was appointed commander of all the troops in Oregon and Washington Territories. In direct contrast to Gov. Stevens, Wool sympathized entirely with the natives. Even against Palmer's argument, he closed all Indian lands east of the Cascades.

His order carried weight because Congress had not ratified the treaties signed by the chiefs. He even declared the Donation Act invalid. So now there was trouble in the ranks of the white officials.

Garry understood the nature of the quarrel. Secretly he gloated. There was hope yet.

But the tribes were confused. They did not comprehend the situation or the red tape. The young bucks were still suspicious and exhorted for war.

Garry made a wise move now. Wanting his people away from the controversy, he took them over the Bitterroots to hunt buffalo. He hoped that by spring everything would be settled and he could return with them in peace.

Things happened while he was gone. Stevens resigned and was elected a delegate to Congress. Garry returned to learn this and instantly figured things would be better with Wool in charge and Stevens out of the way.

But a full contingent was garrisoned at Ft. Walla Walla, an open threat. Settlers also ignored Wool and took lands as they pleased, pushing the Indians from them.

Again Garry took his people over the mountains for another winter away from the conflict. He came back that spring of 1858 to learn that promised annuities to the tribes were never paid. The Nez Perce and other tribes were starving. The chiefs and their warriors screamed now for war. There was no other solution.

Garry and his people were camped near Spokan House when word came by runner that a force of soldiers was marching north from Ft. Walla Walla, through Nez Perce and Palouse lands, directly toward Spokan Country. Garry now knew that hostilities could not be averted.

Gravely concerned, he summoned Chief Vincent of the Ceour d'Alenes

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and other chiefs to council with him in a last attempt to prevent war.

Dressed in their finest, the two chiefs rode south to meet Lt. Col. E.J. Steptoe where he stopped to camp in the rolling grasslands near the present town of Rosalia. The Walla Walla Colville road was some miles west, passing the four lakes and the large lake with its medicinal properties.

Garry accosted the commander, "Why are you so far east of the main road?"

Steptoe gave him a weak reply. He was actually hunting down some Palouse renegades suspected of murdering whites.

Meanwhile Fr. P. Joset, S.J. of the Ceour d'Alene mission learned of an Indian ambush to attack Steptoe and his command. He hurried to the meeting to warn the commander to return to his post, but he was too late.

Young bucks attacked the rear of the camp. Steptoe fled south with his troops but was caught in the open before he could form for battle. Surrounded, his command scurried for the highest butte to establish a defense. Under cover of darkness he slipped south toward the fort.

Word of the skirmish reached Washington, and things happened fast, all to Garry's grief. Congress quickly ratified the treaties. It was now mandatory to place the natives on reservations. The greatest blow was relieving Wool of his office.

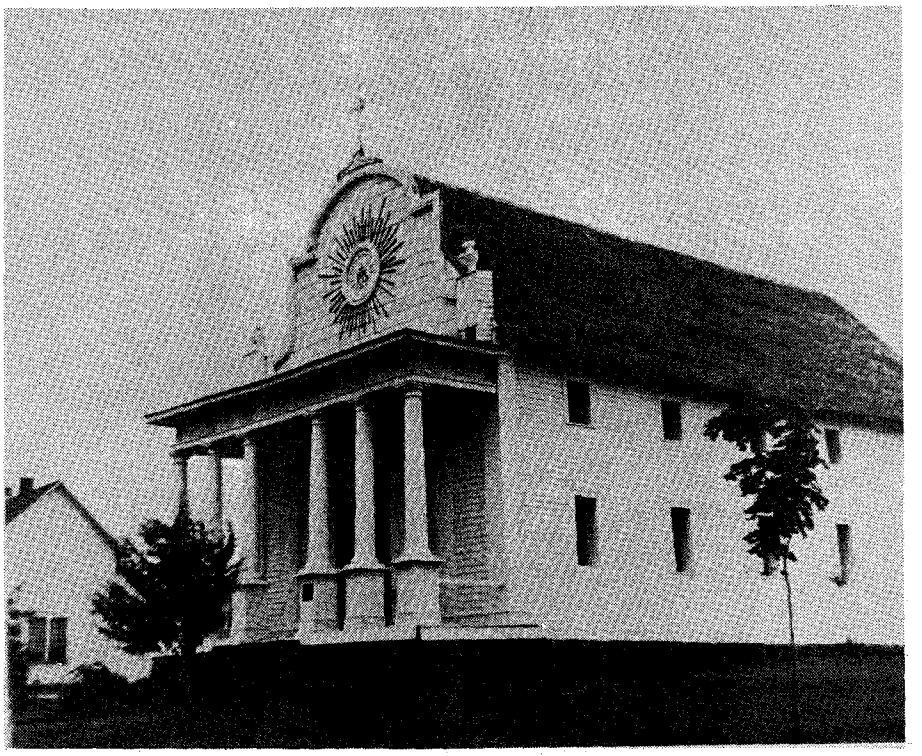
He was replaced by Gen. N.S. Clarke, a severe man who aligned with Stevens and Palmer. Garry viewed it all with dismay and constantly counseled his people, promising he'd never take them to a reservation or to war.

With the rout of Steptoe's men the young warriors felt they had everything under control. They successfully infested other tribes with the luck of their victory. Sub-chief Polatkin led them and rose above Garry's influence in the region.

Two of Steptoe's men were killed in the ambush. Several horses were taken. Gen. Clarke immediately demanded that the guilty Indian be turned over to him and that all stock be returned. He also demanded that the army could pass through the area without danger of attack.

The Indians laughed at him. Garry understood both factions, so he wrote to Clarke that the Indian had one mind and the whites another, that the Indian did not understand white man's laws or why he was expected to obey them on his own lands. He begged Clarke to permit the Indians to hold their lands.

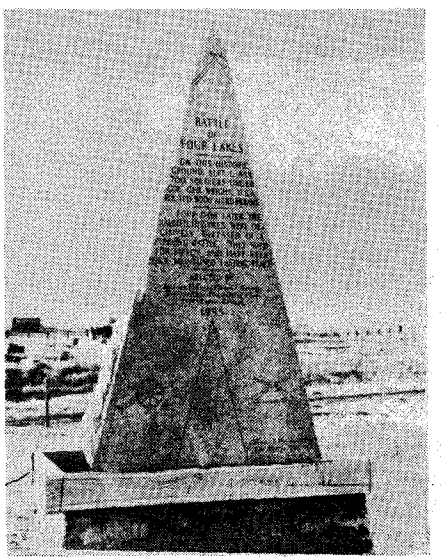
Photo by author



Coeur D'Alene mission at Cataldo, Idaho. A recent photo showing it in good shape. It was built by the Indians under the careful direction of Fr. Joseph Joset. It remains one of the finest monuments to the people who cared for the Indian and his destiny.

Clarke ignored his plea. In August a sizable military force marched through Spokan Country under Col. George Wright's command.

Incensed, the Indians gathered their own forces and met Col. Wright on the plains near the cluster of four lakes. But Wright's superior rifles and howitzer mowed them down. The Indians retreated to gather again as Wright marched on north along the Wall Walla - Colville road.



Marker describing the Battle of Four Lakes on State Highway 904.

Courtesy Newspaper Reference Library, Spokane

The second battle, under Polatkin's command, was fought fiercely on Spokan Plains, a spot north of the present Fairchild Air Force Base west of Spokane.

Badly whipped this time, the Indian remnants slipped away.

Knowing it would happen, Garry observed from the sidelines, holding his own people back from the fray. But now he himself was in danger from rebellious factions. He asked Wright to meet him, hoping to work out an acceptable settlement.

He did not know this new man whose whole aim was to subjugate the native, expecting Garry to demean himself also. His cruel demands at the meeting insisted that the guilty warriors be given over to him, that Garry's people surrender all arms (used only for hunting), and that all women and children be surrendered as hostages until matters were settled.

Heartsick, Garry went back to his people and tried to get Polatkin to give himself up to the commander. Seeing the hopelessness of the situation, Polatkin obliged. Other braves joined him. As a lesson Wright ordered one young brave hanged on the spot.

With his force he rode east along the north bank of the Spokane River, where Garry's fine horse herd were

(continued on page 78)

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

WILLIAM FARNUM

By Mario DeMarco

The name of Farnum is a great one, both on the stage and on the screen. William and his brothers, Dustin and Franklyn, went on to become famous movie idols with a faithful following of millions of fans. I remember seeing Bill in countless Universal and Republic movies when he became a character actor, usually playing the role of a kindly monk, elderly sheriff, heroine's father, or a Spanish land owner.

Whatever the role, he gave his "all". The one thing I remember most about this great veteran was his eyes. He could actually "speak" with them. His appearance from the "talkies" to the "silents" hadn't changed too much, for he still managed to retain the ruggedness for which he was noted.

William was born on the Fourth of July, 1876, in the small town of Bucksport, Maine. He became interested in acting at an early age and made his first appearance on the stage in a Shakespearean play at age 15. Along with his brother Dustin, he toured the vaudeville circuit as an athlete act from 1889 to 1891

From this act Bill landed his first great part as Mark Anthony in the stage production of "Julius Caesar". From there on he eventually landed bigger and better roles. For five years he played in the stage production of "Ben Hur", and he later decided to form his own troupe of players and became quite successful. As all stage actors dream, Bill made the "big time" by finally acting on Broadway.

While he was performing on stage, his brother Dustin was in Hollywood making pictures for the Jesse Laska Productions. His movie, *Squaw Man*, brought Dustin instant success. At this time Col. William Selig was looking for polished stage players to act before the cameras in his newly formed film company. He offered Bill the lead in one of his outdoor pictures entitled *The Spoilers*, written by the great outdoor writer, Rex Beach. This picture was a huge success, breaking theater house records all over the country wherever it was shown, truly one of the greatest adventure pictures of that era.

The greatest scene in the picture was in the last reel and featured an actual fist fight between William Farnum, the hero, and Tom Santschi (later to become another famous western star) who was the villain and finally got his due. For realism both actors decided not to "pull" their punches, and the effect that they produced has never been quite duplicated in any other picture. They punched, dragged and knocked down each other numerous times. After the film was completed, both actors spent weeks recuperating from the injuries received during the slugfest.

When Bill left Selig, he moved on to Fox Studios and became one of their greatest action stars. Like many of the other adventure stars of his time, Bill made the switch over to westerns, which proved a wise choice because his popularity rose steadily after each film. With good Zane Grey stories to act in, his stardom finally equalled that of his famous brothers, Dustin and Franklyn.

A few years later, he decided to return to the stage and landed the lead in the Broadway play "Ben Hur" in which he had played previously. He again returned to Hollywood and made a string of first-grade westerns for several studios. With the death of his brother Dustin and his great financial loss in the stock market crash in 1929, Bill went into seclusion for several years. He returned again in 1931 and took on a new role as character actor, a move that proved wise and fruitful and extended his career for many years. Roles were plentiful, and his ability to function in almost any capacity proved himself to be a great performer.

On June 5, 1953, at age 77, this great veteran star passed away. He had worked at the profession he loved till the very end. He had starred in over 30 films and had acted in countless others as a character actor. His name is listed among the greatest as a movie western action star. ●RW

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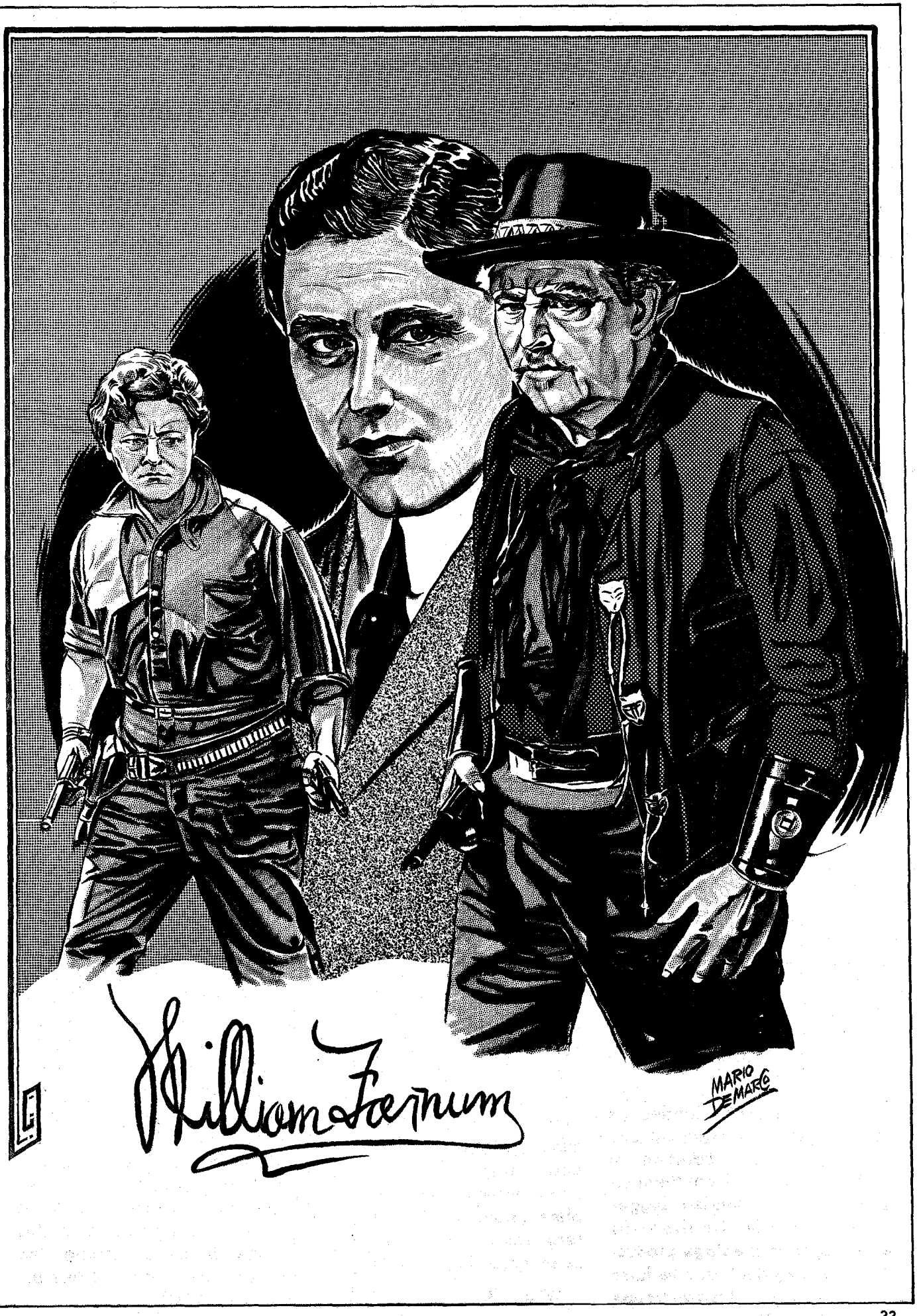

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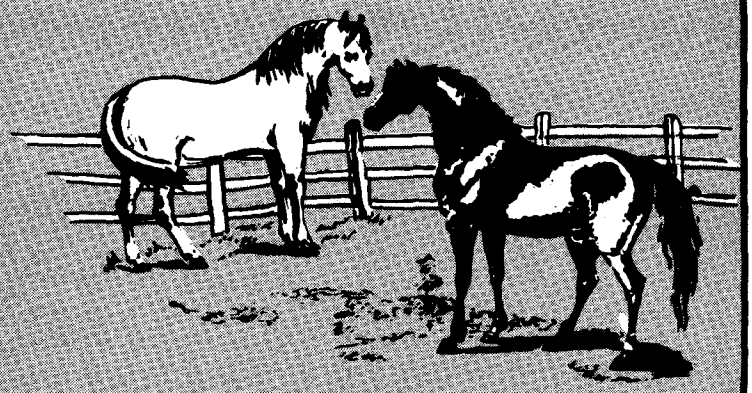
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

SANCHEZ SURRENDERS IN ARIZONA

A dispatch from Camp Thomas, Arizona, dated September 21st, says: 'Sanchez leader of the hostiles and of all the hostile chiefs, including the brother of Medicine Man, have unconditionally surrendered, together with their bands, to the military, and ask only to be represented by counsel before the Military Commission. All of the hostile country is in the possession of General Wilcox's forces.'

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 8, 1881

BILL RYAN CONVICTED (ONE OF JAMES GANG)

William Ryan, one of the Glendale (Mo.) train robbers, has been convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 15, 1881

IRON MOUNTAIN RR ROBBERS CAPTURED

The three train robbers who boarded and robbed a train on the Iron Mountain (Mo.) Railroad week before last, have been captured — one in Texas, and two in the Indian Territory.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 15, 1881

MORE APACHES SURRENDER

Most of the Apaches who were concerned in the recent attack upon General Carr's troops have surrendered, and it is believed that the outbreak is nearly ended.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 15, 1881

IRON MOUNTAIN RR ROBBERS SENTENCED

The three Iron Mountain Railroad train robbers, recently captured in Texas and taken to Arkansas, have been sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of seventy years, the sentence being cumulative, fourteen years being the limit fixed for robbery.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 22, 1881

BUFFALO REAPPEARING ON NORTHERN PLAINS

As a result of Sitting Bull's surrender, buffaloes are again appearing on the Northern plains.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 29, 1881

APACHES FIGHTING IN MEXICO

A remnant of Victorio's band fought a battle with the Mexicans on September 30th. The band has several captives taken in New Mexico.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 5, 1881

ARIZONA FREE FROM HOSTILE INDIANS

It is reported that Arizona is free from hostile Indians and likely to remain so unless the Chiricahuas return from Mexico, which is doubtful.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, November 5, 1881

INDIAN AGENCY SUPPLIES STALLED

Much difficulty is experienced out West in getting the Indian agency supplies transported. Large quantities of supplies, in some case aggregating tons, are reported frozen up on the rivers, with no probability of reaching their destination before spring.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, January 7, 1882

ATROCITIES IN ARIZONA

The mutilated bodies of the soldiers lately killed by Apaches at Sanchez Village, Arizona, have been found by General Carr and buried with military honors.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 15, 1881

INDIAN EDUCATION

General S. C. Armstrong, Principal of the Hampton Normal School, has gone to Dakota with thirty Indian students, five of whom are girls, who have spent the past three years at the institution. During this time they have been carefully instructed both in the habits of civilization and in Christianity, and have acquired a very fair English education. General Armstrong expects to bring back with him an equal number of new students for the school. These graduates are destined to become teachers among their own tribes, and their future course will be watched with great interest.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 15, 1881

APACHES IN ARIZONA STILL A MENACE

The hostile Apaches in Arizona have broken up into small straggling bands which, it is thought, can be soon subdued.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 22, 1881

ARMY TO SUBDUE BUFFALO HUNTERS

Three companies of troops have marched from Fort Keogh, Montana Territory to arrest buffalo hunters who have threatened to attack the Yanktonian Indians on their reservation.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 22, 1881

(continued on page 68)

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By Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

INDIAN TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION

Before the arrival of the white man and the horse, the Indian had little equipment for traveling. There were many tribes, and few individuals who had been more than a few miles from their homeland or who made long journeys or trips. The only means of travel was by foot or by boat. Most things had to be carried on their backs, or sometimes the dog would pull the travois or carry things on its back. A Hopi messenger could cover as many as 120 miles in about fifteen hours, but this was not common.

Most tribes did have dogs which carried or pulled loads, and they were especially helpful in pulling firewood and carrying household items. Among the northern tribes the dogs pulled sleds; dogs of the plain tribes pulled the travois.

Tribes living near water often traveled by boat or canoes. The birch bark canoe was the best known of the Indian canoes or boats. This was made of elm or birch bark. Many Indians were good sailors, and the Ottawa even had a kind of canoe with a short mast somewhat like a blanket sail. The Chippewa were skillful canoe makers, and the Winnebago tribe made their canoes out of logs if they could find nothing else.

The dugout was another type of water transportation. This was not as graceful or light as the bark canoe, but they were more sturdy and durable. In the late fall the men would cut down the trees and let them age or season during the winter months. When spring came they would roll the logs, usually of white cedar, to the water's edge and start to make their dugouts. This was done by burning, scraping and chipping the logs. The makers were so skillful that they could cut the walls of the dugout to only an inch thick. After the cutting and shaping, the dugout was braced and was then ready for use. Different tribes had variously shaped dugouts, and the people living along the Northwest coast would paint and decorate their dugouts with various animal and bird designs. The Haida had an ocean going vessel capable of withstanding heavy seas; their dugouts reached a length of sixty or seventy feet and were paddled by several men and could go as far as 700 miles.

Some Indian tribes used rafts, but these were more often a temporary means of transportation. Plank boards were used in California, and the balsa was also used. The balsa was a form of raft or boat made by tying bundles of rushes together, making it look somewhat like a cigar. The name is from the Spanish word "balsa" meaning raft or float.

The bull boat was used by the Mandans, as well as other tribes of the Plains area. This type of boat is also found in Asia. The Welsh also have a similar type of boat, and this gives rise to the question as to whether or not the Mandans were descended from a colony of Welsh who had settled and disappeared long before Columbus and the later settlers from Europe arrived. The other question is that if the Indian came to this hemisphere via the Bering straits, they would have brought the knowledge of the bull boat with them. The bull boat is a circular, basket-like or tub-shaped boat made from a willow frame covered with rawhide. This was usually used to carry women, children and dogs downstream. It was so light it could be carried by the women on their backs when they made their way across land.

Snowshoes and sleds were used by many tribes. The Indians of the far northwest coast and the Algonquian tribes used the dog sled; snowshoes were worn for traveling over snow and soft marshy ground when hunting, gathering food or pulling loads. There were several styles of snowshoes: one had a wooden rim and the toe and heel crossbar was made of wood or rawhide; some had an extra bar; most of them had netting of large meshes and were tied to the foot by stout thongs. The size varied and the mesh could be very coarse; this was best for soft snow. Simple forms of snowshoes were used in California; these had rims rounded or slightly oval. They were flat and not always regular. The toe and heel bars had stout rawhide rope and netting of simple form which closely resembled the Eastern Asiatic form.

The travois was the major means of transportation among the tribes of the Plains. The name pronounced "travoy" in the French-Canadian term for the shafts or a vehicle. Dogs were used to carry packs on their backs but would also pull the travois. The travois which was used mostly north of the Platte River, consisted of two long poles whose front tips converged for attachment to the dog's shoulders while the butt ends dragged along on the ground. Midway there was a frame attached. This either looked like a ladder or was made of a hoop of netting thongs, and often as much as 60 pounds could be put on the frame.

Later, after the arrival of the horse, a larger travois was made. This was usually of special poles, but lodge or tipi poles were also used as travois poles. The aged and the sick were transported on a piece of rawhide fastened to the poles forming a type of stretcher bed. As well as carrying loads of household goods, the travois would at times have a small cage-like platform added to carry babies, smaller children and puppies when the Indian was on the move.

Indian women carried loads by use of the tupline, a pack of portage strap attached at both ends to the pack and then around the forehead. The horse changed all this; in fact the very life of the Indian changed, for the horse was the means of getting food faster and was an aid in war. The horse was usually ridden bareback, but the Indian also had elaborately decorated saddles. Women usually rode with saddles, while men preferred just a pad or blanket. The pads were stuffed with hair, and many of the saddles were poorly fitted with padded wooden frames much like an imitation Spanish or Moorish saddle. Another type of saddle was a sling seat of hide which was suspended, hammock fashion, between pommel and cantle. The saddle of the Crow was made to prevent the rider from falling off backwards or forwards. The hind and

(continued on page 68)

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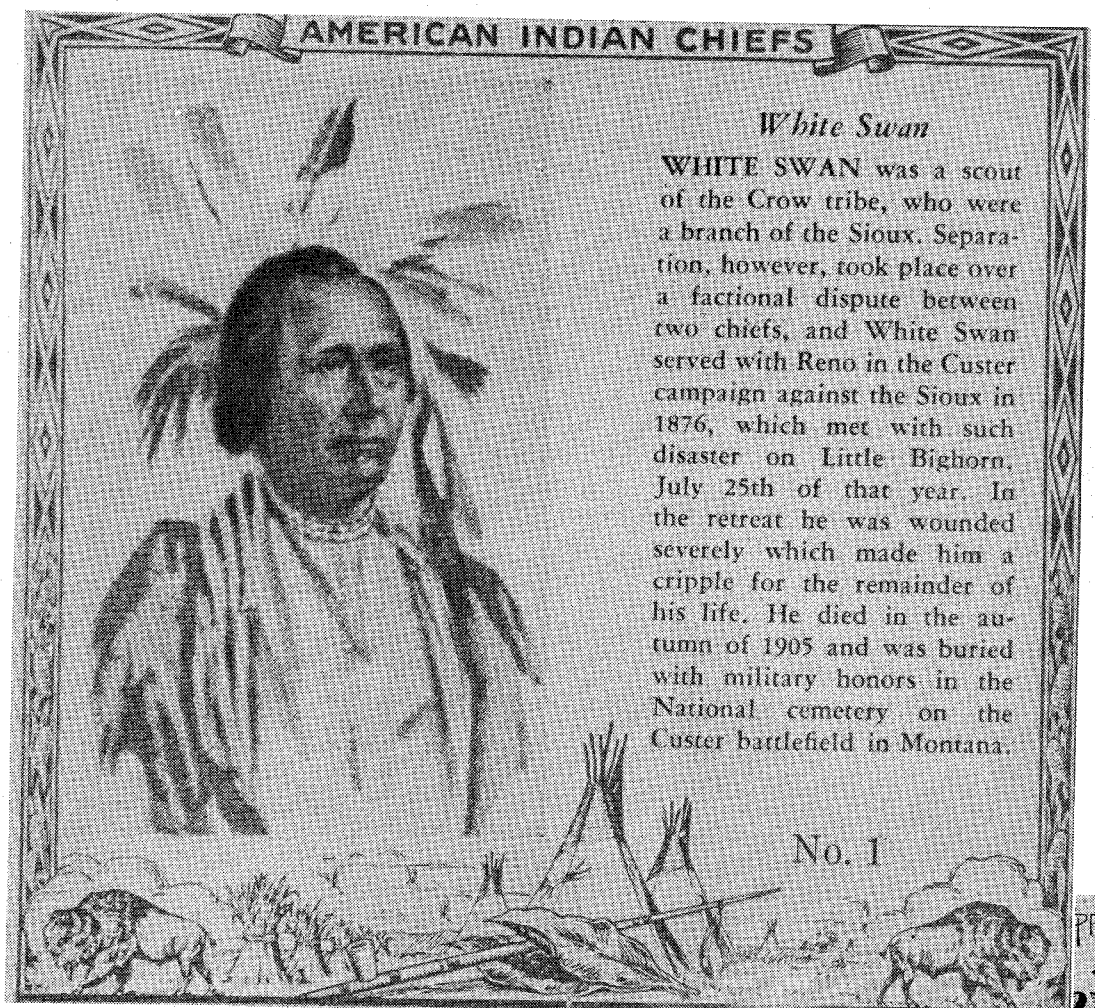
AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEFS
White Swan
WHITE SWAN was a scout of the Crow tribe, who were a branch of the Sioux. Separation, however, took place over a factional dispute between two chiefs, and White Swan served with Reno in the Custer campaign against the Sioux in 1876, which met with such disaster on Little Bighorn, July 25th of that year. In the retreat he was wounded severely which made him a cripple for the remainder of his life. He died in the autumn of 1905 and was buried with military honors in the National cemetery on the Custer battlefield in Montana.
No. 1

Courtesy Frank Simone

From the Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVELS GLORIFYING THE WEST. NEW YORK DETECTIVE LIBRARY. This dime novel series began with stories of detective fiction but soon became devoted to stories about the James Boys. In the story illustrated above, Bob Ford murdered Jesse James in vengeance for a wrong done him in the past.

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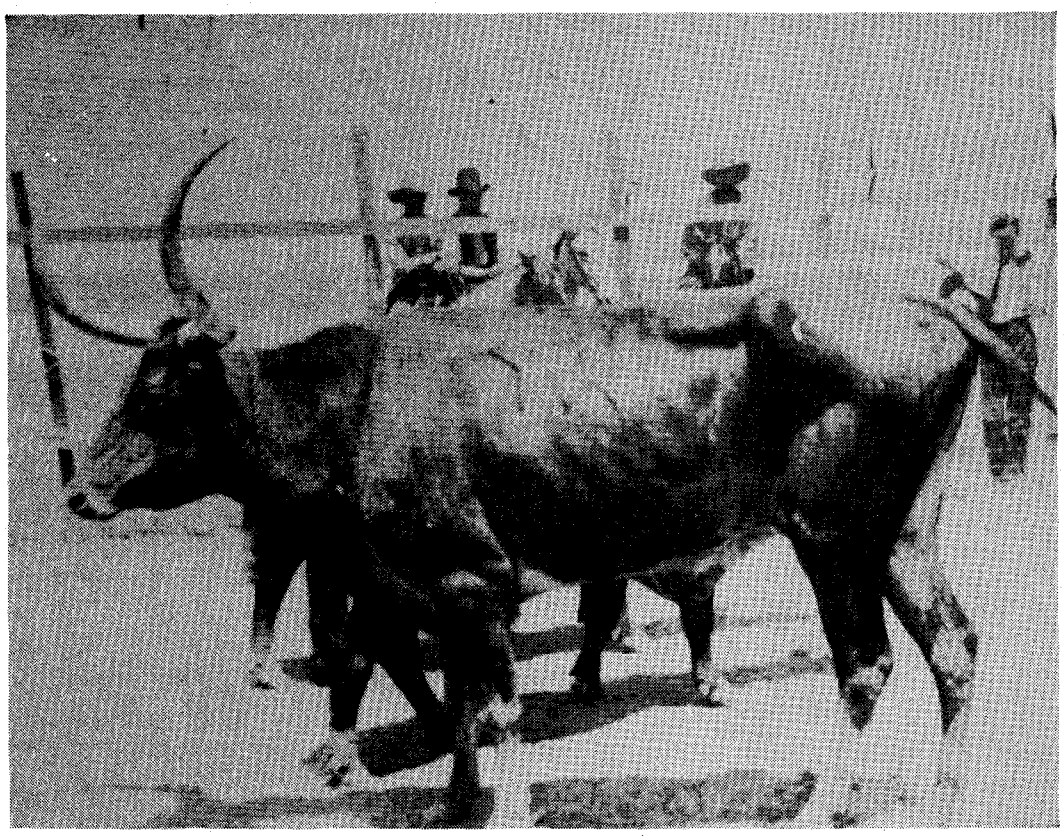
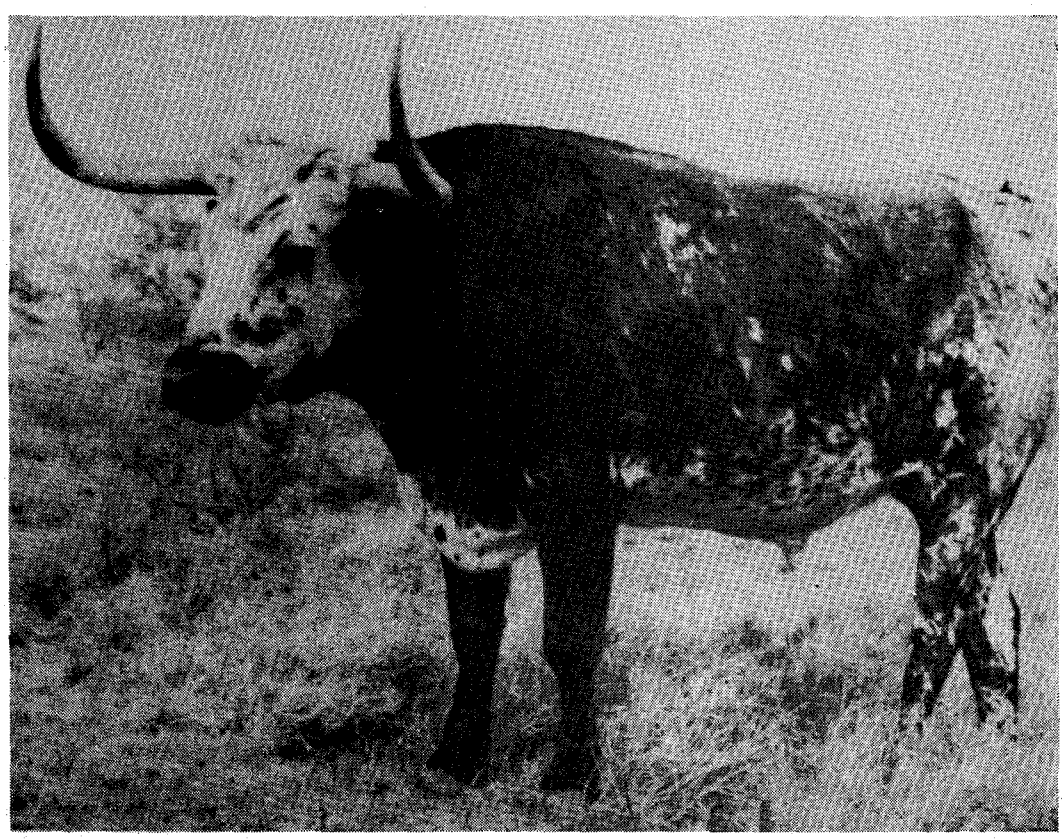
PICTORIAL



Courtesy Bryan Wolff

Last brush steer

Longhorn cattle were the original steers of the West. Those that were hunted in the brush lands of East Texas and herded north to the Kansas railheads. The last of these brush longhorns is pictured above. For comparison, Bryan Wolff, for whom we are indebted for these photos, has taken a photo of a modern day longhorn. The newer breed certainly appears bigger and fatter.



Courtesy Bryan Wolff

Modern day longhorn

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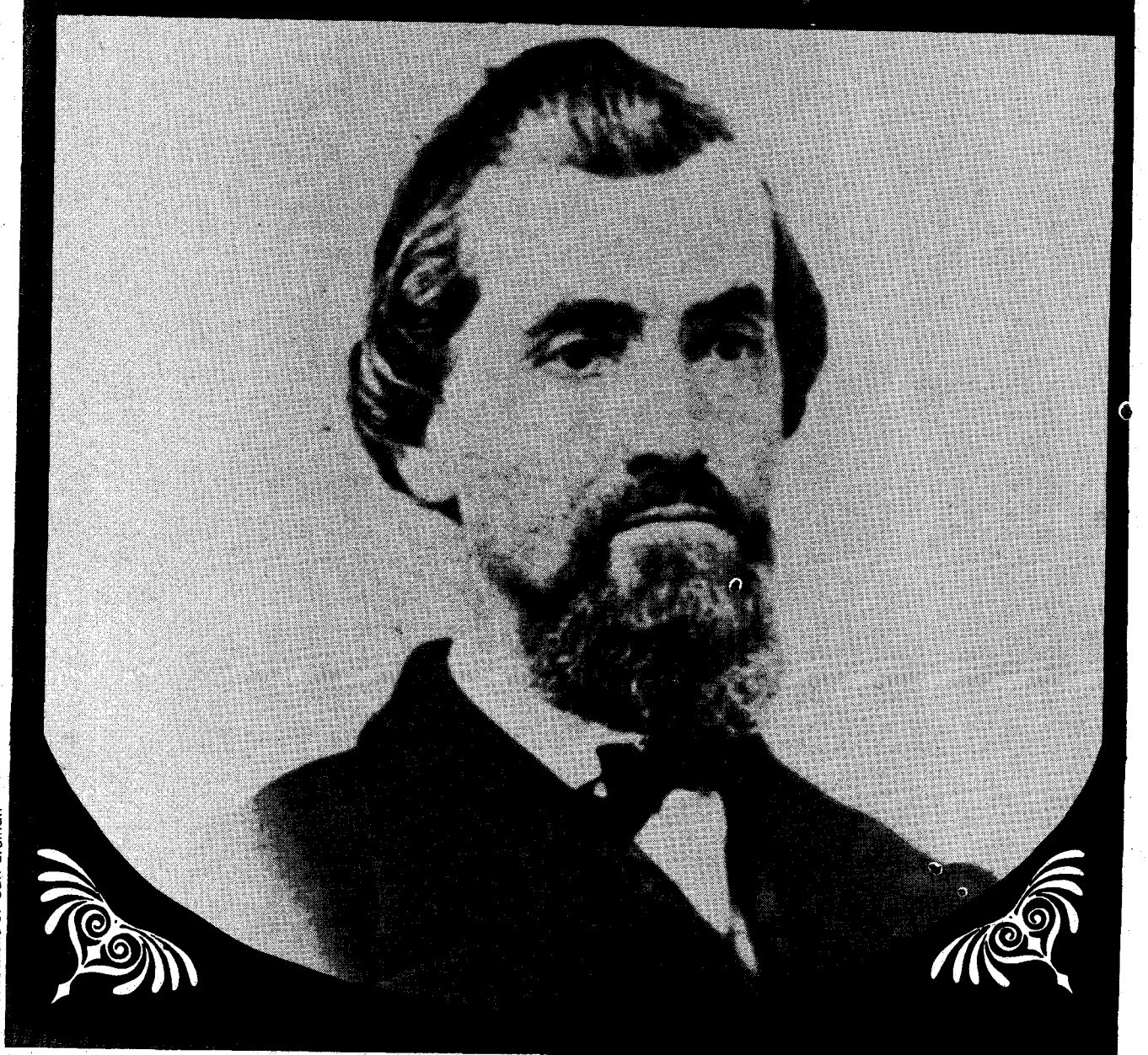
COVER STORY

FRANK JAMES: The Hard Road Back

By Norman B. Wiltsey



From collections of Carl Breihan

Frank James at 33. In 1882 after the murder of Jesse James, Frank decided to surrender to Governor Crittenden of Missouri. He was tried in the courts but never proven guilty of any crime.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

As a writer of 30 years' experience in fighting for the underdog in American life—particularly, the shamefully treated American Indians—I have also been deeply concerned with the terribly difficult problem of ex-convicts struggling to rehabilitate themselves in an indifferent and sometimes openly hostile society. The case of Frank James, brother of the ill-fated Jesse, is a pertinent case in point even though it occurred many years ago. To my mind the gallant fight of Frank James, ordinary citizen, to support himself and family against tremendous odds is of far greater interest than any of his storied exploits as an outlaw.

NBW

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Frank James was far away in Baltimore, Maryland, when Bob Ford murdered Jesse James on that fateful April 3 of 1882 in St. Joseph, Missouri. His wife Ann saw the news in a Baltimore newspaper, read it quickly and handed it to Frank, too stunned to speak. The famed outlaw read the lurid account of Jesse's death, crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it away in a quick violent gesture. Then, controlling his emotion, he said quietly, "I think the story is true. I believe Jesse has been murdered."

Spring and summer passed, and fall came, but still Frank remained in hiding. Rumors flew that he had been seen in New York and in San Francisco and many points between, organizing a new outlaw band or reorganizing the remnants of the old. Newspaper reporters speculated in print that Frank would "come in" once he had been assured of a fair deal. "Now that Jesse's gone, Frank will go straight from here on in," they confidently declared. These knowing friends of Frank James had called the turn. On October 1, 1882, Frank wrote to Governor Crittenden of Missouri from St. Louis, applying for amnesty or a pardon. The Governor wrote back immediately:

"State of Missouri, Executive Dept.
City of Jefferson, Missouri, October 3, 1882.
Frank James, Sir:

"Your letter dated St. Louis, Oct. 1, 1882, has been received in which you apply to me for amnesty or a pardon. Under the constitution of the state I cannot grant a pardon, even if agreed to, before conviction of some crime. Whether you can be convicted of any violation of the law is not for me to say; that the courts of the state will determine in the proper way when you are before them.

"I think it wise in you to abandon the life you are charged with living, and in surrendering to the legal authorities of the state or county in which you are located. If innocent of these charges, then you will have an opportunity to prove it to the world; if guilty, the law decrees the punishment. If you surrender, you, as any other man charged with crime, shall and will have a fair and impartial trial.

The intelligence and character of the courts of this state are ample guarantees of such a trial without any prejudice or sympathy of the people but under the judicial form of justice and well established laws. As determined as I am to see the law enforced against all grades of crime, I am nonetheless convinced of the importance in his rights, however lawless he may have been, when he yields voluntarily and submissively to that law and appeals to that and me for justice and mercy.

"You may be innocent or you may be guilty of all the heinous crimes charged to you. That, the court will determine, as before said, and after the voice of the court is heard, then if it becomes necessary, I will decide what my action will be.

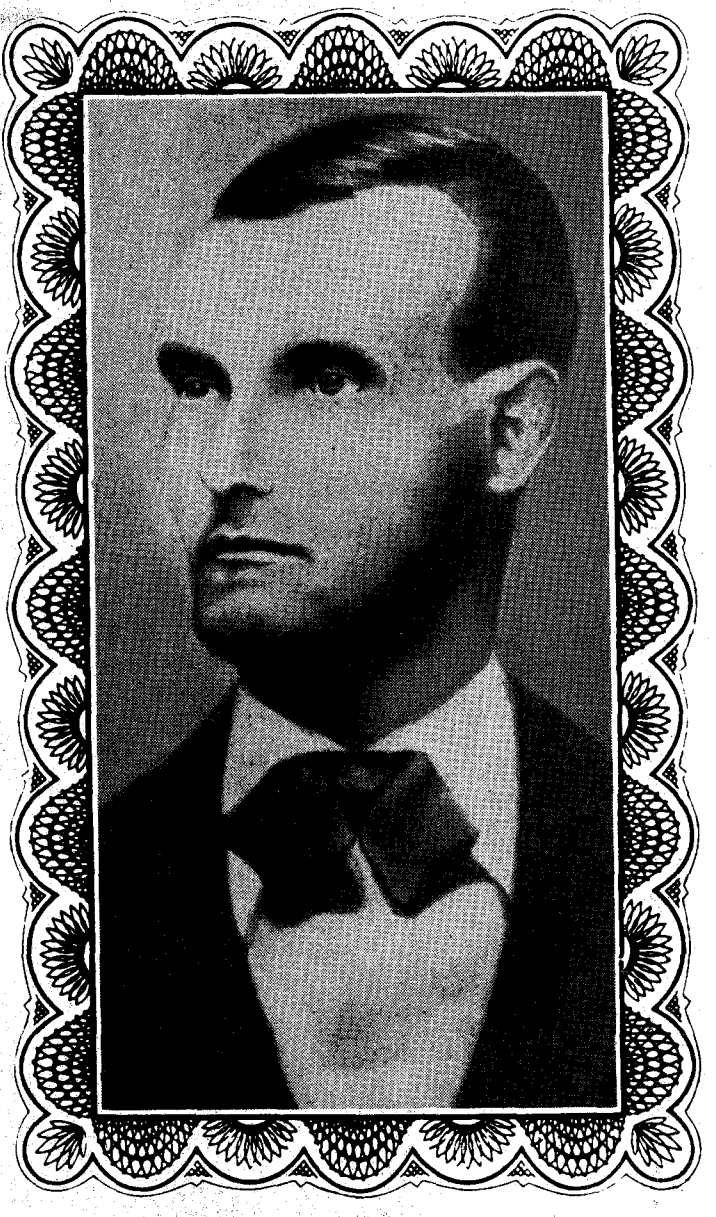
Yours truly,
Thomas T. Crittenden"

The Governor's letter went to Frank's go-between, Frank R. O'Neill, a reporter on the St. Louis REPUBLICAN, who delivered it in person to the outlaw.

Frank and Ann held anxious council, and it was decided that Ann would go alone to Governor Crittenden and plead for her husband. The loyal wife found Crittenden adamant. He repeated verbally his written assurance that Frank would get a fair and impartial trial, but he stated firmly that there would be no pardon.

Frank received the news with stoical resignation. The next day he started for Jefferson City to give himself up.

From collections of Carl Breihan



Jesse James

In no hurry, he went first to the home of an old Missouri bushwhacker comrade-in-arms of Civil War days near Lee's Summit, Missouri. There he spent the night, talking with his host over old times with the guerrillas in the fierce border fighting of two decades before.

In the morning his old friend accompanied Frank to the depot. They shook hands in farewell, and the most famous living American outlaw boarded the train for Jefferson City. Not a passenger guessed the identity of the tall, slender, balding man. Only 38, he looked years older and could have easily passed for a clergyman, with his drooping mustache and somber broad-cloth attire.

At Sedalia, by prearrangement, Frank was joined by another newspaperman, Major N. Edwards. They arrived in Jefferson City shortly after midnight and registered at a hotel as John N. Edwards and B.F. Winfrey.

After a good night's sleep and a leisurely breakfast, Frank and Major Edwards took a stroll about town, enjoying the crisp fall weather and chatting casually with the friendly folks of Jefferson City. Frank noted with inner amusement that everybody they met was eager to talk with Major Edwards, the famous newspaperman, but barely glanced twice at the unknown Mr. Winfrey.

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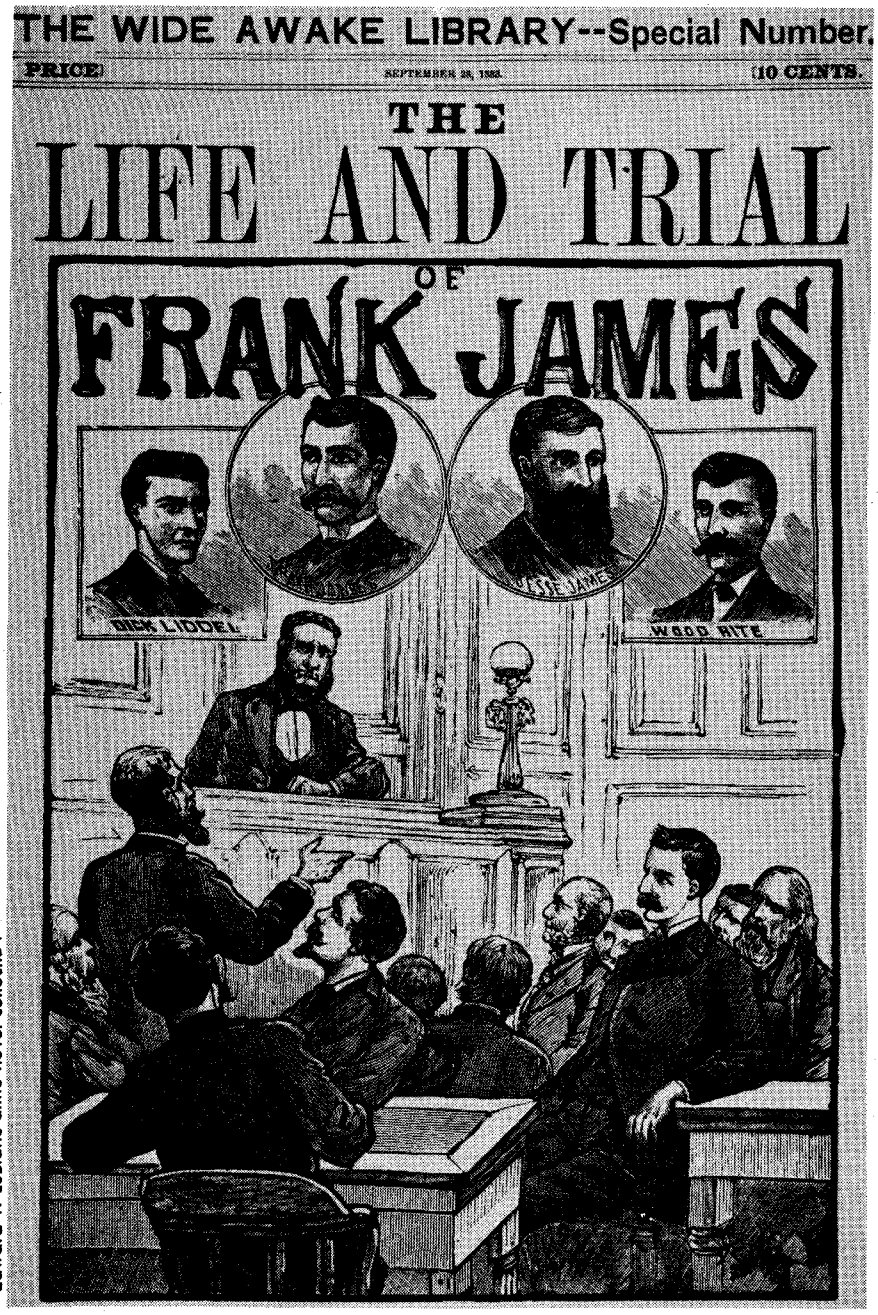

Edward T. LeBlanc dime novel collection

One of the many dime novels written about Frank and Jesse James. Frank James deplored these declaring that they "caused foolish boys to imagine that there was something thrilling and heroic about being outlaws."

At noon the two men returned to their hotel room where Edwards made notes and Frank took a nap. At 5 o'clock they headed for the capitol building and Governor Crittenden's private office. Of the two, Edwards was the more nervous. "Nothing I can do now to alter the situation, so I'll just take things as they come," said Frank calmly. The date was October 5, 1882.

At 5:30 Major Edwards and Frank were ushered into the Governor's anteroom where they were politely received by Finis C. Farr, Crittenden's private secretary. Farr glanced at the Governor's letter and invited them to be seated. "The Governor will see you in a moment, gentlemen," he smiled.

"Thank you, sir," replied Frank with equal politeness, and he chose a chair near the window where he could look out onto the capitol grounds shrouded now with early dusk. The news of his arrival in Jefferson City had leaked out in some mysterious manner, and only a minute or two had passed when the first of a long string of reporters panted in to ask the famous outlaw the usual inane questions. Only one such question deserves print at this late date. A young man from the Sedalia, Missouri, *Disptach* asked Frank this perceptive question:

"Mr. James, now that you have decided to surrender and let the law take its course, what do you wish most from life in the future? You are still a fairly young man, what are your ambitions when your obligation to society has been paid?"

Frank looked at the eager youngster, waiting with pencil poised and notebook open, and said softly, "I want to live like other men—with a home, a wife and children, where I won't have to worry about receiving a bullet in the back some dark night when I go out for firewood."

At this point, Farr opened the door of Governor Crittenden's office and motioned for Frank and Major Edwards to enter.

Major Edwards did the honors. "Governor, allow me to introduce an old friend of mine, Mr. Frank James."

Crittenden held out his hand. "I'm glad to meet you at last, Mr. James," he said cordially. "Needless to say, I have heard a great deal about you."

Frank shook the Governor's hand; then he reached beneath his long coat and drew his pistol from its holster. "I want to hand over to you this pistol that no man except myself has touched for twenty-one years. I've removed the cartridges, so you can handle it safely."

Crittenden accepted the heavy weapon gingerly and placed it on his desk. "That was—ah—thoughtful of you, Mr. James."

Frank smiled slightly and unbuckled his leather cartridge belt, a belt bearing a bronze buckle with the "U. S." insignia of the Federal Army stamped in its center. "This is a Union belt, Governor," he explained, placing it beside his surrendered revolver. "I took it off the body of a Federal soldier in Centralia, Missouri, in 1861."

Governor Crittenden fingered the well-worn belt. "Mr. James, you shall have every protection afforded by the laws of cour country, and as fair a trial as though you were the son of a President."

Frank bowed. "Thank you, Governor. I reckon that's all a man in my position could ask for."

The next morning Frank James was on his way to Independence to be jailed there to await trial. A newspaper reporter wrote that it was "the most remarkable trip ever witnessed, with large crowds gathering to see the famous outlaw at every stopping place."

At Independence, Frank's wife, little son Robbie, and his mother met him at the depot. His one-armed

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mother—who had her right arm blown off in the Pinkertons' ruthless bombing of the family farmhouse in 1875 that cost the life of her 8-year-old son Archie—rushed into Frank's arms sobbing "Buck—Buck!", her pet name for her oldest son. Ann kissed him next and stepped back, wiping her eyes as Frank picked up Robbie and hugged him.

The family meeting was all too short. Officers hustled Frank off to jail where he was to remain for nine months while the State leisurely prepared its case against him.

His many friends muttered darkly that Frank James was bucking a stacked deck, that his enemies would see to it that he was hanged even if it meant perjuring themselves in court. It appeared that Frank had deliberately picked a losing hand by coming in of his own free will to surrender. Of all the members of the old James-Younger bandit gang, he alone remained to face the law's vengeance. Brother Jesse was murdered; Bill Stilwell and Clell Miller had fallen to the enraged townsmen's bullets during the illfated robbery of the Northfield Bank in southern Minnesota; Charlie Pitts had been killed by a pursuing posse after that last raid; Jim, Bob and Cole Younger were in prison.

"We'll take each day as it comes," said Ann briskly, "just as we've done for years. First thing we must do is to get some good lawyers."

Ann's "good lawyers"—all six of them—were on hand for Frank's trial at Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri. Indicted by the state for the murder of one McMillan, a railroad worker killed in an 1881 train robbery pulled by five masked bandits allegedly led by the two James Boys, Frank's trial opened on August 21, 1883. His brilliant legal battery was composed of Colonel John F. Phillips of Kansas City, a Federal officer in the Civil War and later a Federal judge; Charles P. Johnson of St. Louis, a former Lieutenant Governor of the state; the Honorable John M. Glover of St. Louis; Colonel C. T. Garner of Rochamon; William H. Rush of Gallatin; and Joshua W. Alexander, who served in Congress and in later years as Secretary of Commerce in President Wilson's Cabinet.

Public sentiment was overwhelmingly for the defendant. The sympathy and good will of the spectators was fervently expressed by ex-Confederate war hero General Jo Shelby, who shook hands warmly with Frank at the start of the trial, and later, on the witness stand, testified for his old friend and comrade-in-arms. Other witnesses for the defense swore blandly that Frank had been in Texas "resting and reading Shakespeare" at the time of the robbery.

The trial lasted eight days and played to a packed house every day. The jury listened deadpan to Prosecutor Wallace's fiery closing address in this trial that the newspapers claimed attracted more interest than that of Charles Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. Pointing dramatically at the defendant, Wallace cried in emotionally charged tones: "Farewell, Frank James, prince of robbers, you are going to your death! You are the cruelest horseman who ever wore a spur, or held a rein. You seemed like Death itself mounted on a pale charger. Thou foul blot on the escutcheon of the fair state of Missouri—farewell!"

This was frontier oratory in the best florid style of the times, but the jury seemed singularly unimpressed. Charged by Judge Goodman, they filed out to the jury room, replenished their chewing tobacco, put ther heads together in brief conference, and returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

End of Round One in Frank James' fight for freedom.

The Alabama trial in 1884 was equally painless. Accused of having robbed the Government paymaster at

From collections of Carl Breihan

Frank James. Photo taken in 1870 when he was 26 years old.

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Muscle Shoals in March of 1881, Frank was quickly acquitted.

Then came an utterly unexpected jolt. Sheriff Rogers of Boonville, Missouri, stood up in the Huntsville courtroom and flashed a warrant for Frank's arrest on a charge of robbing a train at Otterville, Missouri, in 1876. Within two hours the sheriff and his famous prisoner were aboard a train bound for Boonville.

Again, as at Independence the year before, Frank's wife and mother were on hand to greet him at the depot platform in Boonville. Onlookers cheered the ex-outlaw, and several of them came up to shake his hand and wish him well. Sheriff Rogers had to force a path through the friendly crowd to take his prisoner off to jail.

The Boonville case dragged along from month to month without ever coming to trial. Times had changed, and the temper of the populace changed with it. The old wild days were long done and already half-forgotten. Men were too busy building careers and making money to hold grudges against quiet, well-mannered Frank James. Old angers, burned out, refused to reignite over an ancient train robbery. The attitude of the general public seemed to be fairly well divided between casual sympathy for the accused and cynical indifference to the whole affair. "Forget it," shrugged the public. "Let him alone, give him a chance ... Who cares, anyway?"

The case dropped and died a natural death, and Frank James walked out of jail a free man on February 21, 1885. Free to do what? He had no skills except riding and shooting, and these were not marketable. He had no job nor the promise of one. The toughest fight of his life was about to begin—a fight in which no gun could help, the desperate fight to make a living for himself and his small family.

Immediately Frank went home to his mother's farm to rest, get a few square meals under his belt, and try to figure out his dubious future. He was virtually broke, as the lawyers had taken what few dollars he had left from what he euphemistically called his "professional career". He had plenty of thinking and planning to do, and the quiet countryside near Kearney was an ideal place to do it.

Roaming the familiar fields of his boyhood days in the crisp, late winter afternoons, Frank vowed that he would live a scrupulously honest life the rest of his days. He had no illusions about making good money legitimately. Nineteen years before, he had masterminded the first bank robbery in America at Liberty, Missouri, on February 13, 1866. The take had been a whopping $62,000—and nobody had been apprehended for the crime even though the proverbial innocent bystander had been shot dead by the ex-guerrillas. Frank had been 23 years old in 1866. Now he was a prematurely old and weary 42, without two silver dollars to rub together in his pocket, little formal education, and no business training of any sort. His situation seemed hopeless.

One thing he determined never to do was to exploit his name and reputation in any manner that would worry or disgrace Ann and the boy. Ann had never complained of his old lawless way of life, but Robbie was growing up now and a boy needed to feel proud of his Dad.

Frank's first job after his release from jail was selling shoes in a store at Nevada, Missouri. His pay was mostly in commissions, and he did well for a time as folks got a thrill out of buying shoes from the famous ex-outlaw. Inevitably, as soon as the novelty of being served by one of the dread James Boys had worn off, the trade tapered off and Frank was out of a job.

The Missouri winters were hard for Frank, and he drifted south to Texas and worked for several months in a Dallas shoe store. As his health improved, he returned to Missouri and got a job as door-keeper at the Standard Theater in St. Louis. The salary of $70 a month provided only a meager living for his family, and Frank resigned to accept a better paying though temporary position as assistant starter at the local Fairgrounds' race track. While thus employed, he tried to get a post in the state legislature as sergeant-at-arms but was turned down.

When the Fairgrounds closed for the season, Frank went East as a sheet-writer for a bookmaker. He took Ann with him. Robbie remained reluctantly behind on his grandmother's farm.

At the New Jersey tracks, Frank caught on as betting commissioner with Sam Hildreth, the noted trainer of thoroughbred horses. He worked two years for Sam, establishing a record for scrupulous honesty while handling thousands of dollars in wagers weekly. So conscientious was Frank in his accounts that he insisted upon turning over all betting tickets to Hildreth at the close of each day's operations, waiting anxiously while Sam checked each slip to the last penny.

Such meticulous attention to details was distasteful and boring to a high-rolling gambler such as breezy Sam. But once he clearly understood how important the nightly checkup was to Frank's peace of mind, he patiently went along with him. Checking each ticket in this unaccustomed manner, Hildreth noted repeatedly that his new betting commissioner often obtained better odds for him than he could ever have gotten for himself. Questioned on this, Frank replied that he always shopped around carefully among the bookies for top prices on each horse bet. Quizzed still further by his curious employer, the ex-outlaw declared simply that this was the only way he could show his appreciation to a man who trusted him with hundreds of dollars daily.

Hildreth became deeply interested in this gaunt, hollow-eyed man trying so earnestly to live down his lurid past. Now he lived a life of rigid circumspection, this Baptist preacher's son who had fought as a guerrilla through the Civil War and later, with brother Jesse and the Younger brothers, robbed banks and trains across half a dozen states. He quoted Shakespeare and the Holy Scriptures with equal facility and, after the races were over and business completed each day, loved to engage in long rambling discussions of literature, religion and politics.

Of the old, wild days with Jesse and the Youngers, he was less inclined to talk. He once remarked briefly and seemingly without bitterness that "things would have turned out different if the Feds hadn't flogged Jesse half to death when he was just a kid workin' on the farm."

Frank didn't elaborate on this cryptic statement, and Hildreth didn't press him for an explanation. Later Sam learned that Frank had referred to that terrible June morning in 1862 when a squad of Federal militia rope-lashed 15-year-old Jesse almost into unconsciousness and strung up his step-father, Dr. Samuels, from a tree in the door-yard. After the Feds had ridden off, his mother had untied the rope and saved her husband's life. She washed Jesse's lacerations, bound them up, and nodded dry-eyed when the boy sobbed bitterly that he was going to join Frank with Quantrill's Raiders to "kill them damn Feds!"

Jesse was too young as yet to qualify as one of Quantrill's hard riding Raiders, but he did catch on with "Bloody Bill" Anderson, one of Quantrill's former lieutenants who

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was rapidly building a lurid reputation of his own as one of the most savage guerrilla leaders of the Civil War.

Only one other time did Hildreth glimpse the Frank James of old. Sam, in his breezy unthinking way, tried to introduce a Pinkerton detective to Frank at a New York race track. "Frank looked at the man," reported Hildreth some time later, "and his eyes turned to ice. Everybody seemed to freeze for just a moment—and then Frank turned on his heel and walked away."

James never referred to the incident again, and neither did Hildreth. "I could have kicked myself," admitted Sam, "for pulling such a boner. I knew damned well that the Pinkertons had hounded the James brothers all over the country and had murdered his kid half-brother and mutilated his mother in that senseless bombing of the James home in 1875, but in the rush and excitement of race track like I had forgotten it."

Periodically, Frank quit his restless wandering about the country and went home to Missouri to spend a few weeks with his family. Disheartened at his inability to provide security for Ann and Robbie and disillusioned with prosperous friends who had promised him jobs and then never came through with one, Frank abandoned his vow never to exploit his name and fame. He signed up, along with Cole Younger, with a cheap and gaudy Wild West Show for appearances between the acts. This was in 1902, two years after Cole had been paroled from prison. Younger was officially "business manager" of the unsavory outfit which specialized in phoney Indian fighters, saddle bums, crooked gamblers and pickpockets. Frank stuck it out for several seasons before giving up in disgust and going back to the family farm.

Then, if ever, was the moment of maximum temptation for Frank James to strap on a gun and go out to pick up a fast bankroll in the manner of his reckless youth. No doubt he thought of it often during his recurrent periods of unemployment and resultant depression, but never in the slightest degree did he yield his hard-won self-respect to the urge of hard necessity. He'd make out—somehow. Not even to his troubled Ann nor to his aging, embittered mother did Frank voice his grim problem. He wrestled with it alone while he prowled the woods and fields with a .22 rifle, accompanied only by the family dog. A possible solution came to his mind one bright spring morning while he was moodily potting squirrels in the back woodlot.

The idea was dazzling in its simplicity, and he wondered why he hadn't thought of it long before. Everybody except his family and a few close friends persisted in regarding him as a desperado, a gunman, a barely reformed killer who might go on a bloody rampage at any time.

Every day wide-eyed strangers dropped in at the farm to get a peak at the terrible outlaw they had read about in newspapers and dime novels. They tramped around the house like milling cattle, gawking into the windows, picking flowers from along the front walk, pocketing pebbles and stray bits of wood for souvenirs. Frank's mother had caught one uninvited visitor industriously tyring to remove the knob from the kitchen door, and she promptly chased him out of the yard with her broom.

Remembering how the fellow had skedaddled down the road, Frank laughed heartily for the first time in weeks and went back to the house to print a sign that read:

JAMES FARM
KODAKS BARED
ADMISSION 25¢

Later, when the tourist business improved steadily, he changed the sign to read ADMISSION 50¢.

Noted Western writer Homer Croy, in his book *Jesse James Was My Neighbor,* tells an amusing story about Frank's sign.

"After the sign had been finished and nailed to the wooden gate on the main road, he discovered that he had missed a letter (in the Kodak sign). So he lightly marked in a caret with the second R above it. This provided him with a quiet joke of his own. He would show the tourists through the house, explaining the exhibits and telling matters of general interest. Sometimes, at the end of the tour, somebody would remark that he had seen the sign about cameras, but hadn't Mr. James misspelled a word?

"Frank would look mystified, then say, why, I reckon not. I spelled it just like they learned me in school.

"It's not right, the tourist would say.

"A genial argument would start, then Frank would say, I feel so sure of myself I'll just bet five dollars I've got the word spelled right.

"Often the bet was made, then Frank and the other man would march down to the gate. There—when one came closer—the other R could be seen. I didn't say anything about the location of the letter, smiled Frank. I just said it was spelled right. I guess I'm the winner.

"Usually the tourist would pay. If he didn't, Frank would let the matter drop. In the meantime, a good many five-dollar bills found their way to his pockets for safe keeping."

Charging the eager tourists admission to the James farm neatly solved Frank's pressing financial problem. Now he could have his dearest wish—unlimited time to spend with his family. With money troubles alleviated, Frank mellowed surprisingly and lost much of his wary distrust of strangers.

From force of long habit he still sat indoors with his back to a wall and facing the entrance, but no longer did he intently study each newcomer's clothes for the tell-tale bulge of a hidden pistol. At last he came to realize that people were now seeing him as a glamorous relic of a legendary past, no longer as a menacing figure of dark deeds and bloody violence. He accepted his new role gratefully and relaxed to enjoy his sunset years.

With his newly acquired modest affluence and leisure, Frank devoted more time to his favorite pursuits: reading and politics. He read everything he could find, with the notable exception of the currently popular dime novels recounting lurid, imaginary exploits of the James and Younger Boys. Frank deplored these absurd yarns turned out by Eastern hack writers who had never seen the West, hotly declaring that they "caused foolish boys to imagine that there was something thrilling and heroic about being outlaws."

Frank's political views had changed to such an extent that he actually championed Republican Theodore Roosevelt for President in 1904. This was astounding, inasmuch as the Missouri Clay County Jameses all had been Democrats as far back as the oldest resident could remember.

Frank explained his drastic party switch by announcing that Colonel Roosevelt was a man of his own type, that "both of us mean what we say and say what we mean!"

Informed of Frank's good opinion of him by the editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* Teddy beamed and

(continued on page 80)

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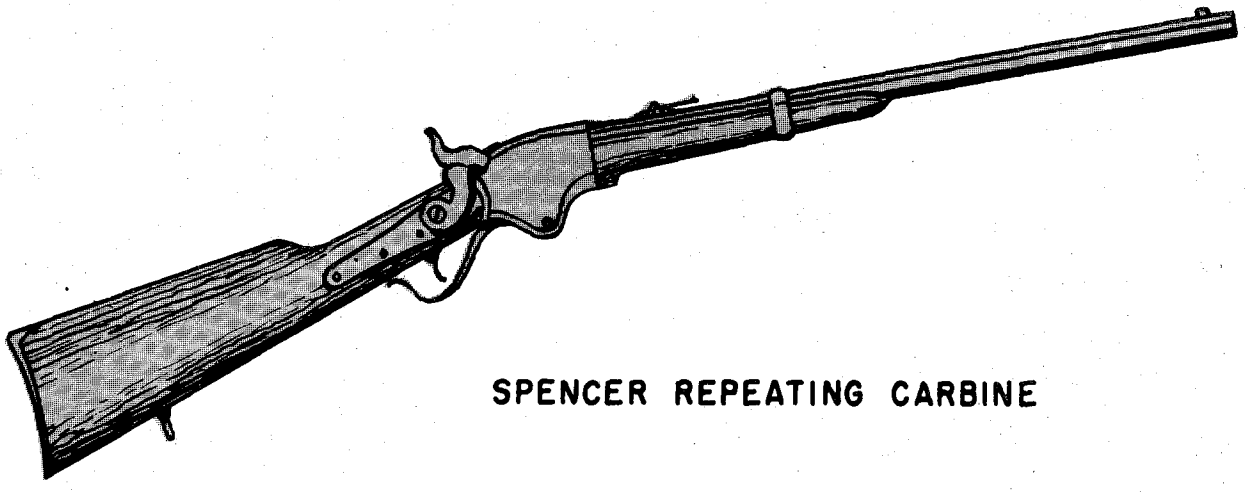
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



SPENCER REPEATING CARBINE

One of the first truly practical and efficient repeating rifles for metallic cartridges was the Spencer. Its magazine capacity was less than that of the Henry repeater ("That damned Yankee rifle that is loaded on Sunday and fires all week"). However, it had the advantages of more powerful cartridges and of some variety of calibers. The Spencer, therefore, was a prime favorite after the Civil War among the men who went to the western frontier and depended heavily upon their weapons.

The Henry rifle held 16 cartridges to the Spencer's 7. The Ordnance Department decided that the Spencer's heavier calibers offset this disadvantage, and an opening along the bottom of the Henry's tubular magazine was prone to cause jams in the mud and sand of the battlefield. It was for these reasons, plus others, that the Henry saw very limited use in the Civil War, while the Spencer became a favorite with the troops.

It is true that the Henry was popular on the western frontier after the war, but former cavalrymen, especially, stuck to their Spencers.

It was on March 6, 1860 that Christopher M. Spencer received his first patent on the repeating rifle which was to become such a headache to Oliver Winchester. Christopher was only nineteen at the time he perfected his invention.

Young Spencer hurried to Washington at the outbreak of the war, but he had difficulty in getting to talk with anyone in authority. Finally he obtained an interview with President Lincoln who was quite favorably impressed with the design.

The story goes that the President personally took the rifle out on the White House grounds, tacked a target upon a tree trunk, and put seven shots into it that could be covered with the palm of a hand. The former backwoodsman and war veteran had not lost his touch! Very enthused, Lincoln gave an order for several thousand Spencer rifles on the spot.

This Spencer model took a big .56 rimfire, copper cased cartridge. (The Henry ammunition was .44 rimfire, rather puny by comparison.) Spencers were also made in .46, .50 and .52 calibers, plus others in limited quantities.

The cartridges were loaded, point-first, into the completely enclosed magazine in the butt-stock, through an opening in the butt plate. Then they were held in place by the inser-

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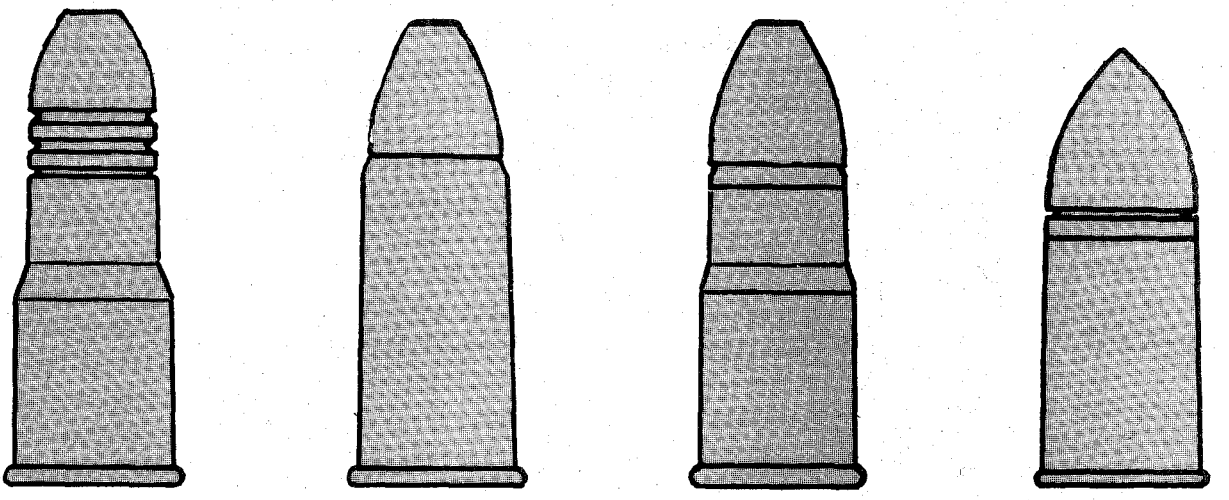
THE SPENCER RIFLE and ABE LINCOLN



56-46 56-50 56-52 (TWO TYPES) 56-56

SPENCER CARTRIDGES

Sketched by author

tion of a metal sheath, which slipped over them and locked in place. This sheath contained the spring loaded plunger which forced the cartridges forward.

A trigger guard lever operated a falling block which, revolving backward on its axis, admitted a cartridge from the magazine. The closing of the lever raised the cartridge on the face of the block, which served as a cartridge carrier, and further motion pressed it home into the chamber. The arm had to be separately cocked, this giving a primary advantage to the Winchester lever action rifles which soon superseded it.

During the last year or so of the Civil War, reloading of the Spencer was greatly speeded up by issuing cartridges in tin tubes. One of these could be emptied into the magazine in seconds. This idea further established the Spencer as the most efficient rifle in the war, and the one with the greatest fire-power.

Authorities differ on the exact magazine capacity of the Spencer, varying from seven to nine. This writer believes that certain models did hold more than others. Although the different calibers of cartridges for them were all approximately of the same overall length, there were blight variations in this measurement. In a tubular magazine, this would be one governing factor. Most Spencers, however, held seven.

During the war, 94,156 Spencers were purchased for the Federal troops ... the largest number among all "contract" carbines. Second was the Sharps, with 80,512.

Army purchases continued right after the war's end for the Indian campaigns. Therefore the Spencer was an important arm on the frontier with both the military and civilians. Custer's Seventh Cavalry carried these carbines at the Battle of the Washita in 1868 and certainly wished for them later at Little Big Horn. Some other frontier units also used Spencers at this period.

By the standards of the 1860's, this sweet handling rifle was far ahead of its time. Being one of the first practical repeaters, it completely revolutionized the mode of Indian warfare. When the red men drew out the one shot other rifles held, then charged in before they could be reloaded, against the Spencer they met a withering sheet of fire.

Winchester disposed of this competition by buying the Spencer Repeating Rifle Company in 1869.

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From the Harry Downie Collection

The Fascinating History Of MISSION SAN MIGUEL ARCANGEL

By Randall A. Reinstedt

Mission San Miguel Arcangel as it appeared in the late 1800's. This view is looking at the mission from a southwesterly direction. The bell shown in the foreground is said to have been recast in San Francisco from portions of broken mission bells.

The Spaniards built this mission on the Salinas River in July, 1797. It has an interesting history, ranging from a mysterious 'poisoning' of three padres, a disastrous fire, and incredible prosperity in the early half of the Nineteenth Century. But it declined and in 1848 an Englishman and his family moved in ... with tragic results!

... includes stories of hard-earned successes and unequalled prosperity as well as tales of morbid murders, mysterious poisonings, famous bandits, ghostly spirits, and unfound treasure!

Filling the gap between the California missions of San Luis Obispo and San Antonio, Mission San Miguel Arcangel was founded at a convenient location between the two. Situated near the Salinas River, this, the sixteenth mission of the California chain, was also the "in–between" church of the entire mission trail, with a final tally showing ten churches spreading to far-off Mission San Diego (1769) in the south and ten churches spreading to distant Mission Solano (1823) in the north.

Starting on a happy note, Father - Presidente Fermin Francisco de Lausen baptized fifteen Indian children on the day of its founding, July 25, 1797. With this as a beginning, Mission San Miguel's population steadily increased until the year 1814 when a grand total of 1,076 neophytes were counted.

Much had taken place in the intervening seventeen years between the mission's founding and the high point of its population boom, with probably the most notable events being the mysterious poisoning of three padres in 1801 and a disastrous fire that left much of the mission in ruin in 1806.

Of the poisonings, sources tell us Padre Antonio de la Concepcion Horra and Padre Buenaventura Sitjar, two of San Miguel's early resident padres, became violently ill with severe stomach ailments in February of 1801. Fearing they had been poisoned by the neophytes, the padres summoned help and finally, under the watchful eye of Father Francisco Pujol (from Monterey), they recovered.

Unfortunately, Father Pujol was also stricken in the

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same manner. Not responding as did the resident padres, Father Pujol died of the mysterious ailment.

Three Indians, who reportedly had bragged to their families of being the ones responsible for the poisoning of the padres, were soon arrested and transported to the northerly presidio of Monterey. Having no proof that the Indians were doing nothing more than boasting of something they knew nothing about, and at the time not being positive poison had been the cause of the illnesses, the padres pleaded for the captives' release. However, in reprimand for their boasts, the padres requested the Indians be flogged in the presence of their families.

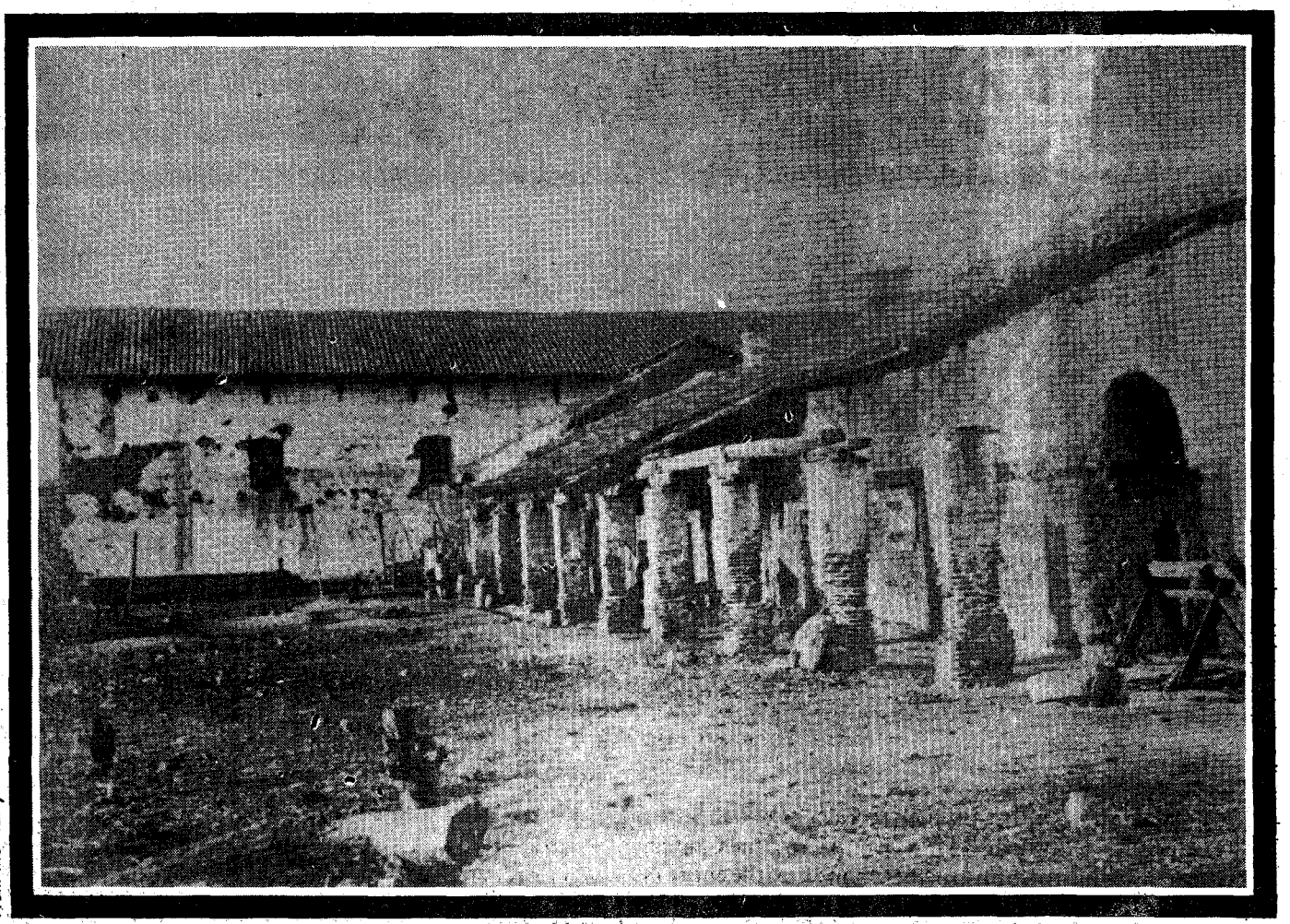
As it turned out, the request of the padres for the release of the Indians was a wise one. Subsequent investigation found that poison indeed had been the cause of the illnesses, but it had stemmed from the padres use of a copper and tin container for the drinking of their mescal (a colorless alcoholic liquor), rather than from the hands of the boastful Indian trio.

The fire of 1806 struck in the month of August. Starting at night, the flames destroyed two rows of living quarters, the entire manufacturing section of the mission, and much of the raw materials the padres had in storage (including over 6,500 bushels of wheat, a large quantity of wool, numerous hides, and an assortment of cloth). Before the fire was finally brought under control, a goodly portion of the main mission building's roof had also been destroyed.

With much in the way of tools, supplies, and provisions having gone up in flames, the immediate future of San Miguel was in doubt. But, as the call went out to her sister churches up and down the coastal chain, more than enough contributions needed to keep the mission going soon arrived at the San Miguel site—including 600 head of cattle from the southerly mission of San Buenaventura!

After the repair and reconstruction of the buildings lost to the fire, plans for a new and much more elaborate church were drawn up. When completed a number of years later, the beautiful building proudly took its place alongside other elegant mission buildings dotting the lengthy El Camino Real. In the construction of this imposing structure, the timbers that were used to support its massive roof were cut by the neophytes and hauled to San Miguel from the pine forests of Cambria — a distance of some forty miles!

As time marched on, San Miguel, as with all California missions, experienced a wide variety of failures and successes. On the plus side, under the guidance of Father Juan Martin, numerous buildings were constructed, and the mission prospered with such Alta California attractions as a tannery (complete with a room used for the dyeing of hides), a grist mill, a carpenter shop, weaving rooms, soap works, warehouses, a rather unique assortment of living quarters, corrals, and a vast network of canals and irrigation ditches which provided water for the vineyards of grapes and berries as well as for the orchards of fruit and olive trees.



From the Harry Downie Collection

The rear corridor of the mission as seen from the west. Note early millstones-one leaning against an aged pillar, partially buried, and one lying on the ground. This photograph, taken in 1884, is very rare and is said to have never before appeared in print.

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Known as one of the great cattle producing missions, San Miguel's inventory of 1823 backs this claim up with numbers — showing the valley church to have had "10,588 head of cattle, 14,000 sheep, 1,597 horses, mules and oxen, 2,117 swine and numerous flocks of chicken, ducks, geese, quiney fowl and pigeons". The inventory of Mission San Miguel Arcangel in this long ago year was valued in excess of $165,000.

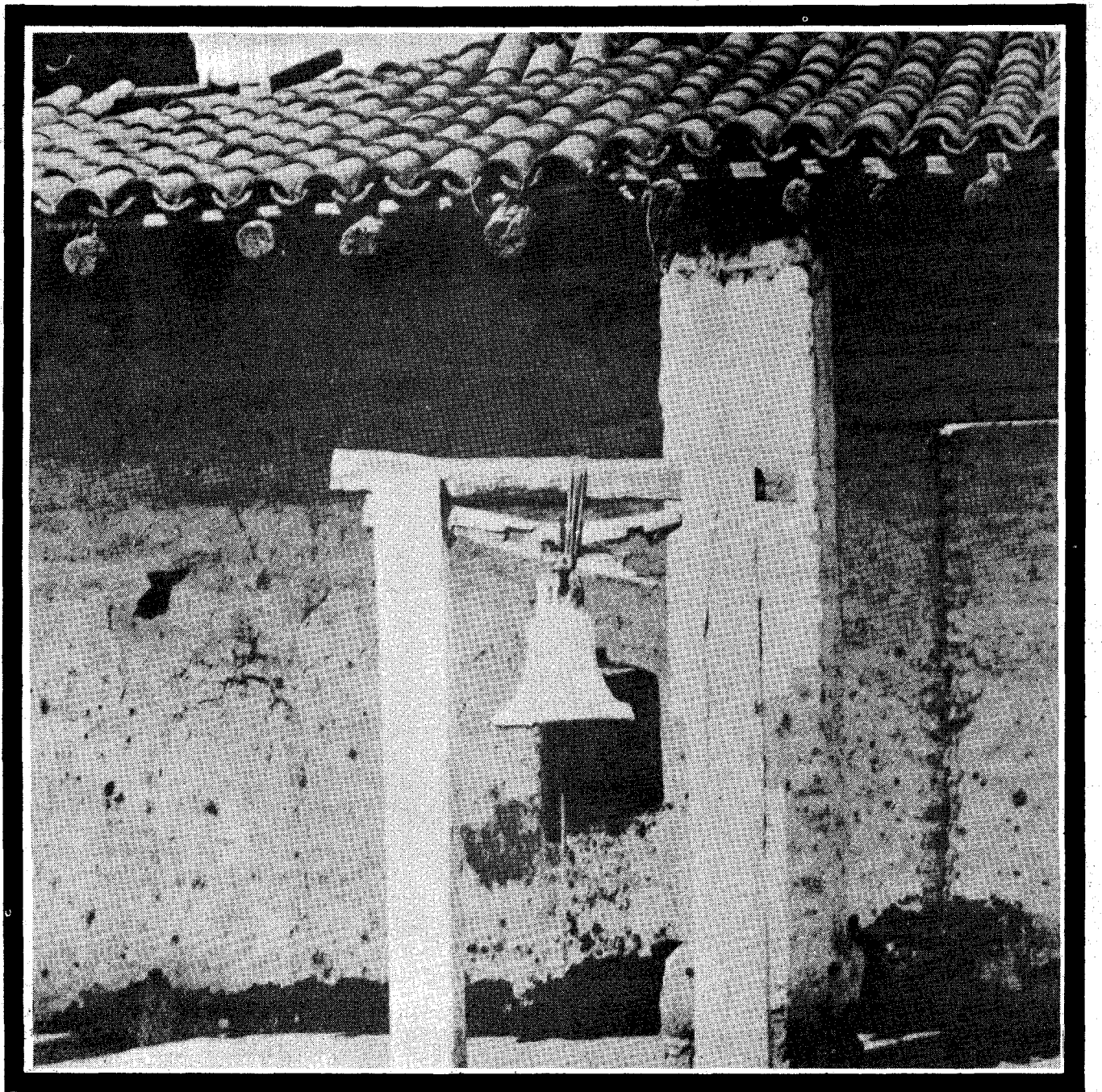
One could continue with San Miguel's pluses, but, unfortunately, all too soon many of these pluses turned to minuses. A rather humorous example is the rather surprising praise for the searing heat of the San Miguel summers, only upon checking to learn that the praise for the heat was simply because it suffocated the fleas!

Other than stifling heat, the nearly disastrous fire of 1806, the poisoning of the padres, several severe droughts, deadly diseases, and an unbelievable number of ants, termites, and fleas..., San Miguel also had a rather serious problem with one of its early padres who became mentally ill (blamed by some on the heat).

So un-Christianlike were his actions that the soldiers of the guard were terrified of him, and the neophytes from neighboring missions, who were "employed" at San Miguel, quickly withdrew to their respective churches. Shouting and acting like a madman, the padre was examined by surgeons in the capital city of Monterey. Declaring him insane (with Alta California's Governor Diego de Borica making it official), and after the discovery of two pistols tucked neatly away in his habit, the troubled padre was placed on the frigate concepcion, and in the company of three fellow fathers, he was returned to Mexico.

In 1834 Mission San Miguel Arcangel was secularized. From that point on, the mission began a rapid

From the Harry Downie Collection



One wonders if this aged bell is the one the lone Indian caretaker was ringing when he met his maker. The bell is thought to be an original San Miguel Mission bell and is described as a "calling bell". The picture was taken in the 1800's.

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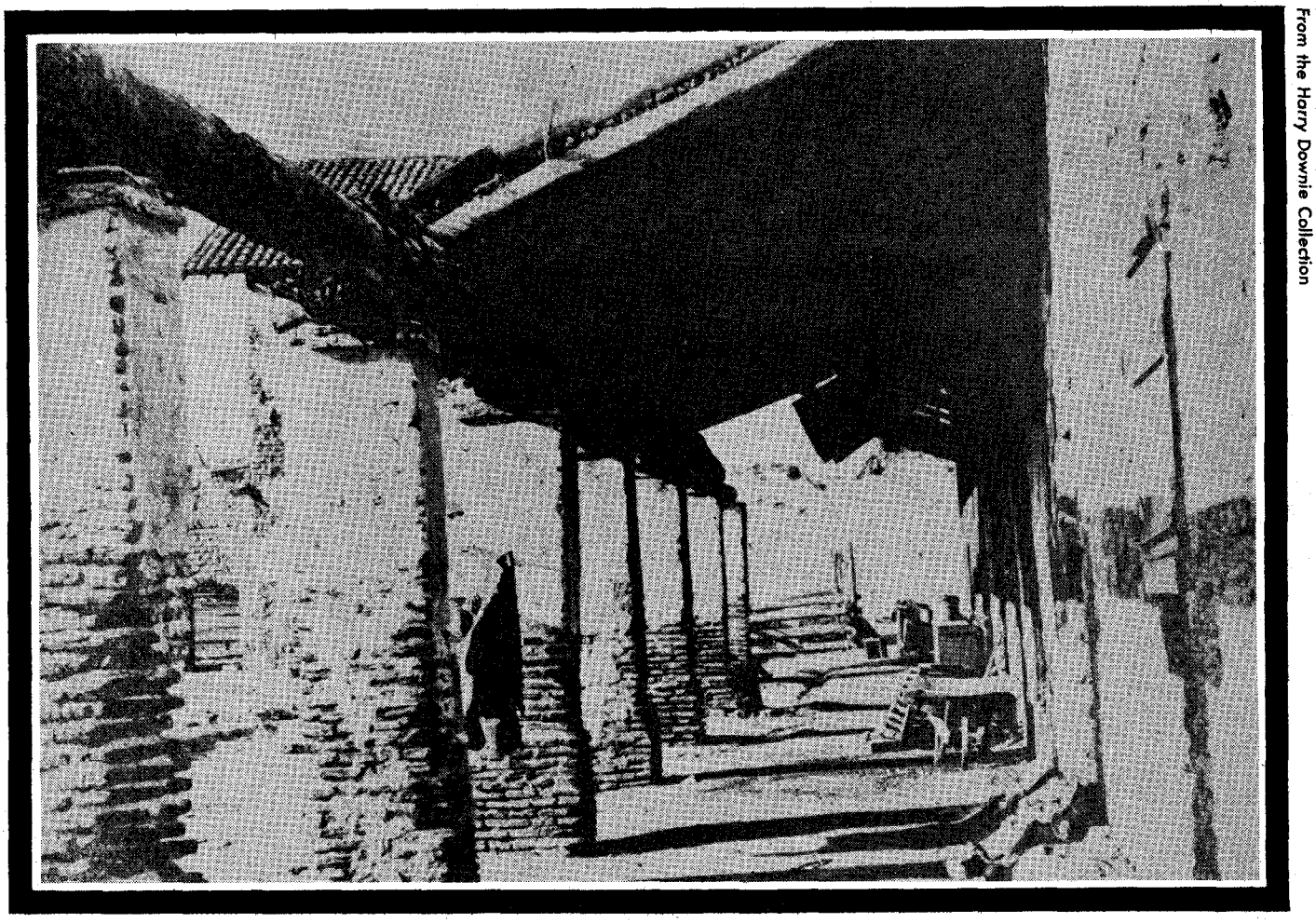

From the Harry Downie Collection

A second and much closer view of the rear corridor of the Mission San Miguel.

decline, with records of 1841 showing one padre (Father Ramon Abella) and but thirty Indians still living at the church. In 1846 what was left of the once proud mission of San Miguel was sold (illegally) by California's Governor Pio Rico. Petronilla Rios and William Reed (an Englishman who was known as "El Piloto" because he had once been a ship's pilot) purchased the mission for a fraction of its total worth.

Reed and his family took possession of the buildings and lived there until December of 1848. While there, Reed and Rios (who lived nearby) carried on a profitable general merchandise business, selling much of their goods to miners headed for the gold fields. Unfortunately for the Reed family, as well as for their servants and guests, their decision to reside at San Miguel was to eventually cost them their lives!

Described as "the most atrocious murder ever committed in California", as well as "the great murder case" and "the massacre of San Miguel Mission", this black page in San Miguel's history is probably the most gruesome crime to have taken place at any of California's coastal missions.

In following the chain of events that led to the mass slaying, we learn that, true to tradition, Reed practiced the old California custom of opening his home to any and all strangers who passed his way. In December of the year of James Wilson Marchall's great gold discovery, Reed had only recently returned from a profitable trip to the Mother Lode (where he sold cattle to the miners and did a little placer mining) when a party of travelers arrived at San Miguel. As was his custom, Reed invited the wayfarers into his home and shared with them his wine and food.

In the course of conversation Reed made the mistake of discussing his recent trip to the gold fields and he made an even bigger mistake of boasting of a sizable fortune he had brought back to the mission with him!

Appearing only mildly interested in Reed's tale of riches, the visitors took their leave and headed for the southerly community of Santa Margarita. (The visitors, five in number, are described in various sources as being tramps, former soldiers, deserters from an English warship, as well as men Reed had struck up an acquaintance with in the gold country.)

Instead of continuing to Santa Margarita, this band of cutthroats are said to have gone only a short distance and slipped back to San Miguel in the cover of darkness. Stealthily sneaking up to the rooms in which the guests, servants, and family members slept, the murderers made short work of snuffing out the lives of their slumbering victims. With intentions of burning the bodies, the corpses were dragged to one main room where they were thrown into a large gruesome pile! Showing mercy for no one, the slayers killed ten people: old and young, women and children, alike.

Ransacking the mission, the bloodthirsty band took whatever they thought was valuable, but Reed's golden hoard (the real prize and the motive for the crime) could not be found! (To this day residents of the small community of San Miguel wonder what became of "El Piloto's" gold. Some feel it will one day be unearthed from its hiding

(continued on page 74)

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JUDGE ROY BEAN'S LADY FAIR

Lily Langtry. Judge Roy Bean named his saloon "The Jersey Lilly" in her honor and had the walls covered with her pictures.

By
Louise Cheney

Judge Roy Bean, self-styled Law West of the Pecos and self-appointed Justice of the Peace at the little town of Langtry, Texas in the latter half of the nineteenth century, became a legend not only in Texas but in the entire Southwest. Many indeed were his adventures on the raw frontier, but beyond a doubt the highlight of his life was a woman he never met in the flesh: the famous, the beautiful and notorious English actress Lily Langtry. Born on the Isle of Jersey, she was known far and wide as the "Jersey Lily".

This affair of the heart on the part of the judge began one day when he picked up an English magazine left in his saloon in Langtry by a railway worker. In the magazine was a full-page photo of the glamorous actress in all her glory. Her beauty made the tough old judge gasp in admiration. To him she was the loveliest woman in the world, and he fell headlong in love with her. He cut out the photo and tacked it on the wall of his saloon.

And in just a few days a new sign went up over Judge Bean's saloon, "The Jersey Lily," named in honor of the fair lady who had captured the heart of Judge Roy Bean.

And now the Judge had food for conversation for anyone who bellied up to his bar. Of each he would ask if he had ever seen or heard of the lovely Lily Langtry. Some had and the Judge would barmbard them with questions. He began to read the London *Illustrated News* and other publications hoping to learn more of his idol.

Every time he ran across a photo or article pertaining to the English actress he would cut it out carefully and paste it on his wall. Then the news came to Langtry that the lady was on an American tour, and the judge subscribed to a leading theatrical publication so that he could read of her progress across the country.

Also the Judge began to spruce up, trimming his beard and wearing freshly pressed clothing. He even had an "Opera House" built in Langtry, hoping that the fair Lily might some day consent to play in his town.

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On anyone who disparaged the glamorous actress in the slightest the Judge was hard indeed, while on the other hand if one spoke of her in glowing terms the Judge couldn't be nice enough. In one case he even bent justice in the favor of a man who shouted Lily's praises. This man happened to be a cowpuncher who rode into Langtry and was accused of stealing the mount he was riding from a Langtry citizen. The citizen swore out a warrant and had the man arrested. Eventually the defendant came up before Judge Bean.

For the first thirty minutes damning testimony was presented against the accused. The man who filed the charges swore that his animal came up missing, and that two days later the cowboy rode said animal into Langtry ... He testified that the mount had identifying marks and showed those marks to Judge Bean. Then an employer of the man swore that beyond a doubt the horse belonged to his boss.

Then the judge, who ever had an eye to business, adjourned the court for ten minutes so that the spectators might refresh themselves at the bar of the Jersey Lily. The prisoner knew that he was as good as convicted unless a miracle occurred.

He looked about he room, desperately, and his eye fell on the pictures of Lily on the wall. He saw a chance and he took it. "That there is a picture of a really beautiful lady," he said loudly, "but it can't hold a candle to how pretty she is in person. I know 'cause I seen her in the flesh in Chicago."

Bean stopped in his tracks, all ears. "Hey," he addressed he prisoner, "you mean you've actually seen Lily Langtry?"

"I shore have, yore honor," the cowboy said, "once when I helped take a railway car to the Chicago stockyards full of cattle. When we finished up, we all slicked up and went to the Orpheum and seen her. And you can take my word for it yore honor."

Bean took the prisoner over to a quiet spot and went into a huddle with him. The cowboy saw the light of hope for his plight and launched into a vivid description of Miss Langtry, praising her to the skies. He raved on and on for forty-five minutes, with the judge beaming and hanging on every word. He painted Lily as the absolute perfect female in the world. Reluctantly, the Judge called the court back into session and prepared to give his ruling.

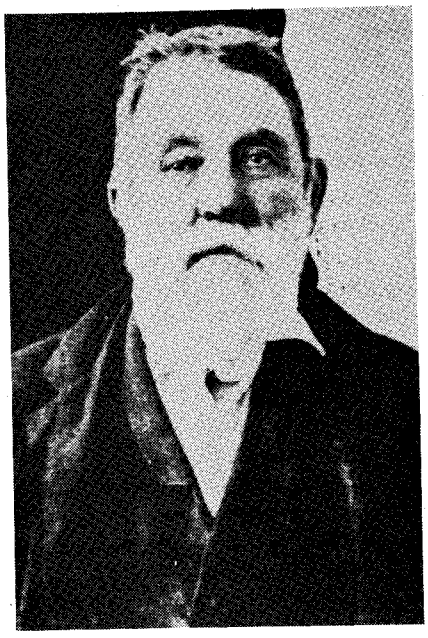
And then it came, short and sweet — sweet that is to the ears of the prisoner. Rapping his gavel for quiet, he passed the sentence (or rather the lack of sentence) in solemn tones. "Well, he began, "actually not a solitary soul saw this here young feller take that horse. So for lack of evidence I dismiss the case." He rapped the gavel smartly and put on his bartender's apron.

However, the Judge was quick to take offense at the slightest criticism of the lady he admired. There was a city dude who did venture a criticism, and he paid dearly for that serious offense. He stopped in the Jersey Lily for some liquid refreshment, and his eyes fell on the Langtry gallery on the wall. Idly he asked the Judge who the lady was.

"Why sir she's the most beautiful woman in the world," said the Judge beaming.

"Not to my eyes," sneered the dude, "I've seen 'em much handsomer," and then compared the fair lady to a range heifer.

Furiously Bean informed the dude that he was under arrest for slander and then and there fined the man ten dollars.



Judge Roy Bean, "The Law West of the Pecos". One time, the "judge" freed a horse thief because he spoke highly of Lily Langtry.

The man had heard of Judge Bean's court, so he knew it useless to argue. He forked over a $20 gold piece and asked for his change .

Bean grandly informed him that the court had made an error and that the fine in question was actually $20 and that this particular court did not give change. The man thankfully made his exit.

Finally, Bean wrote a long letter to Lily Langtry. She failed to answer, and he wrote more. He then wrote and told Miss Langtry that he had named the town of Langtry after her. Of course he hadn't, for Langtry had been named long before Bean ever knew of the fair Lily. He also told her that his business establishment had been named for her also.

That letter brought an answer from Lily. Proudly the judge showed the envelope all over Langtry, but he let no one read the letter. He did eventually let out the news that Lily was deeply honored and had asked him if she might show her appreciation by donating a public drinking fountain to the town.

Bean hastily wrote her that if there was one thing the people of Langtry didn't drink it was water.

Judge Bean died without ever laying eyes on the lady he adored. After his death a train bearing the actress stopped briefly in Langtry, and Lily alighted to look at the town she believed had been named in her honor. ●RW

U. S. Signal Corps Photo, National Archives

Judge Roy Bean's saloon at Langtry, Texas. The judge often recessed his court so that all could refresh themselves at his bar.

REFERENCE SOURCE:

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THE SELKIRK SETTLEMENT

The incredible story of this remote Canadian settlement began in the Scottish Highlands where Thomas Douglas, Fifth Earl of Selkirk, had dedicated his life to helping his countrymen who had been made landless by English decree. The nobleman, at his own expense, transported them to America and founded the settlement. There, their hardships really began!

No episode in the history of the Canadian northwest is more romantic than the story of the Selkirk Settlement. "Romantic" is used in its secondary meaning as defined in Webster's dictionary, e.g.: "impractical in conception or plan, marked by emotional appeal, adventurous and remote."

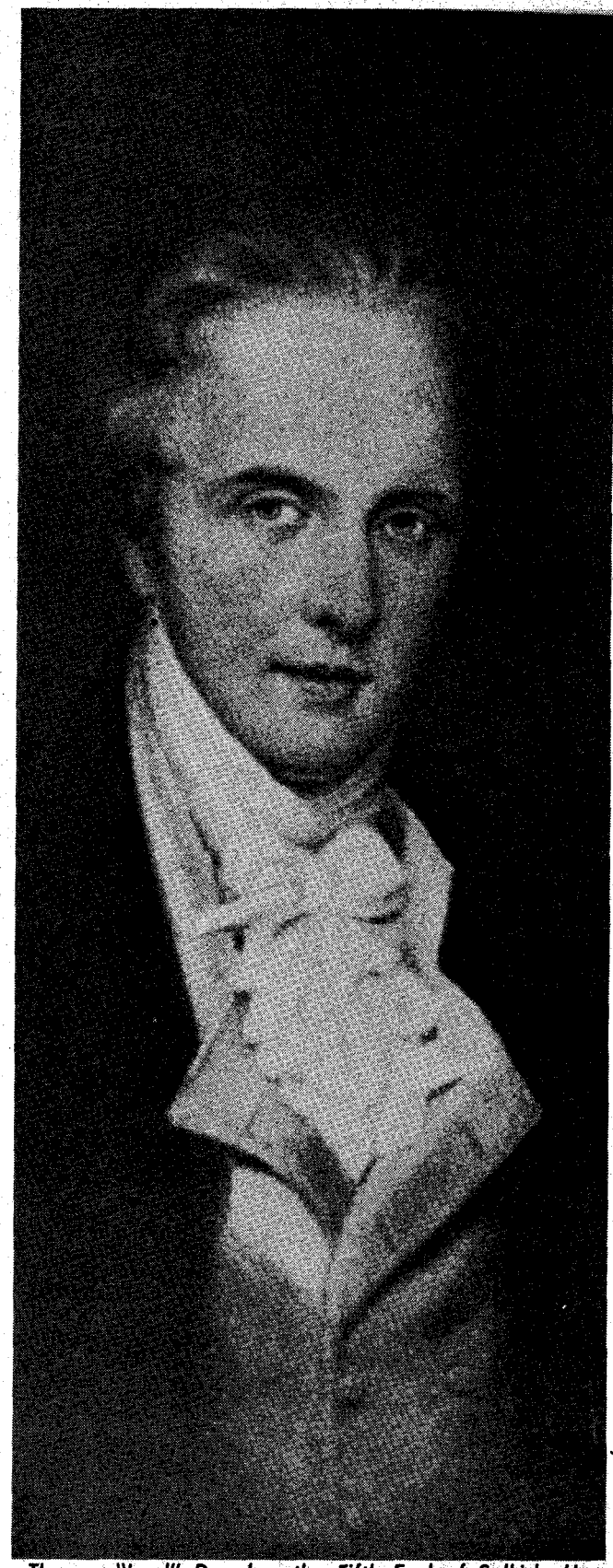
The romance of the Selkirk Settlement has as its principal proponents one Scottish nobleman who spent his fortune trying to alleviate the hardships of poverty - stricken countrymen; a passel of immigrants from Scotland, the Hebrides and the Orkney Islands, some shiftless, some unbelievably rugged and obdurate; a fur company which would stop at nothing, even murder, to get the settlers out of the country; and a gang of half - breeds ready to do their bidding.

The Nobleman was Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk. Besides wealth he had other things going for him. Being the seventh son with no hope of inheriting the estate, Thomas Douglas got an education with the view of making his own way in the world. This education was compounded of philosophical and literary studies at the University of Edinburgh and practical experience in the ways of mankind, which he found were not always admirable.

Thomas Douglas' father was a broad - minded liberal and a patron of arts and letters. Young Thomas came to know the celebrated poet Robert Burns who was a guest at the Douglas manor, and he became a bottle companion of novelist Sir Walter Scott. In France he absorbed some of the romantic ideas of philosopher Jean Jacques Rosseau.

As Thomas Douglas was maturing, conditions were changing in the Scottish highlands. By English decree the one time clansmen were divested of their small pittance of land, and the soil was given to the chiefs alone. The younger nobles aped the English gentry. Rents were raised on their highland estates, speculators moved in, and the impoverished crofters were driven out and replaced by sheep which offered landlords more profits.

Thomas Douglas, idealist and humanitarian, may have fumed in frustration, but a most unlikely thing happened.



Thomas "Lord" Douglas, the Fifth Earl of Selkirk. He organized a band of colonists from among the poor of Scotland and settled them in the Canadian midwest.

Photos furnished by the author

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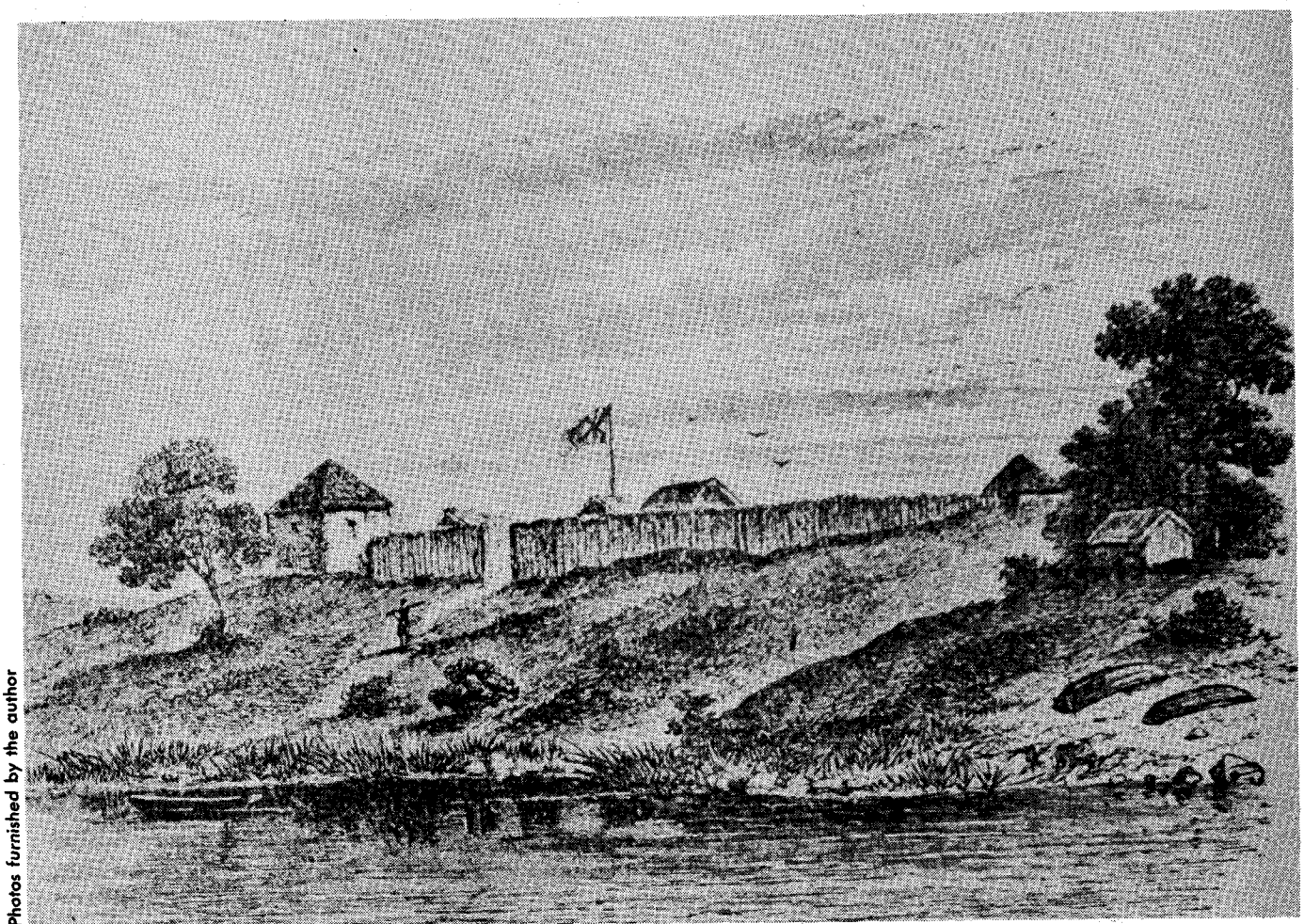
OF MANITOBA

By Earl V. Chapin



Photos furnished by the author

Fort Douglas which played an important part in the later years of the Selkirk settlement.

One by one his brothers died, and on May 4, 1799, the youngest son became Lord Daer. Two years later his father died, and Thomas became the fifth Earl of Selkirk and inheritor of the family lands and fortune.

The young Lord Selkirk immediately began to think how he might help his half-starved, landless countrymen. They had already been driven to the seashore to fish for a living. The next logical step was immigration to the newly acquired British possessions in North America.

Lord Selkirk decided to transport, at his own expense, as many former crofters as he could to colonize the new world. His first colonies were established on Prince Edward Island and on the gulf of the St. Lawrence River.

The implementation of Lord Selkirk's greatest dream was yet to come. When that happened, it turned out to be a nightmare.

In the approximate center of the British possessions in North America, now Canada, lay a broad, fertile plain lying on either side of the Red River which flowed north into Lake Winnipeg. Here was a veritable agricultural Garden of Eden, so it seemed, awaiting only the hand of man, and there wasn't a plow or ploughman in a million acres.

There were of course a few drawbacks, many more than the idealistic Lord Selkirk foresaw. The principal inhabitants of the country were Indians and French half-breeds known as Metis or bois brules. The titular overlord was the Hudson's Bay Company, proprietor of the vast *pays en haut,* the Up Country, by right of charter granted them by King Charles II in 1670. There was also the North West Fur Co., a hard-nosed gang of Scotsmen out of Montreal who disputed the claims of the Bay Company and were, at that moment, running the pants off their long established competitors.

From the standpoint of settlement, the Red River Valley also held the disadvantage of severe winters, floods, prairie fires, plagues of mosquitoes and grasshoppers, to say nothing of the malice of the North West Company.

The latter things were to be discovered later. At the outset Lord Selkirk had one problem in mind — how he was going to buy land from the Hudson's Bay Company. The North West Company to the contrary, the "Honourable Gentlemen trading out of Hudson's Bay" held title, in British law, to all the land whose streams drained into that bay.

Circumstances at the time favored Selkirk's ambition. With the North West Company offering stiff competition, business was bad, and Hudson Bay stock wasn't paying its investors a farthing.

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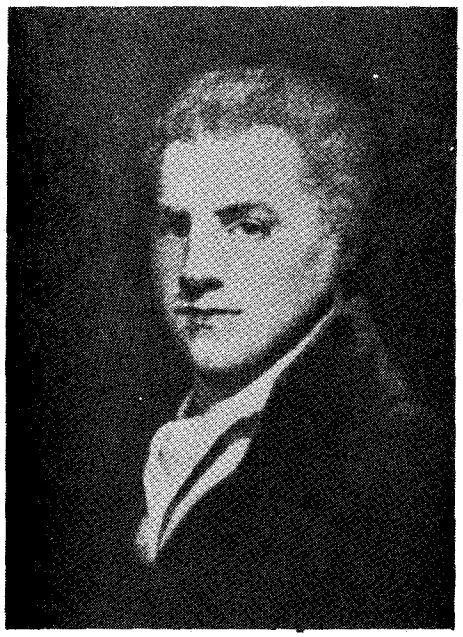

William McGillivray, a partner in the North West Fur Company was an opponent of the Selkirk colonists.

Lord Selkirk, his friends and relatives quietly began buying up depressed Bay Company stock until they had a third of it. Their next move was an offer to purchase 116,000 square miles of virgin soil which interestingly included considerable land in what is now northern Minnesota and North Dakota. No matter; nobody knew where the boundary was anyway.

Efforts of the North West Company to get their spoon in the porridge only threw the support of many stockholders to Lord Selkirk. He bought the extensive tract for ten shillings and became the greatest individual landholder in Christendom.

To the Bay company there was method of this madness. The proposed settlement and its colonists would strengthen their hand in various ways. It would provide a supply of labor and goods; set up a home for company pensioners, obviating the cost of sending them back to England or bas Canada and supporting them; keep money in the country; and help consolidate the company's claims and position.

Lord Selkirk published and circulated a pamphlet setting forth the advantages of his project. Land would be given away free or for only a nominal sum. The poor would be transported free, others would pay according to their means. There would be no religious discrimination. The new domain acquired by Lord Selkirk was called Assiniboia.

The North West Company had men of wealth and influence in England and Scotland, and they used both to abort the efforts to recruit colonists. But Selkirk had put a couple of competent men in charge of his project. They were Capt. Miles Macdonnell, a doughty Canadian militiaman who was named first governor of Assiniboia, and Colin Robertson. Robertson was a former North West Company bourgeoise (post manager) who had been dismissed because of a quarrel with a superior, and he hated their guts.

In spite of every manner of coercion and finagling by the Nor' Westers, Macdonnell and Roberston got the first expedition of 105 men and women off in three ships on July 26, 1811. Seventy-five planned to make the prairie bloom; the others were indentured servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The voyage took sixty-one days, and when the colonists reached York Factory on the bay, it was too late to continue on the some seven hundred miles south to their proposed new home.

For the colonists it was a winter of discontent. Scurvy was halted by liberal doses of white spruce sap — the cure was about as bad as the ailment. The Irish and Orkneymen got into a series of donnybrooks. Rev. Father Burke, a jolly but frequently tipsy priest who had left Ireland without asking his bishop, went gold hunting and found a fortune but only in his imagination. Throughout the winter Macdonnel supervised the construction of boats for the journey south.

The expedition left York Factory July 6, 1812 and reached their destination August 30. This was a spot named Colony Gardens near Point Douglas, and on the site of present Winnipeg, Manitoba. The colonists hadn't been in their new haven an hour before they were accosted by a group of hideously painted and armed savages who, with menacing gestures, informed them they were not wanted in this country. They were not Indians, as they purported to be, but bois brules sent out from Fort Gibraltar, a nearby North West Company post.

Governor Macdonnell was unimpressed. He sent an invitation to Fort Gibraltar to attend the official inauguration of the Selkirk colony. Before an odd assortment of Nor' Westers, Indians and bois brules, Governor Macdonnell read the patent of the Earl of Selkirk, raised the British flag and fired a salute with six swivel guns which impressed the Nor' Westers more than everything else put together.

The settlers had one stroke of luck. The real proprietors of this part of the country, the Chippewa Indians, took to them kindly, though the colonists were half scared out of their wits by the Indians' horseplay and their philosophy that anything that wasn't fastened down was communal property. Nevertheless, the colonists were largely indebted to the Chippewa and well - disposed bois brules for their survival that first winter.

They had arrived too late to build homes and were too poor to buy such supplies as might have been available from the North West Company. The colonists walked seventy miles to the small settlement of Pembina with the Indians as their guides. The Indians, on horseback, carried the children and the infirm.

Wrote one historian, "All things considered, the Indians performed their contract faithfully with much indulgence to their followers, who acquired a better knowledge of their characters as they proceeded."

The colonists spent the winter at Pembina in tents and huts, living off the generosity of the Indians who supplied them with proceeds of their hunt for return of small favors. It was with genuine regret that the colonists and Indians parted as the former returned to Colony Gardens in the spring of 1813.

That first summer wasn't easy. The colonists had no plow to break the fertile plains. Fish, roots and berries were scarce that summer. The people ate wild greens and wild parsnips and fought off passenger pigeons and red wing blackbirds that threatened their small strands of grain. On the positive side, houses were built, the potatoes yeilded well, six more families and, probably most important, a millwright and blacksmith were added to the colony.

The colonists returned again to Pembina that winter; but in the meantime the Nor' Westers had poisoned the minds of the local inhabitants against them, and they no longer helped their former friends. It was a frost-bitten, half-starved column dressed in rags that returned to Colony Gardens that spring.

Things might have been worse, and they got worse. Governor Miles

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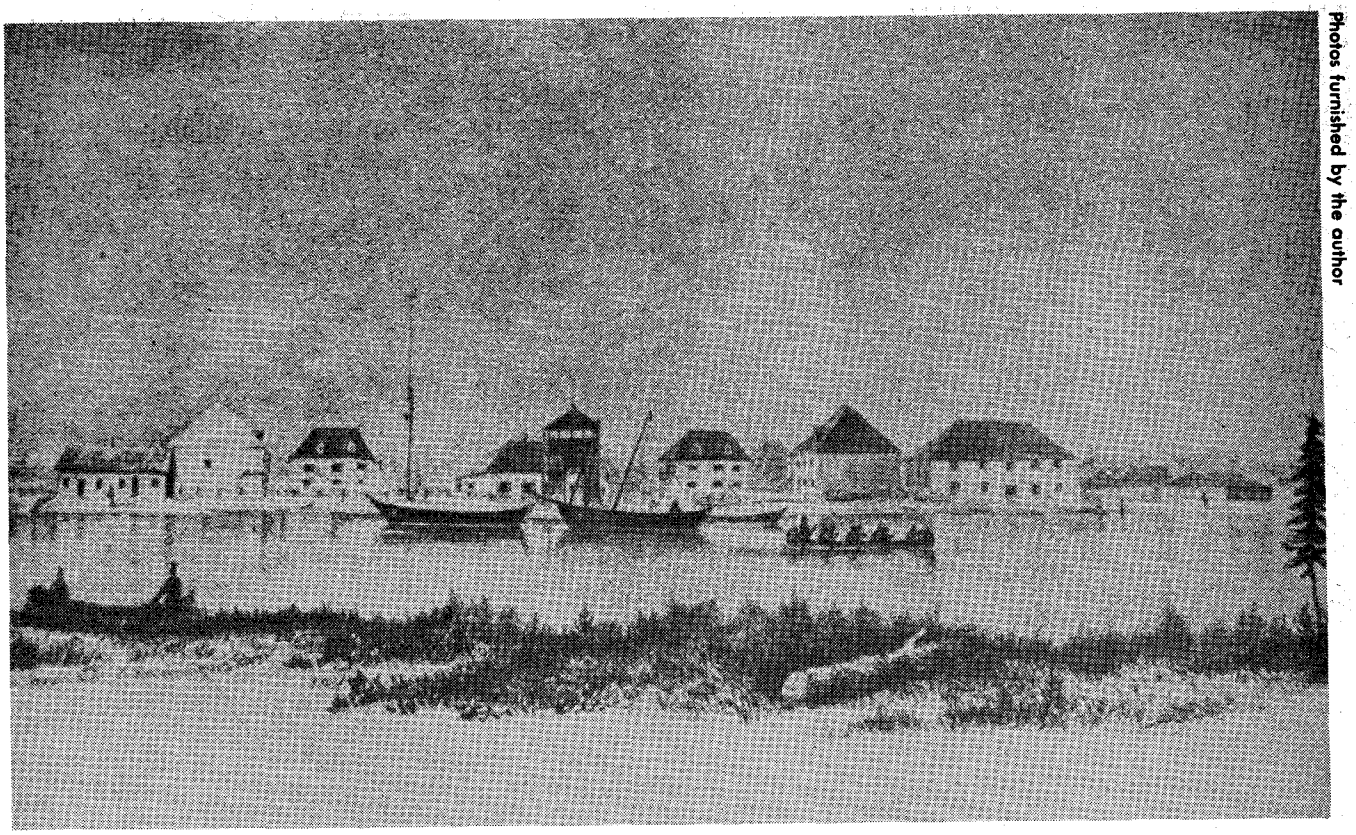

Photos furnished by the author

Fort William, North West Company Headquarters was taken by Selkirk's private army.

Macdonnell issued a proclamation aimed at the North West Company which forbade any person who dealt in furs to remove from Assiniboia supplies of fish, grain or vegetables at pain of punishment. Though the aim was to keep food in the country for the settlers, it affected the whole fur trade, for as an army travels on its stomach, so did the army of voyageurs which kept fur moving from the Up Country to Grand Portage on Lake Superior.

In the meantime another group of settlers recruited by agents of Lord Selkirk were on their way to the colony. Many died of ship fever en route. The ship's captain panicked and dumped his human cargo on the bleak and barren shore at Fort Prince of Wales, Churchill. In the spring those who were able, twenty-one men and twenty women, set out on an epic journey on snowshoes to York Factory "led by a grim - visaged piper" playing the gathering song of Bonnie Dundee. They subsisted on partridges along the way. This small group, the hardiest among an original one hundred, reached Colony Gardens in time to plant potatoes.

Macdonnell backed his edict by seizing six hundred pounds of pemmican, (a sort of buffalo bologna which with corn were the staple foods in this country) belonging to the North West Company. Now the fat was in the fire, and the sizzle boded no good for the hapless colonists.

To the Nor' Westers the settlers were now viewed as the ruination of their trade and the country, and they decided to get rid of them. Duncan Cameron and Alexander Macdonell were appointed to the job.

Cameron, posing as a captain of a nox - existent militia, assumed the role of dissembler. Dressed in a scarlet military coat, he mingled with the settlers, spoke Gaelic, slandered Lord Selkirk, and spread the rumor that the Chippewa planned to attack the colony in the spring. He made promises of land and transportation to all who would consent to leave the colony under North West Company guidance.

Alexander Macdonell recruited a band of Cree Indians to create panic among the settlers. The effort came to naught when the Indians refused to harass them. But the wily Cameron trumped up charges against Governor Macdonnell, managed to take him prisoner to Montreal, and seized the nine guns he had brought.

The next year Cameron's perfidy bore fruit. In June 1815, one hundred and thirty - three of the two hundred colonists, led by the North West Company, started out on a journey to promised peace and prosperity in bas Canada, a rough trip through wild country that took 82 days.

Alexander Macdonell was now busy directing half-breeds which he had incited to violence. Horses and cattle were driven away, and colonists were imprisoned on trumped-up charges. Finding that the remnant of about forty would not scare, a party of some 70 bois brules under Cuthbert Grant advanced against the colony in full war paint.

The Scots, though outnumbered two to one, stood fast under the leadership of John McLeod, a Hudson's Bay trader. The Metis horsemen spread out in a long line, charged, and were brought up short by the raking fire of the beleagured Scots.

The spirit of the clans burned in McLeod's heart, and he remembered a small cannon rusting in the old Fidler fort. The three pounder was hauled to the blacksmith shop where ox cart chains were cut into sections and stuffed into the muzzle. After a sample of chain shot the horsemen galloped out of range.

The colonists realized that the odds againt them were too great. They set out on the Red River in their boats, accompanied by friendly Chippewa Indians, as far as Lake Winnipeg. They continued on

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to Norway House at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg. The bois brules returned and put the homes, storehouses and mill of the colonists to the torch, then they galloped their horses over the sprouting grain.

There was one fly in the ointment for the half breeds. With their cannon in the ten - foot square smithy, three Hudson's Bay men and one stubborn settler, Hugh McLean, held their ground. Every advance by the bois brules was repulsed, and at last they retreated — all the way to their home country of Q'Appelle.

It was preposterous to think that this was not the end of the Selkirk colony. But preposterous, too, is the fact that John McLeod stayed on, surrounded by enemies. He cared for the crops the bois brules thought destroyed, built fences, stacked hay, found help to erect new buildings and repair those not entirely destroyed.

So great was the faith of McLeod that Lord Selkirk would rescue and re-establish the colony that he even started building a two-story governor's mansion "with main timbers of oak."

Unknown to McLeod, help was coming in the person of Colin Robertson and twenty men. Back east there had been rumors that the colony was in trouble, but it wasn't until Robertson reached Red River that he learned of the deplorable state of affairs. Robertson immediately went after the settlers. He induced them to return, and they harvested 400 bushels of wheat, 200 bushels of barley and 500 bushels of oats tended by McLeod. In October of that year a band of 84 new colonists arrived and with them a new governor, Capt. Robert Semple.

Having the upper hand for a change, the colonists attacked Fort Gibraltar and retook their field pieces and other property which had been illegally seized. The wily Duncan Cameron was subsequently arrested, escorted by Colin Robertson to York Factory and, a year later, sent to England to stand trial. This was in retaliation for the treatment of the former governor Macdonnell.

The new governor overplayed his hand. Semple sent thirty men up to Fort Gibraltar, dismantled it and floated the timbers down river to Colony Gardens where they were used to complete their own Fort Douglas.

The razing of Fort Gibraltar created a great stir among the Indians and bois brules, and the latter began to prepare for war against the colony with the coming of spring. Alexander Macdonell was the instigator; Cuthbert Grant was again the leader.

Semple compounded his imprudence. He dismissed the rumors of impending attack until two Cree Indians arrived at Fort Douglas with the news that the bois brules would attack in two days. Semple was a retired captain of the British army. One might think that he had learned strategy from Braddock. When on June 19, 1816, a lookout reported the approach of a small army of horsemen, Gov. Semple uttered words which should be placed among the famous last ones: "We must go out to meet these people. Let twenty men follow me."

It was not until Semple met a number of fleeing, panic - stricken colonists that he sent a man back to the fort for guns and such reinforcements as could be spared from the garrison. But he did not wait for them to arrive. Instead, he continued on, and it was some 28 men against 70 cavalry.

There was a brief exchange of words between Semple and Francois Boucher, a North West company employe. Semple grabbed at Boucher's gun. A shot rang out and one of Semple's party fell. The next to be shot was Semple. His party was surrounded and cut to pieces by gunfire. Nineteen were killed. The incident is known as the Seven Oaks massacre.

A massacre of all the settlers was threatened, but Cuthbert Grant agreed at last to let them go, leaving all to again be put to the torch. Fort Douglas was surrendered, and, once more, on July 22 the hapless settlers began a journey to Norway House.

Lord Selkirk, concerned over the welfare of his colonists, had come to Montreal and was already on his way to Red River. Expecting trouble, he came prepared — with a private army of one hundred soldiers with Capt. P.D. D'Orsonnens in command. They were known as De Meurons, disbanded remnants of mercenary soldiers who had engaged in the Napoleonic campaigns. Most of them were Swiss, with some French, Germans and Poles.

Lord Selkirk learned of the Seven Oaks massacre when he reached Lake Superior. With his small army the Scottish nobleman descended on Fort William, grand depot and headquarters of the North West company. The De Meurons occupied the fort, and the six North West Company partners found there were placed under arrest.

From Fort William, Selkirk sent a contingent of about fifty De Meurons to take Fort Douglas, still occupied by the Nor' Westers. By the time the soldiers reached Rainy Lake, winter had set in prematurely. The usual route of travel, by way of the Winnipeg River, was frozen over.

The dilemma was solved by chance. D'Orsonnens was told that there was a short route to Red River, almost directly west from the Lake of the Woods by way of the Reed (Roseau) River. However, it was a region of springs, marshes and bogs, extremely inadvisable for winter travel. Only one man could guide them safely across this desolate and treacherous country, and nobody knew where he was.

The man of the moment was one of the most unusual characters to ever roam the fur country. Born John Tanner, he was stolen from his white parents at the age of eight. After suffering much brutality, he was adopted by an Ottawa woman and grew up among the Indians. He became an able hunter and leader of men. He had his own followers and an abiding hate for the North West Company for the many times they had cheated and debauched his adopted people, including his own family. He had well earned his Indian name, the Falcon.

At the time the De Meurons were chewing their fingernails in frustration, the Falcon turned up. It took little pursuasion on the part of D'Orsonnens and Miles Macdonnell to get him to lead the expedition against Fort Douglas.

The Falcon hired Indians to make snowshoes, and the expedition set out Dec. 10, 1816. With his following of twenty men the Falcon set a blistering pace across the desolate, wind - swept wilderness. With hunters as outriders, the soldiers were assured a bubbling stew at the end of each day's weary trek. It took just twenty days to go from Rainy Lake to the Red River at Pembina where the De Meurons easily captured Fort Daer, a colony post also occupied by the Nor' Westers.

The army now marched down the frozen river bed to Fort Douglas to escape detection from the plains, and on a night when trees popped in

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Photos furnished by the author

Buffalo hunts kept the colonists alive during their first winters in the Red River Valley.

the intense cold, the Falcon himself led his followers and some of the soldiers, over the stockade on tree ladders and took the fort.

Lord Selkirk reached his colony that summer of 1817. His arrival rejuvenated the lagging spirits of the colonists who had returned once again from Norway House. One historian writes, "Selkirk's general presence and his magnanimity of character, quickly banished any prejudices which the colonists had formed of him."

Selkirk was described by those who saw him there as "tall in stature, thin and refined in appearance. He had a benignant face, his manner was easy and polite."

Selkirk did more than make a good appearance. He put the colony on firmer foundation, made provisions for a church and spiritual guidance, and decreed that "there should be a common school in every parish."

Selkirk particularly impressed the Indians, most of whom had always been friendly toward the colonists. He made a treaty with them, securing what amounted to a quit claim of settlement lands along the Red River that "could be seen by looking under a horse's belly" — about two miles. The generous payment that Selkirk made to the Indians earned for him the title "the Silver Chief."

Though the Selkirk settlers were to have trouble with grasshoppers and other natural disasters, the colony was now on a firm foundation, and this first settlement in the Canadian midwest laid the groundwork for the future capital of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

The colonists were never again troubled by the bois brules, as the latter found in the newcomers, as many had believed in the beginning, a source of trade and friendship.

The ruinous strife between the North West and Hudson Bay fur companies ended when the two firms merged in 1821. ●**RW**

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The Story Behind The Song

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

By Marion Thede and Harold Preece

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The Chisholm Trail was the long, dusty route from Texas to Kansas, from where the cattle roamed in vast herds to the Kansas loading pens where the beef could be shipped East to the Chicago slaughter - houses. Driving the cattle herds was dangerous, wearying work and this ballad describes the cattle drives.

He gave the Trail its name. Bust of Jesse Chisholm at Chisholm Trail Museum, Kingfisher, Oklahoma.

"I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm Trail,
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.
Come - ta - yi yip-py, yippy yippy ya, yippy ya,
Come ta yi yippy, yippy, yippy ya."
-As sung by Leonard East, Austin, Texas

This ballad of endless versions could be a cumulative log book of all the cattle drives made by weary, overworked men "up" that dusty, dreary hoofway called the Chisholm Trail. Musically it's a great cowboy song, although those thousands who sang it didn't pretend to be musicians. As Western folk history—straight from the mouths of laboring cowboys—it is monumental.

For it relates in bold, pithy language the trials and tribulations of those who drove the wild, temperamental Longhorns from Texas to Kansas. In the telling, the song misses nothing: neither the loneliness and monotony of those long treks across rocky hills and treeless prairies, nor the jovial camaraderie and the stirring adventures before most of the Western country had rails and stock cars to ship cattle. Within these roughly hewn stanzas one can see punchers squatting around chuck wagons, eating their usual meals of beef and beans, sourdough biscuits, and coffee strong enough to float a bronc's shoe. One can hear the rattle of the tin plates from which they ate, as well as the swish of the saddles which they rode; or hear those violent crescendoes of steer hooves in the frightful stampedes; or sense the conflicts between punchers and trail bosses, since many cow outfits were much less than happy families.

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The Old Chisholm Trail (I)
Words and melody adapted and arranged by
John A. and Alan Lomax
Piano arrangement by
Charles and Ruth Seeger
Fast
poco f marcato
Come a - long, boys, and lis - ten to my tale, I'll
tell you of my trou - bles on the old Chis-holm trail. Com - a
REFRAIN
ti yi youp - y, youp - y yea, youp - y yea, Com - a
ti yi youp - y, youp - y yea.
200

Courtesy MacMillan Co.

A rousing piano arrangement of the old ballad from a later Lomax version.

"I went to the wagon to get my roll
To come back to Texas, dad gum my soul,
Come ta ya yippie yippie yippie ya, yippie ya,
Come ta ya ya yippie yippe ya.

I went to the boss to draw my roll,
He figgered out I was nine dollars in the hole,
Come ta ya yippie ..."

— From Buck Jones, Caldwell, Idaho

There are prettier songs about the West: for example, "Home On the Range", a finely done homesteader ballad, emphasizing the tranquility and contentment of the settled life; or "Red River Valley", used as the theme song for that great film about Oklahoma's uprooted Dust Bowl refugees, *Grapes of Wrath.* In terms of its subject, the "Old Chisholm Trail" could not have been one of the pretty songs.

It had to be harsh and perversely comical, like the cow towns where cowboys faced the greedy harlots and gun-slinging gamblers after all those perils of the drive. Prettified, it sounds like a bull trying to sing tenor. Yet, fittingly, it is the most enduring of all the scores of known Western ballads for being the most authentic of those commemorating the Longhorn Age.

Nobody knows how many versions or parts of versions have been lost for remaining unprinted. Some, it must be added, were unprintable. It was known, by one or another specimen, in every one of the historic cattle states—even those beyond the geographic Chisholm Trail like Colorado, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. It was said by Alan Lomas to have "a verse for every mile of the way between Texas and Montana." Outside the west, Vance Randolph found versions in rural sections of Arkansas and Missouri. It is believed that specimens could be found in Alberta, British Columbia, and other ranching areas of western Canada receiving large migrations from across the United States border.

We cannot identify any author or any "original" version of the "Old Chisholm Trail". You might as well try to trace the pedigree of some ornery, mossy-horned old steer, right out of a mesquite thicket, as the ancestry of this ballad so popular among the thousands upon thousands of the men who rode all the long trails—forty thousand on Old Chisholm alone. A stanza found in many versions does contain one possible clue:

"Oh, a ten dollar hoss and a forty dollar saddle,
I'm goin' to Texas for to punch cattle."

This, as a hazardous guess, may indicate that the ballad at its beginning could have rolled from the lips of one of the many men coming from other states, looking for range work during the great Texas cattle boom following the Civil War. During that post-war epoch stretching from the last 1860's to the early 1880's, most trail drivers came to be called "Texans".

But a great many Southerners, footloose since the War, were glad to land in Texas, that one prospering state of the former Confederacy. Others, including such spectacular cowmen as Abel Borden and "Shanghai" Pierce, were Northerners or Easterners. A great many drivers were Mexicans. A significant percentage were Blacks who had been brought up in slavery; one Big Mouth Henry was said by Chisholm Trail historian Wayne Gard to have a voice "which seemed to charm the Longhorns." Henry, surname unknown, was one of the first known Black cowboy singers.

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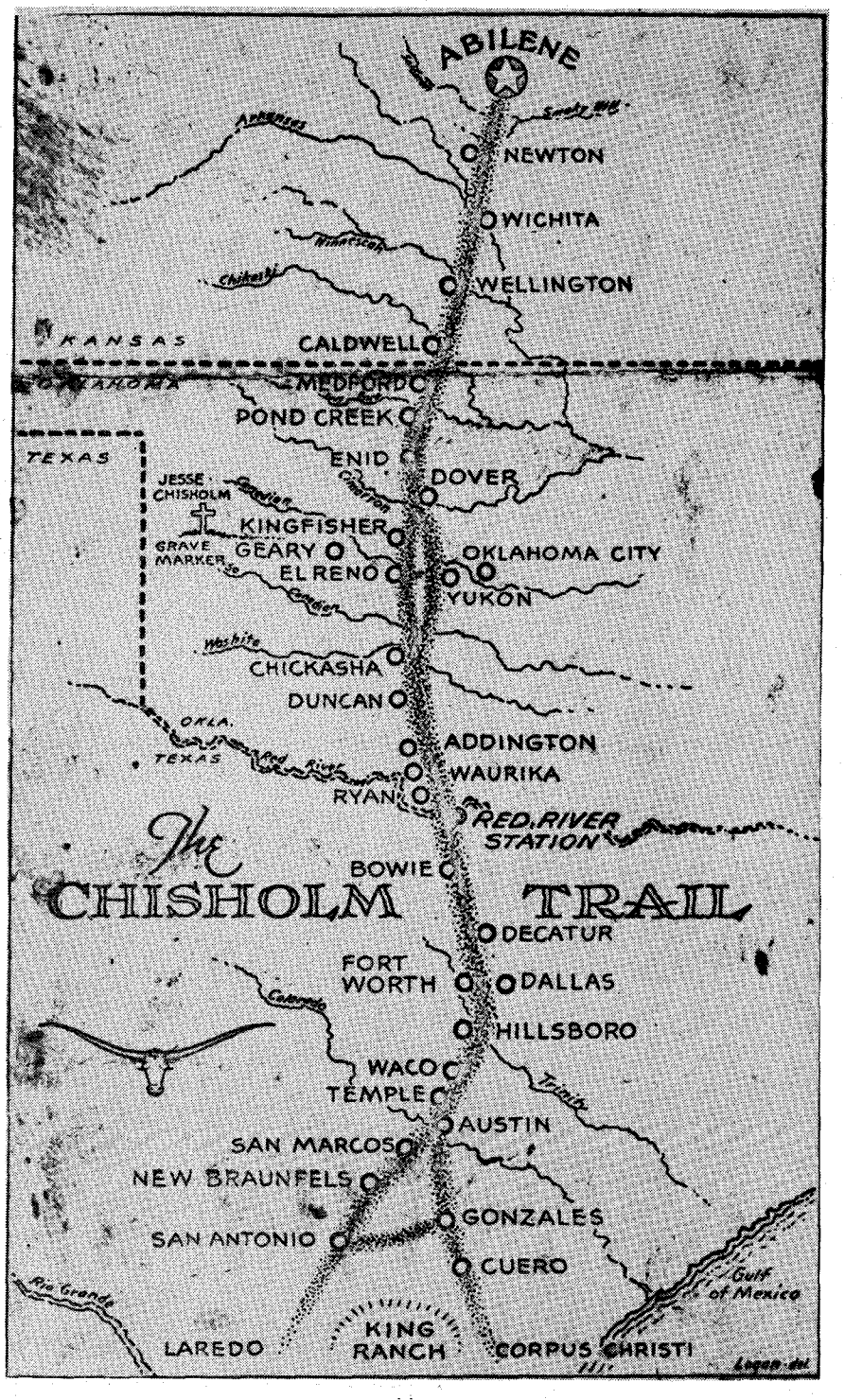

Here the Trail wound. Detailed map of that historic hoofway showing it's approximately 700 mile course from the Mexican border of Texas, across Oklahoma, then called Indian Territory, to its first terminus at Abilene, Kansas.

We do know the name of that outstanding Westerner who gave his name to the complex of cattleways becoming the Chisholm Trail. He was Jesse Chisholm, son of a Scottish business man and a half-Cherokee Indian woman.

Born in Tennessee, Chisholm grew up in the Cherokee Nation of Indian Territory. A man of varied talents, Chisholm had served as a trail blazer as well as an interpreter for knowing numerous Indian languages. He was a nephew by marriage of that illustrious Texan, Sam Houston, whose second wife had been a Cherokee, Tiana, or Diana, Rogers.

Wed in succession to two Indian women, Chisholm became one of the Southwest's first outstanding merchants, opening a succession of trading posts in Indian Territory and the adjoining border area of Kansas. One of his supply centers was located at Council Grove, within the present limits of Oklahoma City. A stone marker at nearby Dead Man's Crossing on the North Canadian River commemorates the site. Wichita, Kansas, due to become one of the famous Trail towns, was built near the site of another Chisholm store erected when he was living with the Wichita tribesmen who had made him a member by adoption.

Needing a road for his wagon trains, Chisholm established a wide trail from his Kansas headquarters to the North Canadian in 1864. Early Texas cattlemen drove their herds across the ruts of what began to be called after the Civil War "Chisholm's Trail". Joseph McCoy, the father of the cattle industry, extended and straightened out the trail by employing surveyors when he and the Kansas Pacific Railroad made Abilene the first major shipping center for Texas cattle. That was in 1867, the year before Jesse Chisholm's death.

By 1874 the term "Chisholm Trail" had come to mean a huge complex of cattleways extending from the brushy ranges of southern Texas to the red clay country of Oklahoma, then Indian Territory, and to the wide prairies of western Kansas. Along Old Chisholm lay up-and-coming little cities like Austin, Waco, and Forth Worth; straggling Indian villages and whoop-it-up Kansas places such as Caldwell, Ellsworth, Newton, Wichita—and, of course, Abilene, afterwards due to regret its slamming of civic doors on the lively buckos from the Lone Star state.

The larger the Longhorn imports from Texas, the wider became the Trail and the louder the jingle in the pockets of Kansans not having much use for visiting cowhands except to take their money. The broader also became the scope of that mushrooming ballad destined to live on long after Old Chisholm had disappeared in the welter of modern civilization.

Imagine herds of Longhorns, fresh out of the Texas wilderness, grazing for distances of from five to ten miles on either side of the Trail. Imagine their munching at the fine grass which kept growing to add beef poundage, or those same big beasts waiting their turns to drink from waterways. Or maybe they are kept loose-herded by their keepers till earlier arriving cattle swam Red River and entered the Indian Nations on that last lap to Kansas.

"Stray in the herd and the boss said kill it.

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So I shot him in the rump with the handle of the skillet."

The carcass of the "stray" would not remain long after the herd moved on across the Nations. In no time at all, some band of hungry Indians would swoop down for a beef feast. But the steer would not have been shot down with "a skillet", but probably with a Colt .45 pistol, that standard and easily carried weapon of roving frontiersmen. The comical euphemism of the skillet as a weapon also appears in many fiddle and banjo songs.

"I'm on my best horse and I'm goin' at a run.
I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.
Come a ta ya youpy ..."
-As sung and played by "Coon" Sanders, Jollyville, Tex.

Actually, though, neither cowboys nor cattle habitually went on "runs" during these slow-paced marches up Old Chisholm. The sudden, furious and often deadly stampedes were in another category.

Those trail cattle lacked the natural swiftness of the wiry mustang ponies ridden by the punchers. At the outset of a drive the Longhorns would be driven at a forced pace to accustom them to travel and man control. Thereafter, the journey would be continued at the normal limit of bovines the world over—ten or twelve miles per day, with the drivers working from approximately sun-up to sundown, plus rotating shifts at "nighthawking" or night herding while the cattle rested.

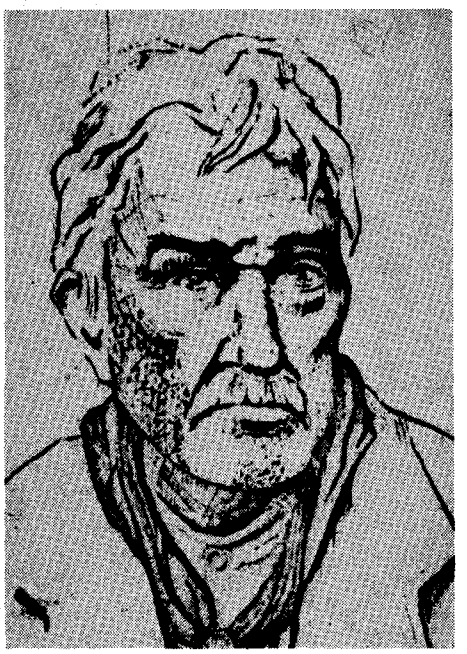
"I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight
And afore I sleep the moon shines bright.
Como ta ya youpy ..."

So runs a stanza from a composite version of the lusty ballad published by the Tri-State Chisholm Trail Centennial Commission during 1968.

The cattle might have been on the move for two, three, or four weeks, depending upon distance traveled by the time they crossed Red River, with the Indian Nations still to be endured, and that wind-up point of a Kansas trail town yet long miles ahead. When finally delivered, those magnificent beasts "with their steel hoofs", quoting from Texas author J. Frank Dobie, "their staglike muscles, their thick skins, their powerful horns" might have survived tornadoes and drenching rains. Hail, too, played staccato on their mammoth horns, and the sun was as hot as the cauldrons of hell. Paraphrasing Dobie, they would have scaled mountains and plodded across desert stretches, swum streams sometimes flooded, fought off wolfpacks and skulking mountain lions, doped with money-hungry rustlers and food-hungry Indians.

They were the Longhorns. They became the lasting totemic image of a Texas still overshadowed by their memory. They inspired that most durable of cowboy ballads, "The Old Chisholm Trail".

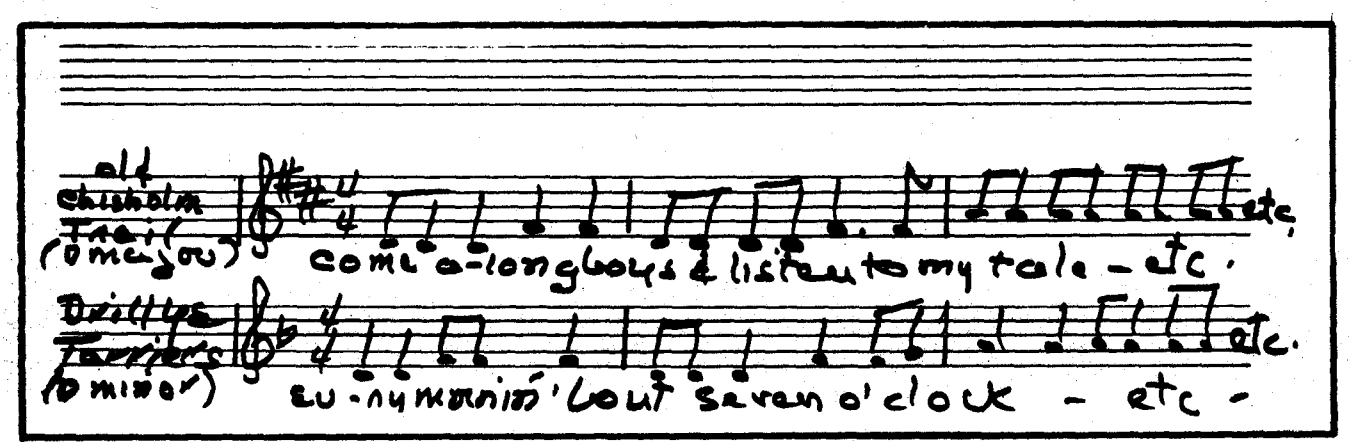
For songs were as much working equipment of the hardy men who rode Old Chisholm, as necessary in the control of those shambling giants as the lariat or the work formation: "point men" riding in front of a herd to set its course; "swing men" on each side keeping the cattle bunched together; "drag men" at the rear heading off strays, swallowing the hoof dust of all the hundreds of cattle constituting a herd, prodding laggards and weaklings or, if the trail boss ordered, slaughtering one of these for chuckwagon beef. Marion Thede knows about being a "drag man" from swallowing dust in one, to her, uncomfortable experience.



G. Jesse Chisholm. From an old print.

"It's long afore daylight, they start in to feed,
The steers all a-draggin', with the pointers in the lead,
They head on north where the grass grows green,
And now for the biscuits and the bacon and the beans. (meaning breakfast)".
-Duncan Emrich version as arranged by Alan Lomax, originally published in IT's AN OLD WILD WEST CUSTOM (Dial Press, 1951).

Soft low-key songs served as lullabies to keep thousand pound steers composed at night. Sentimental love ballads like "Silver Threads Among the Gold" and "Darling Nellie Gray," sung or hummed by the circling night men,


old Chisholm Trail (Come Jou)
come a-long boys & listen to my tale - etc.
Drillye Tarriers (D minor)
eu-ny morning 'bout seven o'clock - etc -

Mystery resolved. Comparison by Marion Thede showing the resemblance of the Old Chisholm Trail to an old Irish railroader ballad, DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, instead of the commonly accepted Foster melody, OLD UNCLE NED.

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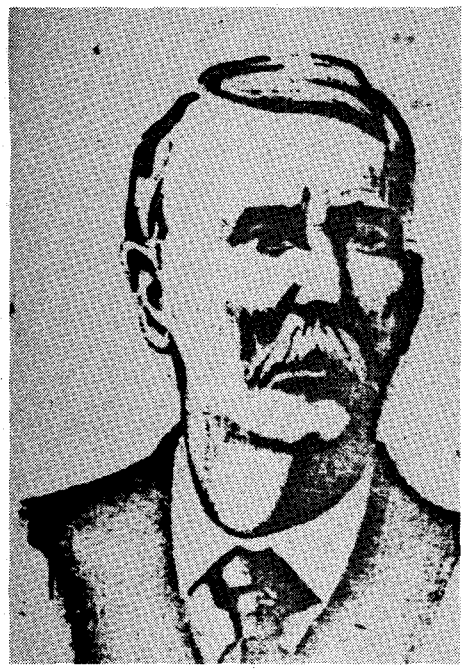

Joseph G. McCoy who brought the railroad to the range country, thereby touching off the great hoof drives up the Chisholm Trail.

seemed to soothe the beeves as they dozed or arose, intermittently, to graze before descending on their haunches for rumination and more slumber. Venerable hymns like "Rock of Ages" and "Amazing Grace" seemed to have the same calming effect. So did indigenous cowboy songs with religious themes, though there weren't many. One, "The Cowboy's Dream," would also become popular at church revivals in the Texas range country:

"There's goin' to be a great big roundup,
When the cowboys like dogies (unbranded calves) will stand
Cut out by the Rider from Heaven
Who'll be there and know every brand."

As Wayne Gard commented in his great book, THE CHISHOLM TRAIL, "Songs were best antidotes to rumblings in the sky or the howl of a lobo wolf on a distant hill."

But the daylight songs of the cowboy were of an entirely different kind and meant for a very different purpose. These were the "fast" songs sung rapidly and meant to keep cattle moving if their pace became too slow, letting the big beasts know that the men driving them were calling the turns on the trail. Into this category fitted "Turkey in the Straw", a high-pitched nonsense song sometimes utilized for square dance calls; or a swift narration of an ornery bronco, "Old Dunney", which Harold Preece learned as a child in New Mexico from his uncle, Robert Harner. It seems to have played out, like a great many other Old West numbers. This stirring ballad, "The Old Chisholm Trail", has survived many range songs that were its contemporaries heard during an era of hoof and horn. It is even better known than "Git Along Little Dogies", which also has a YIPPIE chorus similar to "Chisholm Trail."

Folklorists have been as luckless in tracing its tune as they have been in determining its authorship. The claim has been made, and repeated, that it resembles the Stephen Foster song "Old Uncle Ned", written in 1845. We do not support this theory. If one must compare, the beginning of the song comes closer to being like that of the railroad song "Drill Ye Tarriers Drill". (See illustration). The chords are not the same,"Tarriers" being in minor key, but if cowboys had known the tune without accompaniment, the parallel in the rise and fall of the beginnings of the two songs is obvious.

John Lomax, in 1910 or earlier, put down his early collected words without music, of "The Old Chisholm Trail". He and his son Alan followed this by using the song, with tune or musical versions, throughout the years and adding verses as found. In 1931 Margaret Larkin, in her book SINGING COWBOY, uses two clever arrangements with piano accompaniments. In the second of the arrangements she gives credit for the change of chorus to a young Jewish poet "whose name I have forgotten, who learned it in France from a Colorado cowboy." The chorus is entirely different, even to substituting "Tie-ti-buck" for "yippie". No guitar chords are indicated in these earlier book versions.

In 1934 the Lomaxes came out with a chant-like version which includes a five-tone skip in the chorus. When they joined with the Seegers to publish the highly popular book FOLK SONG USA in 1947, they had two piano versions, one indicated to be sung "fast", the other "slow", together with indications of two and three guitar changes, and both in keys guitar players would choose in the Old West: D and F. In one of the versions there is the use of "youp-y" instead of "yip-py", with the song ending in an imitation of an authentic vocal "slide".

In 1950 Vance Randolph used the term "best damn cowboy" in his Arkansas published version of "Chisholm Trail" in his OZARK FOLK SONGS. This one jumps around like a Longhorn being branded, even to having a seven-tone skip at the beginning.

Those looking for a banjo version can find it in Alan Lomax's 1960 book FOLK SONGS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Some of the so-called scholarly books fail to give credit, by name, to anyone for their use of a version of the song. However, one refreshing book deserving the name "scholarly" is BALLADS AND FOLKSONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST, by E. and C. Moore in 1964. These experts not only provided the name of the singer to whom they were indebted but also her city, state, and picture: Mrs. Susie Daley of Tulsa. Apparently Mrs. Daley sang unaccompanied, for no guitar chords are given, but in 1967 Irwin-Robinson used well-indicated guitar chords in a loping composite in SONGS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST.

When paperbacks using the song hit the market, among them was Hollis Music, Inc.'s Medallion book FOLKSING. This version is the only one we have found with a "gapped" scale. All of these other works carry versions with no fourth tone of the key. The specimen in FOLK SING is admittedly based" on the traditional "Chisholm" and therefore cannot be rated as too authentic. A better version is the one of Liesey in SONGS for PICKIN' AND SINGIN' published during 1942. Here the compiler reproduces the ballad in the key of D, employing a five-toned gap scale with two chord changes—enough for a cowboy on the Chisholm Trail.

None of these published versions indicate any style of singing. Only in two is there even a suggestion of the old gospel and Sacred Harp vocalizing of the West's ancestral South. This splendid music, in turn, had deep roots in the medieval singing and instrumental playing in European countries figuring within our lineage as a nation: particularly Britain and Ireland.

These paperback versions should have been indicated "sing with abandon." For the cowboy, riding horseback or sitting by a campfire, would hardly have felt confined to the niceties of "art" songs. "Chisholm Trail" literally cries out the excitement and adventure of a raw, new land. Phrases like "como ta youpy" are calls used by the cowboys to keep cattle moving, making the ballad

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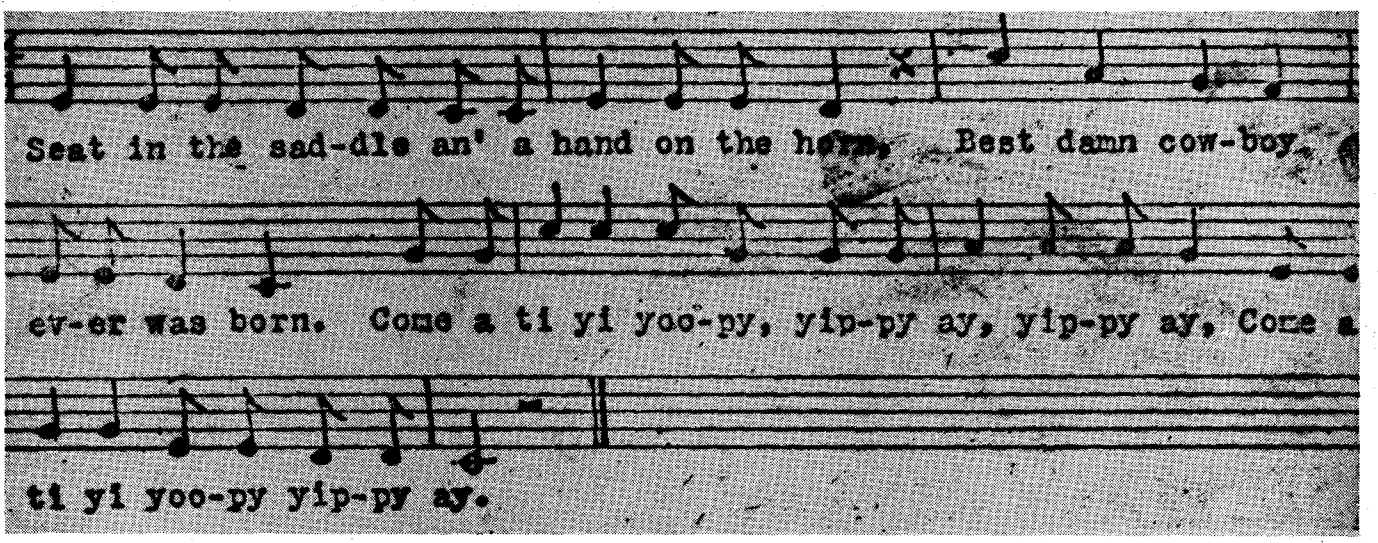
Seat in the sad-dle an' a hand on the horn. Best damn cow-boy
ev-er was born. Come a ti yi yoo-py, yip-py ay, yip-py ay. Come a
ti yi yoo-py yip-py ay.

Excerpt from an Ozark version of the Old Chisholm Trail collected by Vance Randolph. This "jumpy" version has a skip of seven tones at the beginning.

even more striking. The youth of these "hired hands on horseback" comes in that chorus with "the slap happy yips". It is reminiscent of the Confederate "rebel yell' with that, in turn, having been possibly derived from the battle whoops of the Texas Rangers. Ballad compilers should render "Chisholm Trail" in all its lusty fullness or just leave it alone.

Practically all known stanzas are written in couplets—two lines with the repeated chorus holding the entire ballad together. Of course, singing was not necessarily a preventive against the horrendous stampedes leaving so many dead men and dead mustangs and dead steers along the Chisholm Trail. In fact just about anything could cause that sort of melee: a dog straying from some Indian camp into a herd—like other wild creatures Longhorns feared and resented canines; a match struck by a puncher to light a cigarette; a strange odor. Wayne Gard tells of a herd stampeding from scenting a panther lured by fresh beef hanging near the chuck wagon.

But most often these sudden eruptions of cowflesh were touched off by rough weather.

"The wind it blowed and the rain it fell
And the God damned fools tore the wagon all to hell,
Como ta ya yippy—
(Several versions.)

Wagons, camp supplies, pots and pans, dutch ovens, saddles not in use could be reduced to shards under the frenzied impact of the maddening hooves. A major stampede was a costly catastrophe for any trail outfit. It could spell death for poor cowboys caught in its path while trying to place the rebellious Longhorns under their control.

Many a lad, riding "fresh up" from Texas, was buried in a grave marked only by stones to keep coyotes from devouring the corpse. Many left wives and children waiting for them to come home with needed cash earned on that hazardous hoofway.

"Old Chisholm made a lot of good women widows and a lot of poor younguns orphans." So ex-trail driver Doc Jones of Liberty Hill, Texas, used to comment. His nephew, a 20-year-old drag rider named Shannon, had gone down in a stampede, leaving a bride of 16 to mourn him. Found on the body was a piece of jewelry that he had bought at a trading post along the way, meant for her as a love present.

And also scores of valuable cattle might die in such a hoof storm, causing a drive to wind up with a loss rather than a profit. During 1876 one outfit lost 1700 steers, set in motion by an electrical storm on the South Bosque River in Texas. The animals plunged into a wide ravine, trampling and goring each other. Ever since, that spot has been known as Stampede Gully.

Even without stampedes, the trail drivers faced hazards of death or sickness. One or more men in an outfit might be picked off by rustlers, like the notorious Gallagher gang which took toll of so many herds. A man, even a good rider, might be thrown from a horse to die from a brain concussion or to wind up disabled from broken ribs. An epidemic, particularly one of grippe (now called influenza) or dysentery might spread through a cow crew with no doctor within a couple of hundred miles. Skins could break out in scabs from drinking "gyp" - meaning gypsum-water.

Weather was something always to be watched, for in its negative expressions, it was still one more foe to be faced on the Chisholm Trail. The cowboy didn't wear the typical broad-brimmed Stetson on his head and the livid bandanna wound around his neck to look picturesque but to protect himself against the onslaught of the sun. Neither did he don clumsy, uncomfortable chaps for scenic effect while riding through rough, rocky, thorny country. Those leather overpants protected his limbs and his usual work trousers of Levis or jeans while he "chased" cattle. These authors have never seen punchers wearing chaps except when they were absolutely necessary on the job.

But most to be feared beside a stampede was snow or heavy rains, for these irritations of nature not only made the cattle harder to control but muddy trails difficult to ride. All that moisture meant spreading bed rolls on wet ground, increasing the chances of colds and grippe, with maybe neuritis hitting saddle legs.

"Slicker in the wagon and pouring like hell,
Goin' 'round the herd with a dogie by the tail."

It's rainin' like hell and it's gettin' mighty cold,
And the long-horned sons-a-guns are mighty hard to hold".

These stanzas are from a version in John and Alan Lomax's AMERICAN BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS published by Mac-

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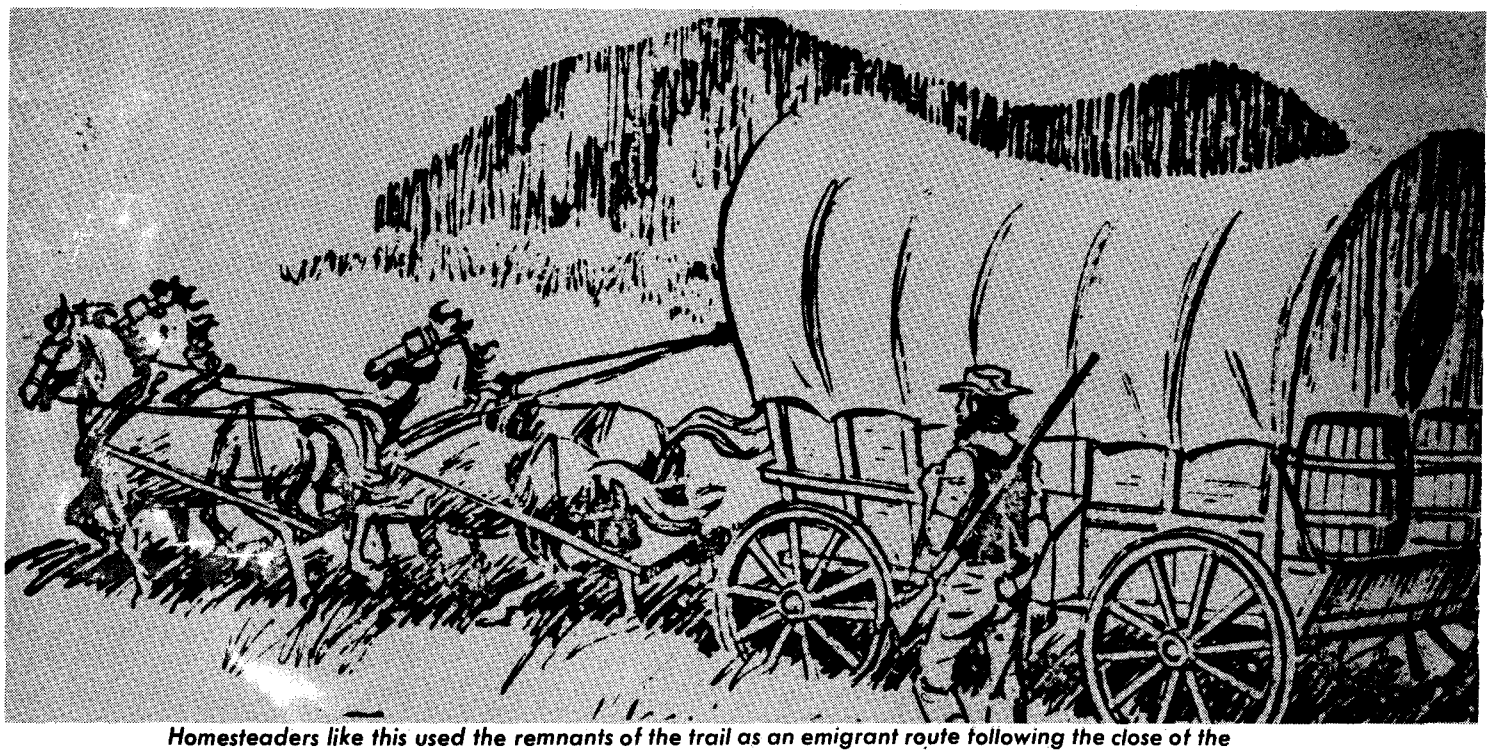

Homesteaders like this used the remnants of the trail as an emigrant route following the close of the Longhorn age.

Millan during 1934, under the title of the "Old Chizzum Trail." That misspelling of the title occurs in several versions of the song, for it was written down by some cowboy who couldn't "spell good" at the start. Sometimes the title is rendered "The Chisum Trail" for that famous rancher John Chisum, who allegedly got Pat Garrett elected sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, to finish off Billy the Kid. Chisum's outfits apparently did drive some herds up the Chisholm Trail. But that man of the same sounding name was not related to Jesse Chisholm whose wagon road was the beginning of the trail. It is unlikely the two ever met.,

Once the Kansas line was crossed, the mood of the tired cowboys became one of gathering expectation. Not too long now and they would be in the trail town. There they would be paid off before beginning their traditional routine—haircuts, shaves and baths at barber shops, new "duds" at clothing stores, good meals at hotels and restaurants, plus lots of gambling, booze, and much of high-legging with the painted girls on dance hall floors. And as part of a very needed letting go, lots of bragging.

"With my foot in the stirrup and my seat in the saddle,
I'm the best old cowboy that ever rode a-straddle."
-Sung by Susie E. Daley to Ethel and Chauncey Moore during the 1920's.

And of how for a few mad days, a few hectic nights, the booze would flow, the girls collect handsomely for dance sets or visits to the little rooms upstairs. How pistols fired into the air, or sometimes less harmlessly, would resound from those sections often called "Texas Town" or "Little Texas" where the cowboys congregated.

"Oh, Abilene is a right good town,
In the booze you can might nigh drown."
-Attributed to various cowboy singers.

But as the Lomaxes have commented in another of their works, FOLK SONG USA, "Nor did the desperate hard life of the cowboy (sometimes he couldn't change clothes for a month and he took a bath as he swam a swollen river on horseback) produce a Sunday School laddie."

Yet the song also expresses the wish of many punchers to leave the Trail, to marry the proverbial nice girl and to settle down to that placid conventional sort of existence finally enfolding most rambunctious ramblers of every generation.

"Goin' to the boss to git my money
Goin' back south to see my honey."
(This line also appearing in many other pioneer songs)

"Hadn't been home but two days or three
Till I put right out my gal for to see."

"If you've made up your mind to quit cowboy life
I've fully decided to be your wife."

"Farewell, old trail boss, I wish you no harm,
I've quit the business to go on the farm."
-Sung by D. F. Durham, Wichita Falls, Texas

More and more cowboys left the saddle for the plow as the Old West began dying from what might be called modern blight. The barbed wire kept snaking across our pastures and our valleys, "looking sharper," in the words of one never-reconstructed Old Westerner, "than the horns of the devil." Cattle didn't need to be chased so fast and so hard once they were penned up—in the words of that same precious relic-"like so many circus varmints."

New and easier kept breeds of cattle, with better beef quality, emerged to replace the Longhorn whose meat served its purpose but was no epicure's delight. Behind the fenced pastures grazed Durhams, Shorthorns, Herefords, eventually the Black Angus breed, finally the hardiest cattle ever to appear in American range history, the big hump-backed Brahmans originating in India.

The cattle drive began passing into history as the railroads, providing quick, efficient, cheaper methods of

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delivery, kept extending across the South and West. In Kansas, particularly, no town depending on the cattle trade could hold its own for very long because some further extension of a railroad could cause it to lose out to a competitor.

Wayne Gard is correct in dating the effective end of the Chisholm Trail era as 1884. By that time Kansas, its focal point, was becoming so filled with towns, homesteads, and fences that the transporting of cattle on the hoof became all but impossible. Yet as late as 1901, one determined Texan drove a small herd up the old passageway—maybe he was a symbol of an Old West withering slowly but surely. For awhile a new cattle route, the Western or Dodge Trail, on the far west edge of Kansas substituted for the historic Old Chisholm. The focus of that rowdy beefway would be Dodge City-a cowtown so tough that it might have been mothered by Abilene and daddied by Wichita.

By 1908 the Trail had been reduced to vestigial remnants in long-settled Kansas and Texas. But substantial sections would be left in the remaining frontiers of Oklahoma. These wide swaths of the old cattle route would serve homesteaders as roadways and as nuclei of local street systems.

Along the reduced roadway would be built thriving Oklahoma towns like Chicaasha, Duncan, and Kingfisher. Across it would travel country circuses with manageable animals trudging afoot behind the gaudy wagons. Picture small herds of elephants and zebras tramping along the Chisholm Trail where ten million longhorn cattle and a million mustangs had gone before, in processions dwarfing all the circus parades ever staged in these United States.

During 1956 a commemorative drive was staged over the remaining traces by the Tri-State Centennial Commission. A token herd of the last Longhorns—there are still a few thousand left—tended by modern cowboys moved on hoof where limited trail driving was still possible, and were loaded in trucks otherwise. For out here in this New West, our old history, forever honored, still lives on the lips and the consciousness of our people.

In rural sections, even today, the old Trail can still be traced from a plane or helicopter by its well-fertilized line of darker grass. In fact, there are still bits of the Chisholm Trail to be seen from the ground. Knowledgeable children and grandchildren of pioneers are proud to spin tales and legends that have come down from their cowpunching fathers and grandfathers. You can obtain a beautiful informative brochure by writing the Chisholm Trail Museum at Kingfisher, Oklahoma. This museum is well worth a personal visit for its memorabilia including old spurs, lariats. branding irons, and impressive specimens of Longhorn antlers.

Other fine exhibits may be seen at the Old Trail Drivers Museum in San Antonio, Texas. If you collect recordings of traditional Western music, be sure to include several versions of the "Old Chisholm Trail".

Riverside Records has RLP 12-631, with Jarrett Merrick singing sixteen songs with guitar, and titled The OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL. Tony Kraber, on Mercury MG-20003, sings SONGS OF THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL. Folkways has two: Bill Bonyon's FC7402, WHO BUILT AMERICA; and FA2022, Cisco Houston in Cowboy Ballads. The Encyclopedia Britannica Films has issued EBF Album 5, with Burl Ives singing songs of the Frontier.

The library of Congress has seven versions which were recorded in the 1930's, including one by David Preece, the father of one of the authors of this article. There are recordings for everyone's taste, which a visit to the catalogue of a record store can uncover.

The Old West left four indelible imprints upon the culture of our country. The first was that of the American Indian in his forms of art and style of living. The second was the saga of the Texas Rangers. A third the California Gold Rush, which transformed the entire economy of our republic.

The fourth was that legend, carved from hank and horn, of the Chisholm Trail. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Remembered stanzas from old Western cowboys living and dead.
Preece-Jones-Shannnon family tradition.
Wayne Gard-The Chisholm Trail (1954)
J. Frank Dobie-The Longhorns (1941).
John and Alan Lomax-American Ballads and Folk Songs (1934)
Alam Lomax-The Folk Songs of North America (1960)
E. and C. Moore—Ballads and Folk Songs of the Southwest-1964.

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

ENJOYS REAL WEST

Dear Sir:

Having read your magazine a few times in the past, I must say how much I enjoy it. I am at present reading the April 1973 issue, having just acquired it. I find it a little difficult to obtain them here in England, and when I do find it, it's usually not an up-to-date issue. However I do wish that you could turn a "penfriend" feature in your magazine. I'm sure a lot of people would write to your readers in the U.S.A. I'm especially interested in American Indians and the real "old" cowboys of the old West! Please print my letter, as Id be pleased to write to any of these people.

Yours truly,

Roy Longworth
38 Springfield Gardens, Kearsley, Bolton
Lancashire, England

JESSE JAMES ALIVE AND WELL

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you about the subject of the events that transpired in St. Joseph, Missouri, on the morning of April 3, 1882. The controversy that has raged for 91 years should be concluded forever. That Bob Ford committed legal murder that fateful morning has never been questioned. Who he shot is the burning question. Was it Jesse James or Charlie Bigelow?

Well, sir, I'm here to tell you, right here and now, the man that came "tumbling from the wall" was not, repeat **not** Charlie Bigelow.

How do I know? Simple. I am the living reincarnation of Jesse James, and I ought to know how and when and where I died in my last lifetime. I cannot, of course, "prove" it, but neither can anyone disprove it.

For years I have had the burning desire to tell this, and I thank you for listening to my story.

Sincerely,

Jesse Woodson James (Dingus)

Mr. James has requested that his present name and address not be disclosed. Any mail directed to him at REAL WEST will be forwarded.

(continued on page 71)

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LOST TREASURES ...

THE LOST CONFEDERATE TREASURY GOLD

In the last days of the War Between the States (as the Civil War was called in the South), $500,000 in gold specie plus $100,000 in silver, was moved out of Richmond, Virginia. Historians know that it reached Washington, Georgia, but what happened after that is a mystery.

1. NAME OF TREASURE: Confederate Treasury Gold
2. APPROXIMATE LOCATION: Washington, Wilkies County, Georgia
3. TIME: 1865
4. VALUE: $500,000
5. DESCRIPTION: Gold coins and bullion
6. AUTHENTICATION: Excellent as far as the treasure's existence in April of 1865 is concerned. The two major unknowns are: 1) Was the treasure successfully spirited out of the country shortly after the end of the Civil War? 2) Has it been found and quietly removed and re-cached or converted to private use by parties unknown? 3) If neither of the above happened, where precisely is it cached?

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, and perhaps more mostly gold specie, plus more than one hundred thousand dollars in silver was moved away from Richmond, Virginia during the final days of the Civil War. The passage of this treasure southward is easily traceable as far as Washington, Georgia. Here it vanished from the records and seemingly from the face of the earth. This great wealth of money was made up of about 275,000 dollars belonging to Richmond banks, plus all that remained of the Confederate treasury.

Ample proof that this is no "Treasure Hunter's Dream" exists in a large number of official records and in memoirs written by some of the men entrusted with the treasure. The question is not about its existence, only about what happened to it after it arrived at Washington, Georgia.

Everything known about this story took place within the five-week period between April 2, 1865, when General Robert E. Lee evacuated his Army of Northern Virginia from their defensive positions on the perimeters of Richmond and Petersburg and May 10, when Confederate President Jefferson Davis and his family and party were captured at Irwinville, Georgia by a detachment of the 4th Michigan Cavalry.

On April 1, 1865, the critical battle at Five Forks, Virginia was lost to General Sheridan's overwhelming superiority of manpower and supplies. This began closing the jaws of a deadly trap and left General Lee with no other course of action but to abandon Richmond and Petersburg. He would have to move his army southwest through the only corridor of escape yet open, the road to Danville, Virginia.

President Davis received General Lee's dispatches advising of his decision on Sunday morning, April 2. He quickly ordered " ... *the removal of the Government archives, treasure and other property to Danville.*" At 12 p.m., the train bearing Mr. Davis, the archives, treasure and "other property" chugged out of the station, slowly gathering speed for the dash to safety.

Later that same night, General Lee and his men moved away from the cities they had defended with such valor. Their immediate objective was Amelia Court House, some 40 miles southwest, where General Lee expected to find the trainload of supplies he had ordered delivered there. From Amelia he intended to move his army to Danville for a link-up with General Joseph E. Johnston's army and the possibility of continuing the fighting *"somewhere in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains."*

You can well imagine General Lee's dismay, when he arrived with his hungry troops at Amelia, to find that the desperately - needed supplies — all that stood between his men and utter starvation — had been moved on to Richmond without unloading at Amelia! Six days later, on April 9, General Lee surrendered his still gallant but starving men to General Grant at Appomattox. It is unlikely that General Lee's feelings were helped when he learned that the reason the train had hurried through to Richmond was to ensure the removal of the Confederate archives and valuables!

Later that day, the Confederate government was moved to Greensboro, N.C. But, during that very time, plans that were spawned in the warped minds of a small group of conspirators in Washington were crystalizing, soon to explode and bring death and disgrace to a few and harsh, punitive reprisals to millions.

Because of those plans, it came to pass that on April 14, a few minutes after 10 p.m., President Lincoln was shot while watching Laura Keene and company performing "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theater. His assailant, John Wilkes Booth, lacked more than acting ability; he also lacked the wisdom to foresee that his mad act was the seeding of a bitter - fruit crop Southerners would be compelled to harvest for generations.

The hysteria of hate brought on by four weary years of ruinous warfare and the shock of Mr. Lincoln's

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murder quickly grew in force, as a tornado builds, by whirling inward about itself, and like a tornado, all the while lashing about and destroying everything touched. At first whispered, then shouted, the fantastic claim was soon put forth that the assassination had been ordered by Mr. Davis himself and that he had likewise ordered the deaths of Vice-President Andrew Johnson, Secretary of State William Seward, and Secretary of War Edwin Stanton! Verification of such reports, the truth, wasn't necessary; all that mattered was that the reports be sensational.

On April 18, Mr. Davis, his staff and various cabinet members left Greensboro by wagon train, bound for Charlotte. In addition to the passengers, the wagons carried the personal property of the members of government, most of the archives, and so it is said the treasure. That same day, at Durham Station, N.C., Generals Sherman and Johnston reached agreement for the surrender of Johnston's army.

But the animosities that flared up after Mr. Lincoln's murder burned away all thought of magnanimous treatment of the vanquished; revenge became the new order of things. So the Sherman - Johnston agreement was rejected by Edwin Stanton on April 21, and the armistice that had been in effect for some days was broken off. The killing began anew. General Johnston quickly sent dispatches advising Mr. Davis that he would now surrender his army on virtually any terms offered him.

Mr. Davis decided to leave Charlotte immediately with all the troops willing to follow him; his intention was to reach and join Generals Taylor and Forrest in Alabama. He was accompanied by General Braxton Bragg, Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of the Navy S.R. Mallory, Postmaster General John H. Reagan, Adjutant General Samuel Cooper, Attorney General George Davis, and Colonel Burton N. Harrison, private secretary to Mr. Davis. The group was escorted by four brigades of cavalry headed by Generals S.W. Ferguson, George G. Dibrell, Basil W. Duke with W.C.P. Breckenridge in command.

Progress of the wagon train was slow, harassingly slow, according to the memoirs written by General Duke and published in August, 1886 in *The Southern Bivouac*. The average distance covered each day was only about twelve to fifteen miles. The slow pace gave Mr. Davis, the members of his cabinet and staff, and the troops ample time to mingle and talk freely of the Confederacy's future and possibilities of escape from the Federal troops, a large body of which was even then keeping pace with them on their right flank, apparently observing their every movement. At Unionville (present - day Union, S.C.) the party was joined by Colonel Napier and some 70 or 80 men, plus a herd of much - needed horses.

Upon arriving at Abbeville, S.C., Mr. Davis made his headquarters at a private residence; the rest of the party went into camp just outside of town. About 4 p.m. Mr. Davis met with the officers commanding his escort troops to hold what he referred to as a *"council of war."* This was no doubt the last Confederate council of war held east of the Mississippi, and, certainly it was the last ever to be presided over by Mr. Davis.

First, each officer gave Mr. Davis a statement of the equipment and condition of their respective commands. Mr. Davis apparently in excellent spirits, then proceeded to declare his conviction that the Confederate cause was not lost any more than hope of American liberty was gone amidst the sorest trials and most disheartening reverses of the Revolutionary struggles; energy, courage and constancy might yet save all!

General Duke quoted Mr. Davis as saying, *"Even if the troops now with me are all that I can for the present rely on, three thousand brave men are enough for a nucleus around which the whole people will rally when the panic which now afflicts them has passed away!"* Mr. Davis then asked for suggestions in regard to the future conduct of the war. It is evident that he had lost contact with the reality of the situation. The majority of Southerners were sick to death of war and its heartaches and miseries; their very souls' yearnings were for war's end!

The generals attending the meeting were aware of this if Mr. Davis was not. They told him that all hope for a prolonging of the conflict was gone, that the people were not panic - stricken but, instead, were broken down and worn - out. They said that any attempt to continue the war, after all means of supporting warfare was gone, could only work a cruel injustice on the southern people and would invite further devastation of a country already impoverished. And they reminded him of the fact that if they persuaded the men in their commands to undertake such a course in a conflict so hopeless, they would all be treated as brigands and would forfeit all chances of returning to their homes.

Obviously stunned by these opinions, Mr. Davis asked why then were they still in the field. The officers told him they were desirous of affording him an opportunity of escaping the degradation of capture by the Federal troops and perhaps a fate that would be direr to the Southern people than even to himself in still more embittering the feelings between the North and the South. They also told him that they would ask their men to follow until his safety was assured and would risk them in battle for that purpose, but they would not fire another shot in an attempt to continue hostilities.

To his credit, Mr. Davis summarily rejected the idea that his personal safety be the sole cause for his escort. But he did use every means of eloquent appeal for the acceptance of his views on continuing the war. When the silence of his listeners finally convinced him that they were not moved from their convictions, he arose and, as he was leaving the room, remarked bitterly that all was indeed lost.

The generals reaffirmed between themselves the necessity of getting Mr. Davis out of the country as quickly as possible to avoid the chance of his arrest and imprisonment and, perhaps, execution. It was decided to leave Abbeville that night at midnight for Washington, Georgia, several days' march distant; General Breckenridge gave the orders to that effect. At 10 p.m. General Duke received a message that General Breckenridge desired to see him immediately. The next six paragraphs are taken verbatim from General Duke's writings in *The Southern Bivouac* article mentioned above.

"I went to his quarters and he informed me that the treasure which was brought from Richmond was at the railroad station, and that it was necessary to provide for its removal and transportation. He instructed me to procure a sufficient number of wagons to remove it, and to detail a guard of 50 men under a field officer for its protection. He further informed me that there was between five and six hundred thousand dollars in specie, — he did not know the exact amount, — the greater part gold. I must, he said, superintend the transfer from the cars to the wagons.

"This was not very pleasant duty. I

(continued on page 72)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

forward part reached between the shoulder and breast. There were also saddles used as pack saddles, and the women often slung a cradle board from their saddle.

Indians had several types of communications, and picture writing or pictographs were a part of Indian record keeping. Pictographs were really thought-writing which conveyed an idea by means of picture, signs or marks. The Dakota, Kiowa and other tribes had so-called calendars painted on deer, antelope or buffalo hide, which consisted of a chronology of past years. The Dakota picture calendar is for each year, or winter, and is called a winter count. The Kiowa had a calendar for each summer and winter. The keeping of events by picture on skins, such as the winter count, is rather late and dates back only a few generations. The form of picture writing known as petroglyphs has been found throughout the world. Petroglyphs may be picked, incised or painted and are sometimes incised then painted. The Indian called the white man's writing "painted speech", for this is what they considered their own picture writing.

Petroglyphs have been found among almost every tribe in North America. It has been found carved on rocks, wood or skin, and many times are painted. Chants were preserved in pictography which were usually of a religious nature and of secret orders or societies. The pictures were drawn on birch bark and were usually medicine chants, although treaties were sometimes preserved on bark.

The Winter Count of the Plains Indian is well known, being represented in many Indian collections. Some of these were made on hide with the pictures starting in the center of the hide and going around in a spiral circle. This is an old method; later some were made like writing on a page with lines from left to right and going down the skin. Usually the fur was left on the skin when making winter count. Drawing was on the skin side with black and was then sometimes colored.

Generally the Indian year was so many moons, the months were called moons and the month began on the New moon. A year was based on twelve moons, although some tribes had thirteen moons. The Greeks counted twelve and one half moons to a year, adding an extra moon every fourth year. Most Indians spoke of a year as a winter.

The days were divided into four periods: the rising sun, noon or midday sun, the setting sun and midnight. Days were known as nights or sleeps.

The four seasons were determined by budding, blooming, leafing and fruiting of the vegetables and plants, or by the actions of the birds and animals.

Events were marked on wood or a piece of skin by picture writing. Personal names were told by means of picture writing, and pictures were drawn on the bark of trees, or the ground, or on rocks to leave a message from one Indian or group of Indians to another; these were warnings, or telling where game or water could be found.

The sign language was another form of communication among the tribes; by gesture it was indicated if they were friendly or hostile. This was so popular that tribes, speaking different tongues, used this method to communicate with each other. ●RW

EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 34)

WASHINGTON TERRITORY DENIED STATEHOOD

The Bill for the admission of Washington Territory as a State is strenuously opposed by the people of Idaho living in a portion which it is proposed to incorporate in the new State. They will probably succeed in defeating the Bill.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
January 28, 1882

APACHES WARRING IN MEXICO

The Apaches are making general war on the Mexicans in Sonora, Mexico. Nana, the chief who was reported dead, is alive.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
February 4, 1882

DAKOTA PETITIONING TO BECOME A STATE

At a convention held in Yankton, D. T., last week, 134 delegates were appointed to visit Washington for the purpose of endeavoring to secure the admission of the southern half of Dakota as a State.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
February 4, 1882 ●RW

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BURY ME NOT

(continued from page 9)

One woman's diary revealed a scandalous disrespect for the dead by a hunting party that used the exposed skull of a white man for target practice. Sometimes a doctor advertised his professional practice by dabbing his name in red paint on the grave markers. This medical man charged a $2 fee for his services, and he too (as recorded) became a victim of the deadly cholera.

Some victims of the dreaded disease contracted it and died within a few hours, while others lingered on for days. The wagoners learned that burning the clothes of the corpse helped prevent the spread of cholera from contaminating the healthy members. Frank Carlisle wrote in his journal that he thought the blizzard of 1850 helped check the cholera at its worst. Another diarist agreed with him that the pestilence abated in the higher altitudes of cold and snow. Another writer was of the opinion that this malady became worst when it rained.

The normal precaution or preventative against this ailment came mainly from the pioneers' family medicine chests. Vaccination against cholera was not unknown, but very little was practiced at that time. Many pioneers had great faith in their home remedies until their patients died. They relied on a trusted vial of peppermint, castor oil, rum, brandy, quinine, and numerous patent medicines which worked little or not at all as cure-alls to check the deadly disease.

Though the dread of dying from cholera was uppermost in the minds of the people of the wagon trains, it was really the fear of having no permanent resting place for their bodies in death that shook them to their inner core. They had witnessed the terrifying animal destruction of burial places along the trails, and with death before their eyes everyone began to ponder his own fate in the unsafe graves. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

"The Great Platte River Road," by Merrill J. Mattes. 1969 (Nebraska State Historical Society);"The Inroads That Cholera Made On The Western Pioneers," by Bernard C. Chase, San

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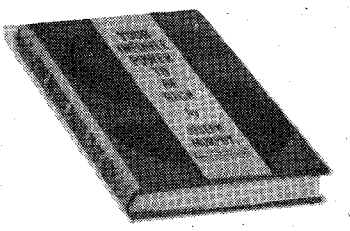

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And best of all, there's no need to make any choices between any particular blessings you desire, for, as Dr. Murphy says, "you can be rich beyond limitation, and never have to choose again!"

You say this is too much for you to believe . . . that it's too good to be true? Well then, can you explain the astonishing things that happened after people used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques? Can you explain —

(1) how numerous people make use of a certain formula for paying bills with marvelous results (p. 37)

(2) how a poverty-stricken couple received $10,000 "out of the blue" in response to their request (p. 25)

(3) how a man was able to triple his income in three months with a certain 28-word prayer that takes only ten seconds to repeat (p. 98)

(4) how L.T. used a one sentence prayer to rise from a job as an office boy to the owner of a 50 million dollar company (p. 178)

. . . or explain any one of the scores of wonderful things that happened to people who used Dr. Murphy's prayer techniques!

But we assure you that you won't be able to explain a single one of these mysterious "answered prayers" — you won't that is, until you read Dr. Murphy's thrilling new book "YOUR INFINITE POWER TO BE RICH" . . .

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● On page 24, you'll read of a woman out of work, trying to support three children, with the bills piling up rapidly. No sooner did she utilize a single prayer given to her by Dr. Murphy than a surprise gift of $5,000 in cash came out of the blue, from an almost forgotten relative she had not seen for 15 years!

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. Where can I find the story of THE LAST COMMAND? W. J. Thompson, Siloam Springs, Ark.
A. Unfortunately, you neglect to mention whether it is a short story, an article or a book; also, you failed to give the author's name. If you can supply these missing items, we will be happy to research.

Q. I have been trying to find out the names of saddles and where they were made. I have the completed list except for the COGSHELL, The TIPTON and The DUHAMEL. Mike Robinson, 1009 South 6th Avenue, Marshalltown, Iowa.
A. We regret that we don't know. However, with this publication we are asking any of our readers who do, to contact you with our thanks.

Q. Is there any publication containing instructions for a person finding gold or silver on his property? V. L. Dreyer, Seattle, Washington.
A. Write to: Department of the Interior, Bureau of Mines, Wash., D.C.

Q. Where did the Texas Longhorn cattle come from? V. Crowell, Eau Claire, Wisc.
A. They were descended from strayed Spanish cattle brought over here by the conquistadores.

Q. Can you tell me something about Charles Goodnight? L. Purvis, Enid, Oklahoma.
A. Charles Goodnight (1836-1929) was born in Illinois, moved to Texas in 1845 and made a fortune raising and trailing cattle. He crossed the polled Angus cattle with the buffalo, resulting in the hybrid "cattalo". Another noteworthy achievement: married 55 years, remarried at age of 91 and fathered a child. Died at age 93.

Q. What is so wonderful about buffalo grass? M. Pedersen, Kansas City, Kansas.
A. Buffalo grass, also known as grama grass and mesquite grass, is the grass of the great plains and prairies. It is immune to drought, not juicy and has short hard stems. It dried and cured right on the ground, unlike Eastern grass which must be cut and dried to make hay. It remained sweet and nourishing all winter. It was easily propagated by the buffalo and cattle trampling the seed.

Q. During the Gold Rush in California, is it true that the men sent their soiled laundry to China? It's unbelievable. P. Cates, Lincoln, Neb.
A. It's true. In 1849-50 there was a shortage of women out there, and the Chinese, who went in big for the laundry business, had not arrived in any numbers. The few women who were there charged as much as $100 a day for laundry work, and the men found it cheaper to buy clothes, let them pile up for a year, and then send them by Clipper ship to China for washing. They would return about a year later.

Q. What was the early California sport known as Corio Galo? Q. Brownell, Fond du Lac, Wisc.
A. You must mean Correr el Gallo, and the SPCA would hardly call it a sport. The early Spanish in California practiced it. A chicken would be buried with only the neck and head showing. The objective was for a rider to pull off its head as he thundred by a full gallop.

Q. What was the roughest town in the West? V. Harrington, Minot. N.D.
A. There were many, many rough towns, but most authorities agree that for sustained wildness and wickedness, none could equal the reputation of Bodie, Mono County, California, near the Nevada line. For nearly forty years this community piled up a record of general mayhem.

Q. I recently read a reference to an English nobleman, Sir St. George Gore, and the writer called him a great exterminator. Can you tell me something about him? C. Vietri, Scottsdale, Ariz.
A. He wasn't English; he was Irish, although his title was English. He was an avid (one could say "fanatic") hunter and went West in 1854 to hunt. It was the greatest safari in the history of the West. The expedition cost more than $500,000 and lasted three years, covering 6,000 miles of largely unexplored country. Gore (he was well named) bagged 2,500 buffalo, 1,600 elk and 125 bears. His equipment included twenty-one two-horse carriages and a variety of express wagons, ox-carts and freighting wagons. The artillery consisted of seventy-five rifles, two wagonloads of fishing tackle, and fifteen shotguns. When he had his fill of hunting, he offered to sell his equipment to the American Fur Company and, when he decided that the offer he received was intended to cheat him, burned all of his equipment. Colorado's Gore Mountains, Gore Pass and Gore Canyon memorialize him.

Q. I was told that the famous actor, John Barrymore, was wounded once while traveling in the West. Is it true? D. Cateret, Enid, Okla.
A. Not quite. His father, Maurice, was. While touring with a theatrical company showing the play "DIPLOMACY", they stopped in a restaurant in Marshall, Texas. A drunken ruffian took exception to the presence of Eastern "dudes" and shot and killed a member of the troupe, one Benjamin Porter. Before the gunman was disarmed, he wounded Barrymore.

Q. Where did the Mormons get their name "Deseret" for their state?
A. The name means "honey bee' and comes from the Book of Mormon.

Q. Can you tell me something about the Mountain Meadows Massacre and recommend a book on it? E. Carpenter, Missoula, Mont.
A. The Mountain Meadows Massacre took place in 1857 at Mountain Meadows, Utah. A group of Gentile immigrants were murdered by the Mormons under Elder John D. Lee who, twenty years later, was executed for the crime. One of the best books is The Mountain Meadows Massacre by Juanita Brooks, which may be out of print, but perhaps your library can get it for you. Failing that, try some "book-finder" company. ●RW

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 65)

seen them all. I can remember some of the titles and even recall some of the scenes of the countless films these great old time stars made. Among my favorites were the late Ken Maynard and his brother Kermit. I'm still in the dark as to the exact date of Kermit's death. I understand he died last year. Could you please supply brief details of Kermit's passing?

Another favorite of mine was George O'Brien who I understand is still alive. I would be very pleased if you could print my letter if only to show there are western fans in Britain who still remember the likes of Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones, etc. I am especially interested in your magazine, REAL WEST. Can it be obtained in the United Kingdom? If not, what would it cost to have it sent to me?? I do hope you will print my letter so that other western fans may know of my existence and perhaps get in touch with me.

Yours for the perpetuation of the Spirit of the West.

"Marshal" Dillon

5 The Groves (off Yarm Road) Stockton-on-Tees, Teesside Ts18 3PU England

Subscriptions to Real West in England cost $10.00 for one year (12 issues) or $17.00 for 2 years (24 issues). We will be happy to process your subscription.

CORRECTION ON THE BATTLE OF WASHITA

Dear Sir:

I have been reading your magazine for several years now, and I think that it is one of the best Western magazines on the market.

As a Custer buff and being interested in the Indian wars in general, I especially enjoyed the articles, "Custer's Luck" "Blood Of Cochise" and "The Battle For The Ten Dollar Cow" in the July 1973 issue of REAL WEST.

One minor point in the article, "Custer's Luck," Stephanie C. Shulsinger states that there were 15 men killed in Major Elliott's detachment at the battle of the Washita on 27 November 1868. However I believe that Major Elliott had 16 enlisted men in his small detachment which was wiped out to a man during the battle.

I would like to correspond with anybody who is interested in the Indian wars. Keep up the good work.

Yours sincerely,

Rod MacNeil
6133 Gladstone St.,
Balmain, N.S.W. Australia 2041 ● RW

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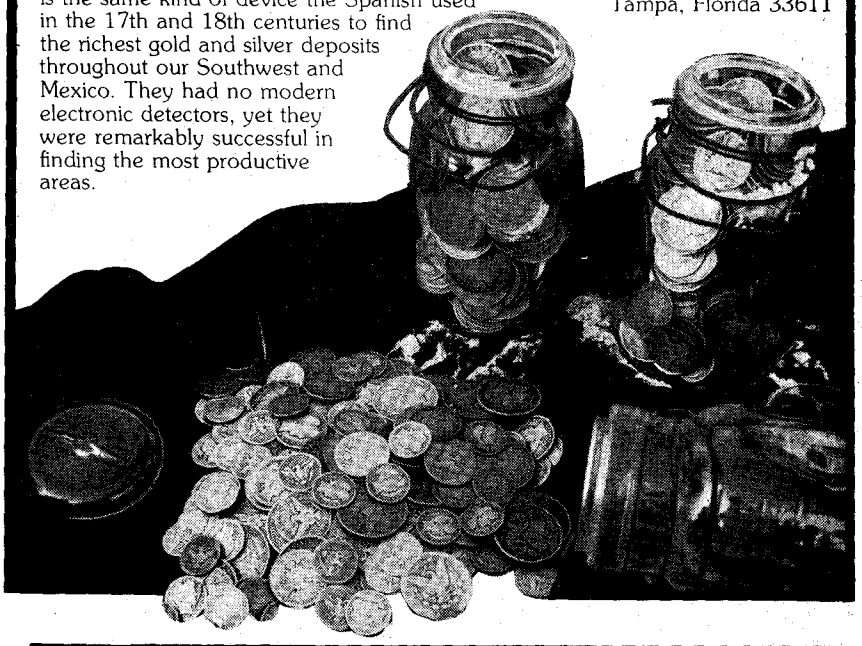

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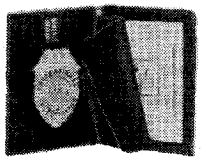

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LOST TREASURES

(continued from page 67)

represented that if no one knew just what sum of money was there, it was rather an unpleasant responsibility to impose on the officer who was to take charge of it. I would have no opportunity to count it, nor any means of ascertaining whether the entire amount was turned over to me. He responded that all that had been considered, and bade me proceed to obey the order.

"I detailed 50 picked men as guard, and put them under command of Colonel Theophilus Steele and four of my best subalterns. I obtained six wagons and began at once the task of removing the treasure. It was in charge of some of the former treasury clerks, and was packed in money belts, shot bags, a few small iron chests, and all sorts of boxes some of them in the frailest of condition. In this shape, I found it loaded in open box cars. I stationed sentries at the doors; and rummaging through the cars by the faint light of a few tallow candles gathered up all that was shown me, or that I could find.

"Rather more than an hour was consumed in making the transfer from the cars to the wagons, and after the latter had been started off and had gotten half a mile away, Lt. John B. Cole, one of the officers of the guard, rode up to me with a pine box, which may have held two or three thousand dollars in gold, on the pommel of his saddle. He had remained after the others had left, and ferreting about in a car which we thought we had thoroughly searched had discovered this box stuck in a corner and closely covered with a piece of sacking.

"On the next day, General Breckenridge directed me to increase the guard to 200 men, and take charge of it in person. I suggested that instead of composing it entirely of men from my brigade, it should be constituted of details from all five. I thought this the best plan to allay any feeling of jealousy that might arise and insure a more perfect vigilance, as I felt these details would all carefully watch each other. My suggestion was adopted. Nearly the entire guard was kept constantly on duty, day and night, and a majority of the whole escort was usually about the wagons at every halt, closely inspecting the guard.

"At the Savannah River, Mr. Davis ordered that the silver coin, amounting to one hundred eight or ten thousand dollars, be paid to the troops in partial discharge of the arrears of pay due them. The quartermasters of the several brigades were engaged during the entire night in counting out the money, and until early dawn a throng of soldiers surrounded the little cabin where they were dividing 'the pile' into their respective quotas. The sight of so much money seemed to banish sleep. My brigade received 32 dollars, per capita, officers and men sharing alike. General Breckenridge was paid that sum, and, for this purpose, was borne on the rolls of my brigade. On the next day, at Washington, I turned over the residue of the treasure to Mr. M.H. Clarke, acting treasurer of the Confederate States, and experienced a great feeling of relief."

That all sounds quite clear, yet, in his book, *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,* written in 1881, Mr. Davis stated that the treasure was in the hands of Postmaster General Reagan only long enough to transfer it minus a few thousand dollars, to Mr. Simple, a bonded Navy officer, and Mr. Tidball, Simple's assistant. The instructions given these men ordered the transportation abroad and delivery of the treasure to the commercial house that had acted as financial agent for the Confederate government.

Surely both Mr. Davis and General Duke had full knowledge of their actions during this period. Why, then, this inconsistency? Could it be that Mr. Clarke, to whom General Duke had transferred the treasure, transferred it to Mr. Reagan who, in turn, transferred it to Mr. Simple and Mr. Tidball? In my opinion, *this is the only logical explanation.*

It is claimed that less than 3000 dollars, mostly gold coin, was found with the Davis party when captured; this is reasonable, considering the fact that there was only one wagon, the one occupied by Mr. Davis, his family, and Negro coachman, Jim Jones. Everybody else was mounted on horses, lightly baggaged, prepared for the long, overland dash to the Trans - Mississippi. A heavy weight in gold coins, admittedly possessing potential for great future benefit, would only have served at that time as a severe hindrance to mobility. Was this the money withheld by Mr. Reagan? As he was a member of the Davis party, this is probable.

One half million dollars, face value, in gold coins would weigh almost one ton, avoirdupois, plus containers. It would take five sturdy wagons, or at least thirty good pack horses, to move it across back-country trails from Washington to the coast. The chances of accomplishing this without detection by the many Federal patrols scouting the area would be slim indeed. *But one half million dollars in gold coins could be buried in a rather small hole in the ground, with virtually no surface indications of the encachement!*

I have read unofficial reports that due to Sherman's destruction of the rail lines between Washington and the Georgia and South Carolina coast cities, the two Navy officers attempted to move the treasure back to the railway at Abbeville, but that upon nearing this town and hearing that Federal troops were occupying it, they returned to Washington. It is said that they cached the treasure a mile or two out of town, not far off the Abbeville road. *Personally, this is exactly what I believe occurred!*

If you try for this one, first obtain maps of the country between Washington and Abbeville, old ones, that show the roads in existence in 1865. Then try to transpose those roads onto modern - day topographical maps of the area. Next, go to the little town of Washington with a good metal detector, patience, diplomacy, and plenty of time to talk to the old-timers of the area and to search a path perhaps a quarter-mile wide along each side of the old road, beginning at the edge of town, all the way to the Savannah River if necessary.

And now, two bits of precautionary advice: 1) *This is every inch private property.* To avoid buckshot holes in the seat of your pants, get permission to search. 2) *If your people fought with Yankees during the Civil War, don't mention it!* I don't know how it is there now, but when I lived close to that part of Georgia during the late 1920's, the emotional scars and bitterness left over from the Civil War were still very much in evidence!

If you fail to find the Lost Confederate Treasury Gold, why not spend some time along the Savannah River's banks and look for some of that silver coin paid as wages? Surely, 3000 cavalry troopers couldn't have handled nearly 110,000 dollars in coins without dropping some of them. *Yes, if the Clark Hill Reservoir Dam hasn't raised the water level up over that old cabin site, there's no telling what you might find!* ●**RW**

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BIG FOOT WALLACE

(continued from page 14)

his head he could snatch a handful without the owner being aware of it. As a consequence, he fared better than some of his fellow prisoners.

From Mexico City Wallace and some of the others were ordered on to Molino del Rey where they were put to work repairing roads. Watching their chance some of the men escaped, but Bigfoot was not one of them. Then Santa Anna ordered the others sent to Castle Perote, the strongest prison in Mexico.

At the castle the prisoners were chained together in pairs: one man's right ankle being fastened to the other man's left ankle with a chain about eight feet long between them.

While at Castle Perote Wallace came down with "jail fever" and "went wild". He was carried struggling to the prison hospital where he was kept fourteen days. The surgeon in charge was a kindly Spaniard and took excellent care of him. When he left the hospital, the good doctor gave him some decent clothes and money.

During the entire time of his imprisonment Wallace's friends in the United States had been active in their attempts to obtain his freedom. Finally, on August 5, 1844, some fourteen months after the Black Bean Lottery, Wallace and three other prisoners were released.

That same day Dona Inez, the wife of Santa Anna, died. She always had been kind to the prisoners and on her deathbed made her husband promise to free all the Texans a promise which he kept in good faith.

Upon their release the Governor of Perote gave each one of them the munificent sum of one dollar for expenses until they were out of Mexico. But there was not one whisper of complaint by the men released.

The Texans made their way to Vera Cruz where they eventually secured passage on a French vessel bound for New Orleans. At New Orleans Wallace boarded a ship for Galveston and from there rode an ox cart to La Grange. From La Grange he helped drive a herd of cattle to San Antonio. In 1845 he settled near the Medina River where he built a cabin.

But he longed to see his old home in Virginia, and in 1859 he went back there on a visit. He was told that a legacy of considerable value was awaiting him. But he refused to claim it because he would have had to remain there, and he was satisfied where he lived in Texas. His rifle and his traps furnished him with everything he needed. Anyway, he no longer fit in with Virginia society. He had the wisdom to know what he wanted out of life, and it wasn't to be found in Virginia.

Before the end of his days he was given one hundred twenty acres of public land and a town was named in his honor—Bigfoot. And he found himself a legend in his own time. But time and the privations of the Mexican prisons had taken their toll of the once mighty frame. He suffered from palsy and it finally became impossible for him to take care of himself. The rest of his days were spent living with various friends.

Even so, he outlived all his old fighting companions crossing over the "Great Divide" just short of his eighty-second year. ● **RW**

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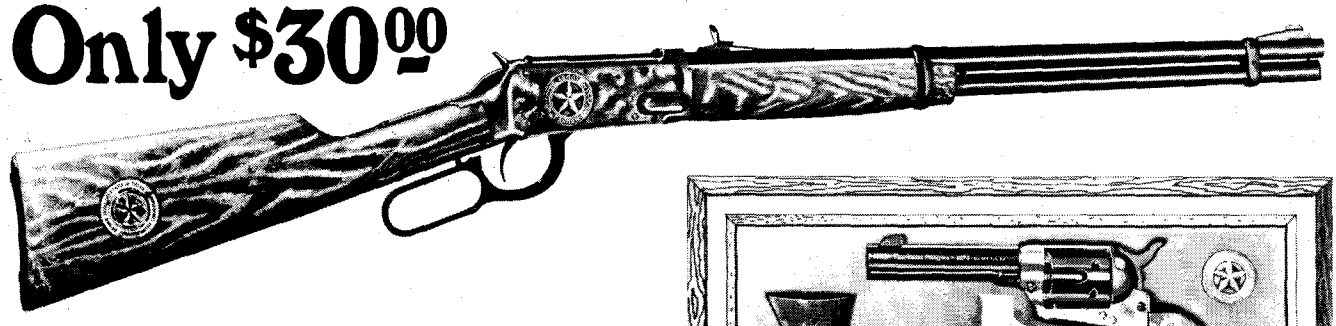

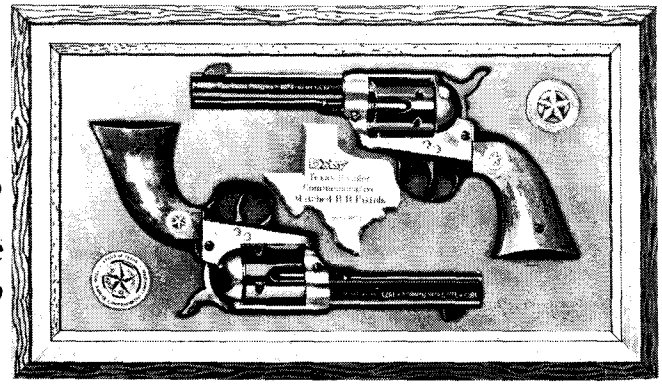

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SAN MIGUEL ARCANGEL

(continued from page 49)

place of more than a century, while others believe William Reed never did have a golden hoard and that his long ago braggadocio was nothing more than an empty boast!)

With daylight approaching, the murderers took the large double doors from the main mission building and used them as a barrier to prevent anyone from entering the room that contained the bodies (why they did not burn the building as was their original plan is not known).

When the horrible crime was discovered and the news reached the local authorities, a posse was quickly formed and the villains were tracked to a spot on the coast near Santa Barbara (the Ortega Rancho).

As the posse approached, guns blazed, resulting in the death of one bandit and one member of the posse. A second member of the cutthroat gang jumped into the water and was drowned, with the remaining three being taken into custody.

With public sentiment running high and no jails in the area secure enough to keep the prisoners in or to keep revenge - seeking citizens out, justice was swift! On December 28, 1848, the three surviving members of the bloody bandit gang were executed as Santa Barbara. (It is said that the grisly details of the horrendous crime were obtained from the captured trio before they were executed.)

With the Reed family gone and the word of the tragedy that had taken place at Mission San Miguel on the lips of Californians up and down the coast, it is little wonder why travelers who passed the darkened ruins of the once proud church spoke of ghosts and spooky happenings that took place there in the dead of night!

But, ghosts or no ghosts, Mission San Miguel did not remain empty for long. Situated on the main road between San Francisco and Los Angeles (for this reason Mission San Miguel is often referred to as "The Mission of the Highway"), it became a favorite rendezvous for bandits, gamblers, drunkards, and other assorted troublemakers. Over a period of years probably the best known of the outlaws that frequented San Miguel's mission were California's famed badmen, Joaquin Murieta and Tiburcio Vasquez.

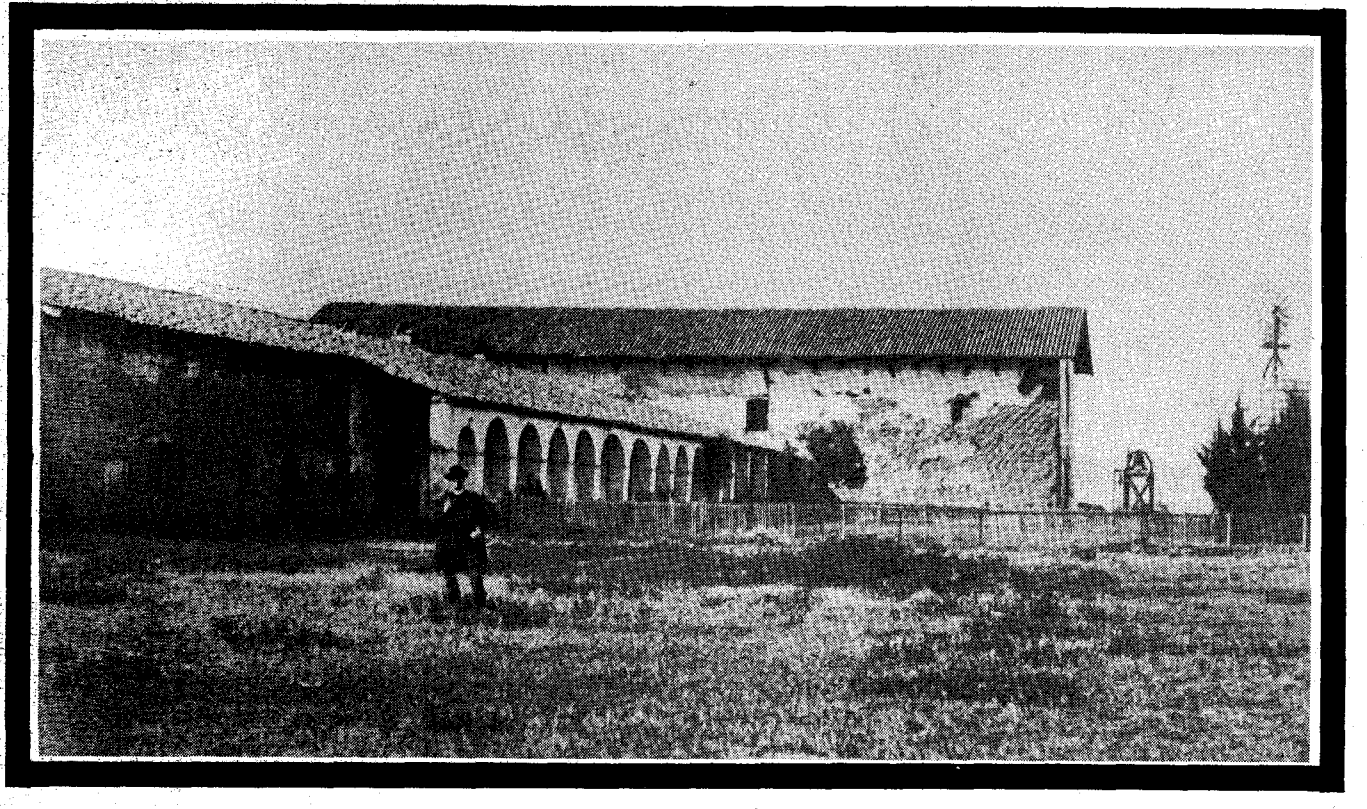
Eventually parts of the mission were rented, with a saloon being located in one of the early reception rooms. As if a degrading saloon wasn't bad enough, San Miguel Mission soon became host to a dance hall, a store, a warehouse, and a sewing machine agency.

Through all of this confusion, turmoil, and strife, a lone mission Indian is said to have remained at the church and acted as its caretaker. Perhaps this is why the main mission building survived so many years of neglect and remained in such remarkably good condition.

It might be said that the beautiful and original decorations that still adorn the walls and pulpit of this aged church are a tribute to the lone Christian caretaker and his love of God.

As the sad tale of this Indian concludes, it seems only fitting to learn that he met his Maker one evening as he dutifully rang the mission bells.

If this dedicated neophyte were alive today, his heart would swell with pride at the sight of his beloved church. Not only is San Miguel one of four California missions still a part of the Franciscan Order (having been returned to the Franciscans in 1928), but, once again, Mission San Miguel Arcangel is a beautiful and dedicated place of worship. ●**RW**



From the Harry Downie Collection

This view of Mission San Miguel is as it appeared looking north. The priest in the foreground is thought to be Father Henry S. O'Reilley who was placed in charge of the mission in 1893.

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FAIRPLAY

(continued from page 23)

dance hall girl, they named the mountain in her honor.

Years later a heavily veiled woman was seen weeping over the graves in the little Buckskin Joe cemetery, but she slipped away before anyone had a chance to talk to her. Perhaps it was Silver Heels, whose beauty was sacrificed during the plague and who thereafter shunned all her old admirers. And like Silver Heels, Buckskin Joe is no longer. The buildings have been moved lock, stock and barrel to a site near the Royal George where they are set up along with buildings from various other mining camps, as a tourist attraction. In the relatively modern hotel at Fairplay, the small but friendly bar is also named after Silver Heels, and it, too, is something of a tourist attraction.

Although Fairplay was the original name given to the town, later it was called Fairplay Diggings, and in 1861 it was renamed Platte City, then South Park City in 1869, until finally the Colorado Territorial Legislature, in 1874, officially changed the name back to Fairplay. The town soon became the supply and Saturday night center for all the mining camps in the South Park district. The population in its heyday was as high as 8,000. While many of the other camps faded a few short years later, Fairplay continued as a main point for dredging operations.

The silver rush to Leadville also helped bolster the city, but it was not long before it became the center of rich ranching and farming operations in the meadows of South Park. Today, it is stimulated by the tourist trade and its rich background. Also, South Park and the nearby mountains have become the scene of frantic land developments. Several companies sell mountain cabin lots in the area and are bulldozing trails through the once-beautiful aspen forests.

Fairplay is not only one of the oldest cities in the state, but now it has a new suburb ... perhaps one of the strangest suburbs of any city in the world. This new suburb, called *South Park City,* is composed of old cabins and frame houses, some over a hundred years old. The buildings are actual cabins and business houses used during the boom days of the South Park mining. Each building has been restored and refurnished as authentically as possible.

Although the cabins were moved in to the site from Buckskin Joe, Horseshoe, Leavich, Fark City, Mosquito, Tarryall, Fortune and Silver Heels, the buildings will be protected from the ravages of time and vandals. Fairplay is a good location for such a project because it is and always has been the hub of activity in South Park, where the miners always played fair. ●**RW**

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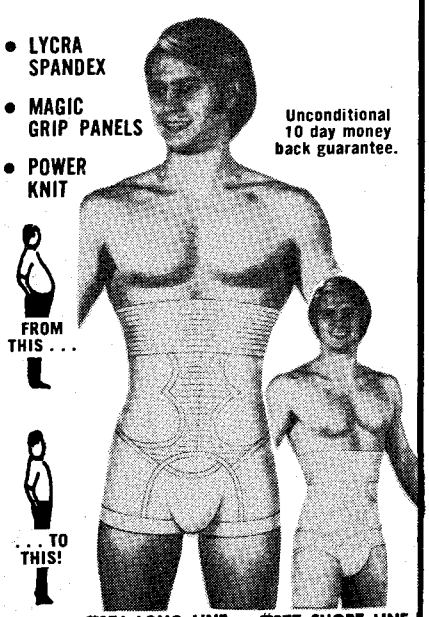

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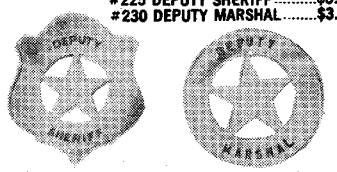

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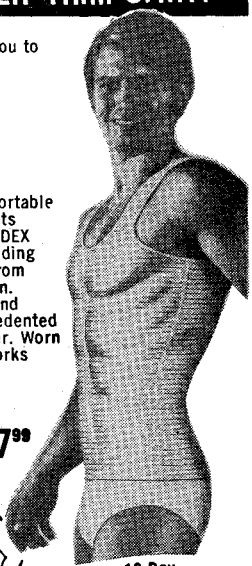

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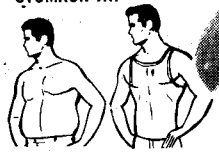

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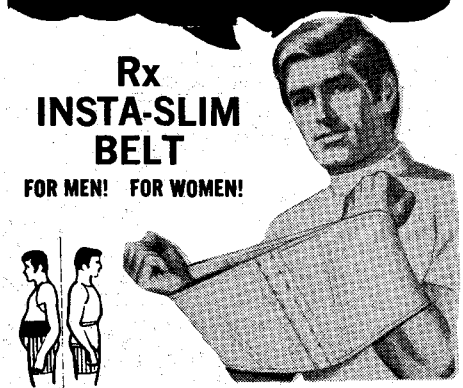

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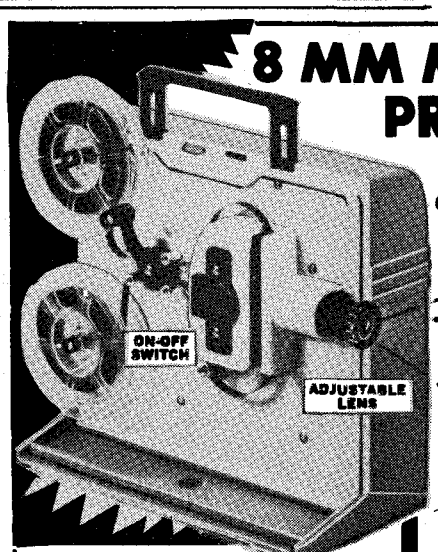

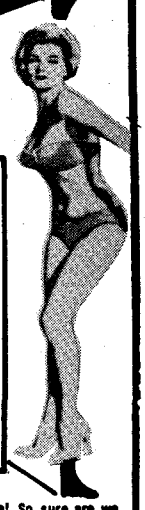

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SPOKAN GARRY

(continued from page 31)

pastured across the stream on the broad prairies near Plante's Ferry Landing.

Wright ordered the animals shot. His men fired on the stock, killing or wounding some eight hundred head. He deliberately set the Indian afoot. It meant no more buffalo hunts across the Bitterroots. Garry's tribe was reduced to subsisting only on camas roots and berries and salmon fished from the river. Yet with all this privation he refused to submit to a remaining existence on a reservation. Freedom was still priceless.

The Ceour d'Alenes and other tribes went onto the designated reservations. The Colville Reservation was designated on the arid lands west of the Huckleberry Range and the fertile Colville valley. Some of Garry's band joined these various tribes to benefit from the allotments. But a remnant of his people remained with him, mostly direct relatives.

By an Executive order in 1881 the Spokan Reservation was separated from the Colville, with the hope that this would satisfy Garry. Poor and starving, many of his tribe went onto it. Finally, Wright scheduled a last meeting with Garry at a crossing of Latah Creek along the Mullan Road where it angled from Rosalia to the left of the bluff on its way toward Plante's Ferry.

Smyth's Ford is an idyllic spot in a sylvan wood by the stream where Indians often camped on their sojourns to the Ceour d'Alenes and Kootenais. Who would think such a lovely place would be memorialized by an atrocious act?

Kamiakin of the Yakimas had come north to confer with the tribes and watch the military. Wright knew he was in the area and asked Garry to urge the Yakima Chief's surrender. Kept informed by a runner, Kamiakin refused. But his father-in-law, Owhi, believed that surrender was the only hope for peace.

Wright put Owhi in chains. This act appalled Qualchan, his son, and he surrendered to join his father in this new humiliation to show his filial respect.

Before everyone's horrified gaze Wright commanded Qualchan's hands to be tied, then he was directly hanged before his father's stunned eyes. Wright further ordered six Palouses hanged for the Steptoe skirmish.

The meeting was over. Wright became known as the "hanging general". The name of the lovely creek, the Indian "Latah", was changed to Hangman Creek by which it is known today.

A silent, bereft old man, as the years went by, Chief Garry sat wrapped in his blanket on the streets of the city that grew where his people once roamed free, and he observed the surrey tops and mounted traffic.

He died on a cold January day in 1892. His people buried him on a slope among the camas. In 1925 the D.A.R. moved his grave to the entrance of Greenwood Cemetery with great ceremony.

Later an army garrison was built in Wright's honor overlooking the west bluff. No longer an army post, it is now the Ft. George Wright College of the Holy Name. A city park is also named for Garry.

But the creek that was known throughout the centuries by the tribes as "Latah" still carries the reminder of the cruel debacle with its permanent epithet of Hangman Creek.

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Chief Spokan Garry, T.E. Jesset
History, Gov't and Resources of the Spokane Area, E.T. Becher.
Indians of the U.S., Clark Wissler
News For An Empire, R.E. Dyar
History of Wash., Idaho and Mont., H.H. Bancroft
Spokane Story, Lucile F. Fargo
History of the Pacific N.W., G.W. Fuller

Courtesy Washington Historical Society, Tacoma

Ft. Colville, Hudson's Bay post with Angus McDonald as factor.

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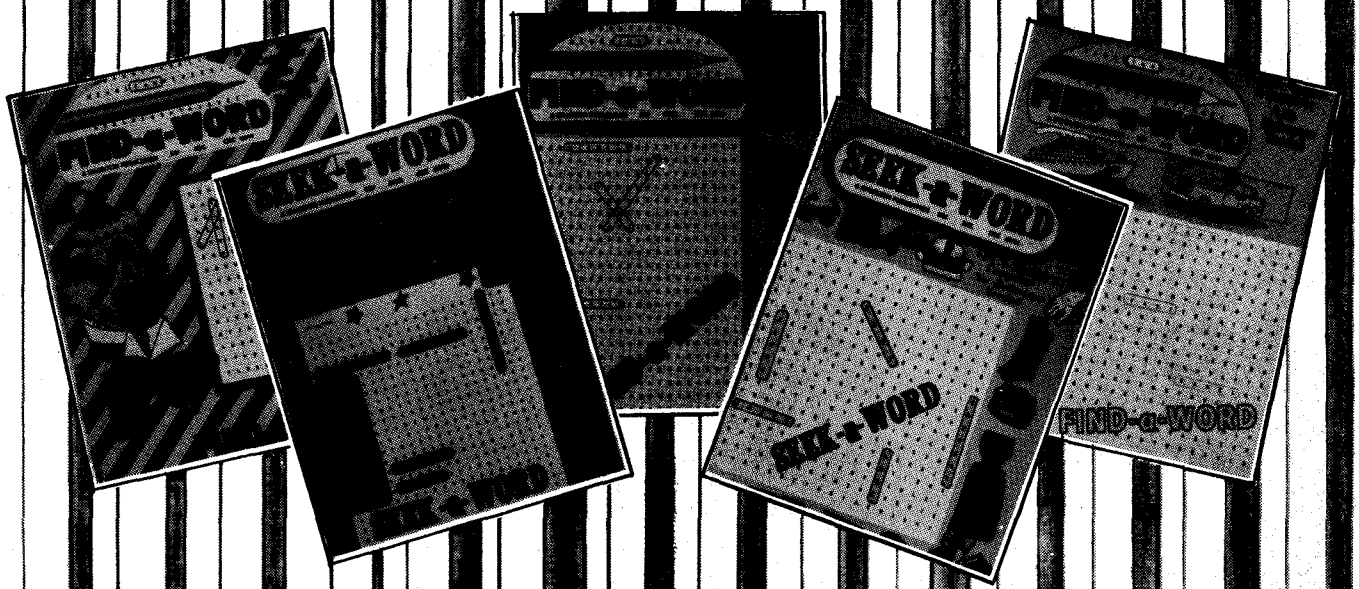

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FRANK JAMES

(continued from page 43)

exclaimed: "Bully! I'm dee-lighted! I must meet Mr. James—invite him to the White House for lunch."

This was a gracious idea of President Roosevelt's, and one that pleased Frank immensely when he heard of it. Unfortunately, like so many fine things promised the reformed Frank James by men in high places, the suggested White House lunch with T. R. never materialized.

Peacefully, the slow, safe years passed in comfortable succession, so unlike the tense, hectic years Frank had spent "on the dodge" from the law. These were happy years for Frank and Ann, and in time even Frank's mother ceased to mourn openly her murdered sons. The indomitable old lady died in 1911 and was buried beside Jesse in the farmyard.

Frank himself passed away at the farm on February 18, 1915, at the age of 72. Death came peacefully for the ex-outlaw who had looked upon violent death so many times.

It's amazing how many hidden virtues in Frank James came to light with his death! Newspaper and magazine writers eulogized him in sugary paragraphs, belatedly pointing out to their readers how this "desperate outlaw, bold robber and deadly killer" had reformed and courageously built a good and decent life upon the dismal ruins of the old.

Sam Hildreth, commenting on Frank's passing, declared sincerely, "Frank James was one of the most completely loyal and honest men I ever knew. I am proud to have been his employer and friend."

The finest tribute of all was paid by Frank's faithful wife Ann. She was at his bedside, holding his hand, when he breathed his last. Gazing at his calm face, she said softly, "He is gone—the best husband a woman ever had." ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Jesse James Was My Neighbor, by Homer Croy, Duell, Sloan and Pierce, New York

The Spirit of the Turf, by Sam Hildreth, Grosset & Dunlap, New York

Contemporary newspaper accounts.

Conversation with Homer Croy, who knew Frank James personally.

HOTSPURS by Patrick

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PATRICK

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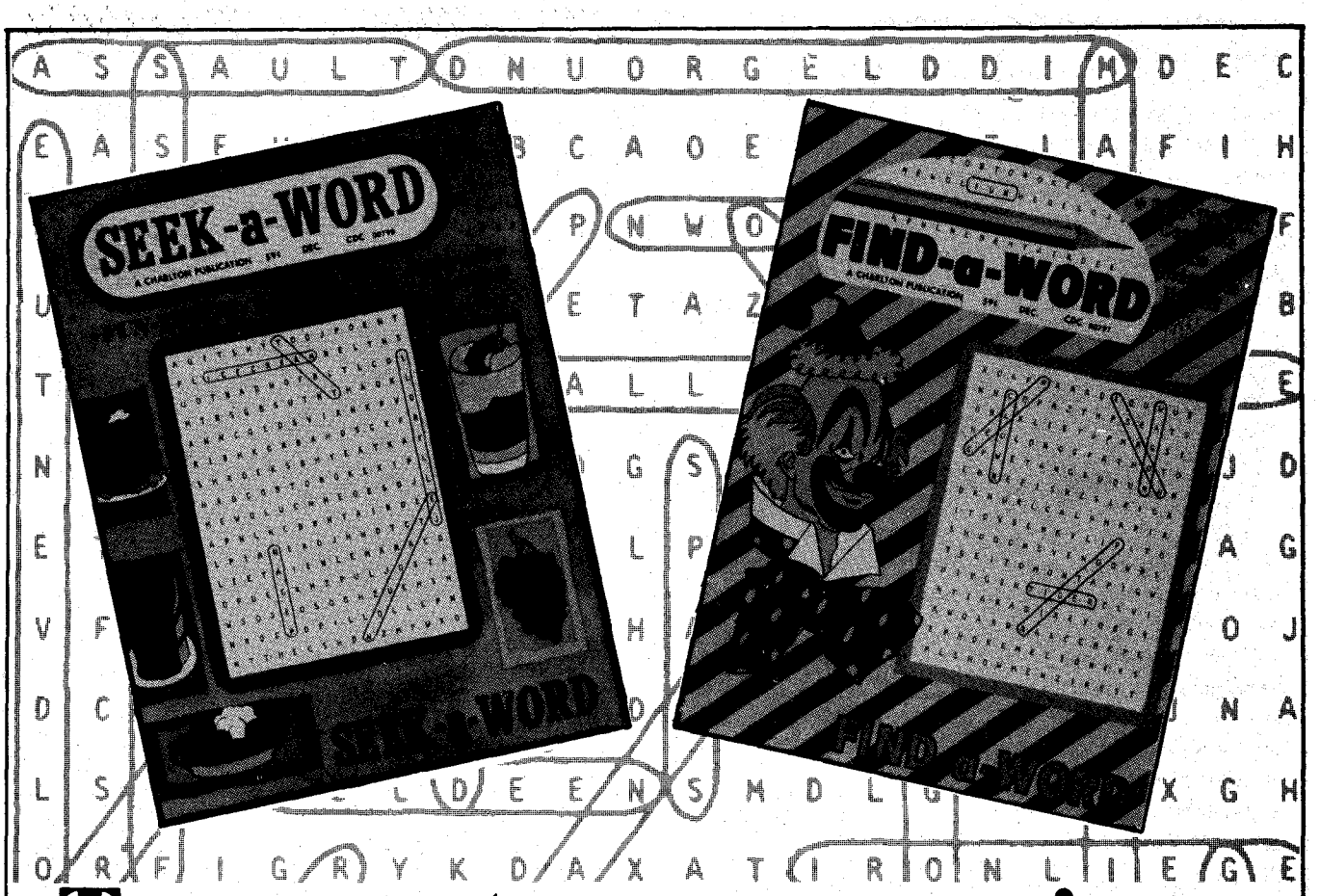

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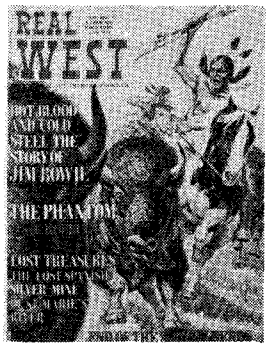

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Hot Blood and Cold Steel, The Story of Jim Bowie

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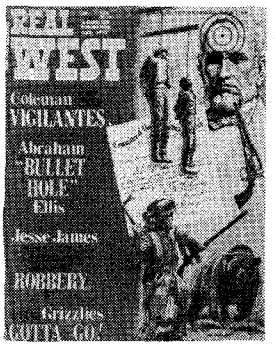

AUG 1972

Coleman of the Vigilantes

Abraham "Bullet-hole" Ellis

Jesse James and the Liberty Bank Robbery

The Grizzlies Gotta Go

SEPT 1972

Tom Horn--Lawman & Outlaw

Red Power--The Ponca Trail of Tears

Standing Bear

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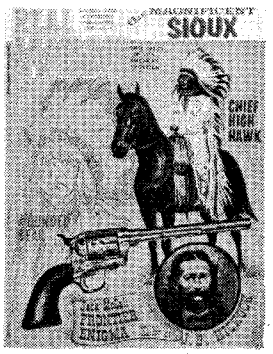

NOV 1972

Chief High Hawk Wounded Bear

Jack McCall--Frontier enigma--Killer of J.B. Hickock

DEC 1972

Colonel Jack Hayes of The Texas Rangers

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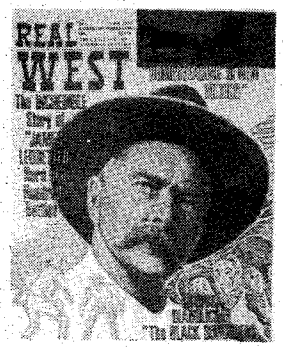

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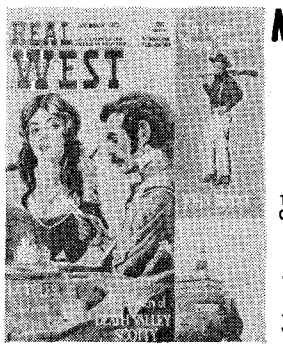

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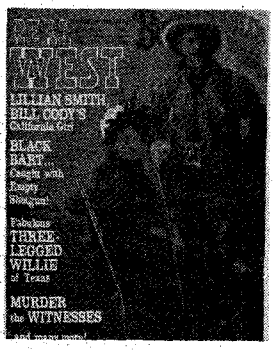

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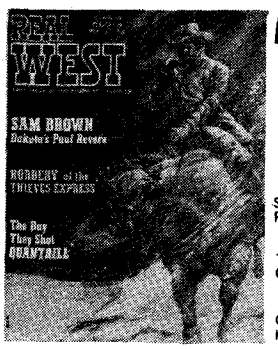

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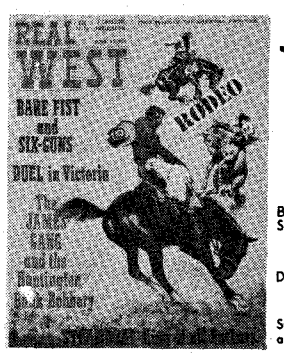

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